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January 28, 1939

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Collier's

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LAURENCE G. BLOCHMAN HARRY SYLVESTER

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JAN. 28, 1939

ONLY A TOOTHBRUSH WITHOUT BRISTLES

The New Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft

CAN DO THESE THINGS FOR YOUR TEETH....

Ends Animal Bristle Troubles Forever!

① **CANNOT GET SOGGY** when wet and fail to clean. Exton is non-porous; 100% waterproof!

② **NO BRISTLE-SHEDDING**—Exton cannot possibly break off, split or come out in your mouth. Each fiber is uniform—micromatically perfect.

③ **LONGER CLEANSING-LIFE**—Scientific tests show that Exton outlasts animal bristle—two to one. Cannot scratch!

④ **NEW SPARKLING BRILLIANCE FOR YOUR TEETH**—Greater cleansing power by far *than ever before possible.*

DR. WEST'S Miracle-Tuft
Dr. West's
Miracle-Tuft
HARD

In the New Red and Gold Label Glass Tube

50¢

SEALED IN GLASS • SURGICALLY STERILE

Made possible by an amazing new invention —— DU PONT EXTON*

USED EXCLUSIVELY IN DR. WEST'S *MIRACLE-TUFT* TOOTHBRUSH

Ask even a brush expert if he ever saw animal bristle in a toothbrush that wouldn't split, break off, or grow soggy and flabby when wet (unless water-proofed)! Ask him—and he'll tell you . . . "There isn't any such thing!"

But today, because of the ingenuity of the chemists of the vast DuPont laboratories, there is a bristle-like filament that has *none* of the faults of animal bristle. It is called EXTON. And it is used only in the Dr. West's *Miracle-Tuft* Toothbrush because DuPont produces Exton exclusively for Dr. West's new *Miracle-Tuft* Toothbrush.

Exton is not an animal bristle. It is a micromatically perfect science-made product. Clean, white, non-porous, Exton is tough and water-repellant. It cannot break. It cannot split. It cannot get limp and soggy when wet. It is *perfect* for toothbrushes!

So—if your teeth are lackluster, dull-white, less attractive than you feel they really *could* be, try shifting the blame from yourself to the *bristles* of your present toothbrush. Try this miracle brush made *without* animal bristles—the new Dr. West's *Miracle-Tuft* made with amazing DuPont Exton! It's the Dr. West's in the surgically sterile *glass tube* with the new red and gold label. Yet it costs only 50¢, everywhere!

NEW! REDUCED PRICE ON THE FAMED DR. WEST'S WATER-PROOFED TOOTHBRUSH!

GOOD NEWS! The same famous brush that has outsold all others for years at 50¢! Made of finest natural bristle, water-proofed against sogginess. Now at a price anyone can afford.

Packed in new style Blue and Yellow Carton.... Sterilized!..... 35¢

Also try Dr. West's Tooth Paste—an amazingly effective aid to brilliant-white teeth. On sale everywhere.

---

* **Heretofore all toothbrushes have been made with animal bristles. Now, after years of research, *DU PONT EXTON BRISTLE*—a product of DuPont Chemistry—has been developed and is used in Dr. West's *Miracle-Tuft* Toothbrush exclusively.**

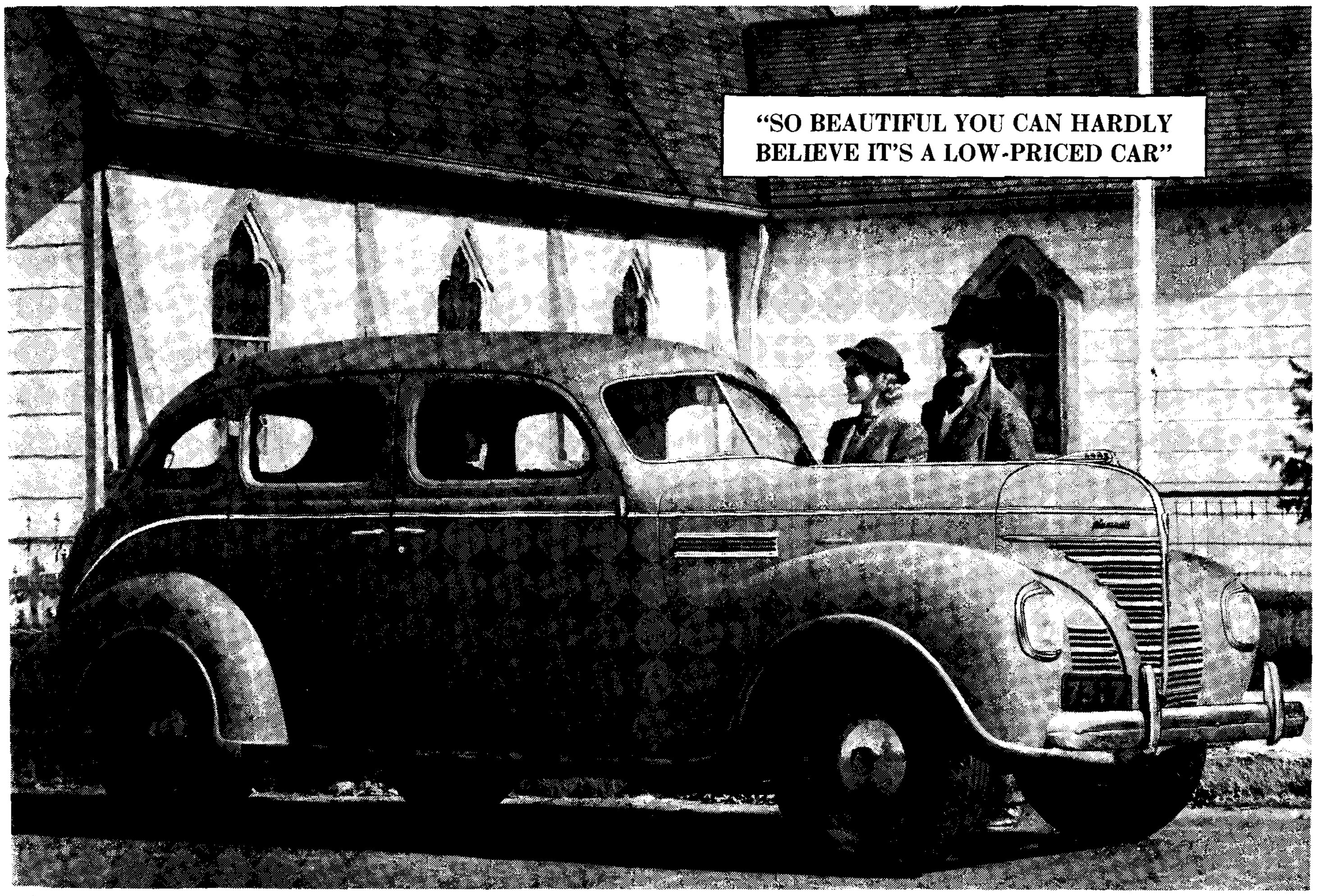
Copr. 1939 by Weco Products Company

A Finer Car Throughout

YET PLYMOUTH PRICES ARE LOWER

YOU SEE FINER QUALITY IN EVERY SINGLE DETAIL

1. Functional Design—new trend in streamline styling—gives glamorous new beauty.
2. Greater Size—Wheelbase now 114 inches.
3. Thrilling new High-Torque Engine Performance with New Economy.
4. Perfected Remote Control Gear Shifting.
5. New All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission.
6. New Amola Steel Coil Springs.
7. New Streamlined Safety Headlamps.
8. New "Safety Signal" Speedometer.
9. Time-Proven Hydraulic Brakes.
10. Rust-Proofed Safety-Steel Body.

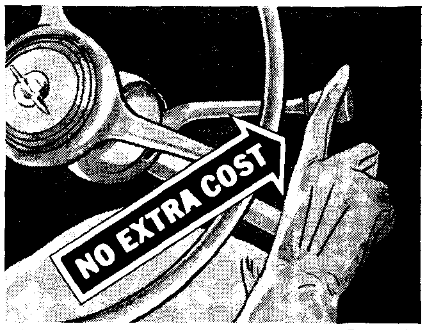


THE BIG, NEW 1939 PLYMOUTH "DE LUXE" Four-Door Touring Sedan with completely rust-proofed Safety-Steel body. See it today!

NCLUDED IN LOW PRICES:

"Detroit delivered prices" include front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.6 cubic feet). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. See your Plymouth dealer for local delivered prices. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, C.B.S. NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9-10 P.M., E.S.T.



STANDARD EQUIPMENT on "De Luxe" at no extra cost—Perfected Remote Control Shifting with Auto-Mesh Transmission. Marvelous new shifting ease!

YOU KNOW at once Plymouth is a finer car because you *see* the added quality. And the amazing part is Plymouth's new *lower prices!*

Plymouth is by far the biggest of the leading low-priced cars...6 inches longer than one—5 inches longer than the other!

And all Plymouth models have the same big, 82-horsepower "L-head" engine, giving full power *plus* record economy as well.

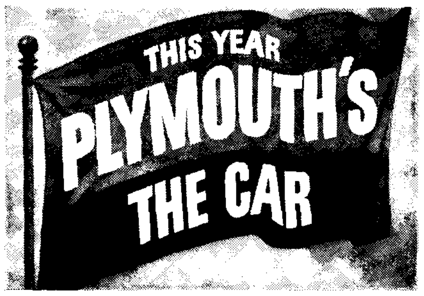
A big thrill to everybody is Plymouth's wonderfully smooth, soft new ride...the result of new coil springs of special Amola Steel.

And there's added safety and ease of control with Plymouth's time-proven hydraulic brakes and new True-Steady steering.

Easy to own—your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price...with the balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

NEW "ROADKING"
NEW "DE LUXE"



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Collier's

January 28, 1939

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AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
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KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
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DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

"BEING famous," Larry McLean said, "isn't always nice work, even if you can get it." Larry was the nation's Number One maestro, but he was also a "Glamor Boy" and glamor boys don't marry. They can't afford to. But sometimes they get lonely; they get tired of one-night stands. That was the mood Larry was in when Gil Barnes introduced him to Joan. Gil asked Larry to give her an audition, but what he hoped for was a lecture that would make her forget about a career. And that was the start of Joan's education. Richard English writes her story.

IN THE blazing days before Hankow fell to the Japanese, when the inhabitants kept time by the Japanese air raids and stolidly watched thousands of their fellows being bombed into oblivion, W. B. Courtney was in the city, observing the tactics of the opposing air forces. In "Brown and Yellow Bombers" he gives you an unforgettable picture of a city under attack from the sky. In addition he shows you how air force, the new and streamlined form of war, heavily outweighs weakness in man power and in money. His firsthand report from the Far East throws a searching light on the balance of power in the West.

THERE was nothing that Hannibal Scipio Smith could do about it. He saw what was wrong with the way people did things and he had to tell them. Nobody liked it. Young Mr. Smith's suggestions worked wonders, but young Mr. Smith got booted from one department to another. Finally, as Hurd Barrett shows you, the "Efficiency Kid" caught up with his achievements.

WHEN you think of the pleasures of Hollywood you probably overlook the constant possibility of your waitress bursting into a monologue. This domestic hazard is described by Joel Sayre in "So Help Us."

MARK JORDON, owner and captain of the fishing boat Edna M, fought twice in one day about the same girl. That puzzled Mark a little because he cared nothing about the girl—except for the moment. He'd been about too much to take any girl seriously, let alone "Bert Beal's Daughter." In a penetrating short story Henry Meade Williams shows you how Mark found out about his own motives.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS writes the Short Short Story. And Laurence G. Blochman, Octavus Roy Cohen, Stanley Frank, Freling Foster and others contribute articles and fiction.

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COVER HOWARD BUTLER

Any Week

THERE'S no way of telling what may come of letting fate run things. We have a letter from Mrs. Harriet S. Houset of Portland, Maine, who thinks that "destiny rules the United States of America and not the Democratic or Republican party." And then Mrs. Houset says: "Suppose Franklin D. Roosevelt had never been born."

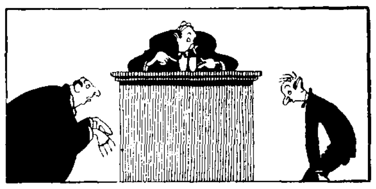
AND to add to the confusion Mr. Jacob G. Roetin of Green Bay, Wisconsin, confesses that he has lost all track of what the New Deal started out to do. He made several efforts to catch up but gave up when it became apparent he was only losing ground. "Now please tell me," pleads Mr. Roetin, "where were we when all this started?"

AND yet we have to be careful. We've just been visited by a Dr. Wolfgang Carl von Wunische, who offers us free of charge "any number of authentic articles on the truth about Germany." These articles would reveal "the true Hitler" too. We gather from Doctor von Wunische that Mr. Hitler has been "unfortunately misrepresented to the world." Too few, for example, have seen the tears coursing down the Hitlerian cheek as he watches little children at their innocent play outside his study windows. Too few know that Hitler who, like Haroun al Raschid, dons the simple garb of the honest peasant and sallies forth among his people after nightfall to rejoice in the sight of them at their simple pleasures. Too few know of the vast secret charities of the man. Moreover, no Jews in Germany, Doctor von Wunische assures us, have suffered as much as the true Hitler in their distress. These articles would be (as you may readily see) free from propaganda. We have the doctor's word for it.

FRANKLY, we'd be a little uncomfortable knowing that Mr. Hitler might be sifting around our lawn after dark, peering in at our window as we read the latest about the Perils of Poland, Clark Gable's divorce, what to do with Harry Hopkins, who's going to play first base for the Giants, the fall of the House of Musica, the queer creatures the Honorable Martin Dies finds under his bed, and bad news from the British Empire. We'd be, perhaps, something like Mrs. Bella J. Dahlen of Columbus, Ohio, who is sure that "something dreadful is going on behind the scenes in Washington because I am not able to make head or tail out of what the newspapers print about it, especially from the columnists." Mrs. Dahlen asked her husband about it. He said merely that "it didn't amount to anything." But she's not convinced—not at all. "The only way I can express it," says Mrs. Dahlen, "is that our country is haunted."

SHE might do with a bit of the philosophy of Mr. Edward Brosky. Some time ago we met Mr. Brosky near Half Moon, Montana. Mr. Brosky's a farmer. He owns about a hundred acres of mountainside. Naturally we asked him how he was getting on. "Bad," said Mr. Brosky. "But I ain't conceited enough to worry about not getting much out of that land of mine. God couldn't do much with it either."

HOWEVER, some of our very best minds have lost the general trend. We strongly recommend patience. Mr. J. W. Montgomery of Decatur, Illinois, assures us that there's a judge in his part of the country who has it. "One day," says Mr. Montgomery, "the judge listened all morning to the arguments of the plaintiff's attorney, half the afternoon to the reply from the defendant's lawyer and the rest of the day to rebuttal. That done the judge said: 'And now, gentlemen, just exactly what is your point?' "



AND it appears now that another sharp point was overlooked during all that preliminary excitement about the Senate resolution commending the only tradition we seem to have left—about not giving any President a third term. By telephone, Mr. Ervin MacReady of Washington, D. C., notified us that the subject was scarcely broached before the populace began to write letters. From these letters, Mr. MacReady told us, "quite a few of the statesmen seemed to gather that the antithird-term idea might become a craze, extending even to members of Congress. Some of the boys," said Mr. MacReady, "interrupted themselves right in the middle of patriotic allusions to George Washington."

THE third-termites! W. D.

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Protect Babies before Birth

SYPHILIS in newborn babies, frequently called congenital syphilis, is preventable in most cases. Read what Surgeon General Thomas Parran of the United States Public Health Service says:

> "The first thing to do completely, in my opinion, is to *wipe out congenital syphilis*. That is one job that doesn't need to take a generation . . .
>
> "We know absolutely that with good treatment, begun in time, there is only one chance in eleven that the syphilitic mother will not bear a healthy child . . .
>
> "We know that early treatment before birth is vastly more effective than any treatment after the child is born."

A blood test will indicate whether or not an expectant mother has syphilis. If the test is positive, she can take advantage of the almost certain protection for her child which medical science provides.

Every mother-to-be wants her baby to grow to sturdy manhood or womanhood—yet in the United States, authorities estimate, sixty thousand babies are born each year infected with syphilis. Frequently this disease may seriously affect the sight and hearing, or weaken the heart and other organs.

At times congenital syphilis in a child, unsuspected by either parent, may give no outward sign of its presence before maturity, when evidence of the disease may appear. Yet, if a blood test were made part of the examination and prenatal care given expectant mothers by physicians or clinics, congenital syphilis would be a rarity in our country.

The fight to stamp out syphilis gains power and effectiveness every day. Public opinion actively supports intelligent measures for the prevention, treatment and control of venereal diseases. Citizen groups, notably women's clubs, are becoming aroused to the fact that syphilis, scourge though it may be, is not unconquerable.

Most communities maintain clinics to care for those who are unable to pay for treatment. Local health departments or medical societies are prepared to refer those in need of treatment to qualified physicians.

The Metropolitan will be glad to send you its booklet "The Great Imitator" which contains information that you should have about syphilis. Address Booklet Department 239-C.

◆

The American Social Hygiene Association, through its National and State Anti-Syphilis Committees, is sponsoring the third National Social Hygiene Day, February 1st, 1939. On this day, citizen groups and physicians all over the country will meet with health officials to plan the next steps to take in stamping out syphilis—particularly congenital syphilis. This Association, 50 West 50th Street, New York, N. Y., will be glad to send literature and full particulars regarding the meetings.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board
LEROY A. LINCOLN, President
ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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QUICK, STIMULATING LUSTER-FOAM ACTION in the New Listerine Tooth Paste wins men by thousands!

Out on the ski slopes, skating on the rink . . . haven't you noticed how smiles flash brighter since the New Listerine Tooth Paste was introduced?

At the bowling alleys, one man tells another there's something *new* in dentifrices . . . the New Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam detergent.

How it cleans and polishes! Removes new tobacco surface stains, as it freshens the mouth! . . . 6,000,000 tubes sold in 90 days.

By the thousands . . . by the tens of thousands . . . men everywhere are swinging away from old favorites to a brand new kind of dentifrice!

It's the New Listerine Tooth Paste, supercharged with Luster-Foam to help fight decay and bring luster in a different, wonderfully efficient way . . .

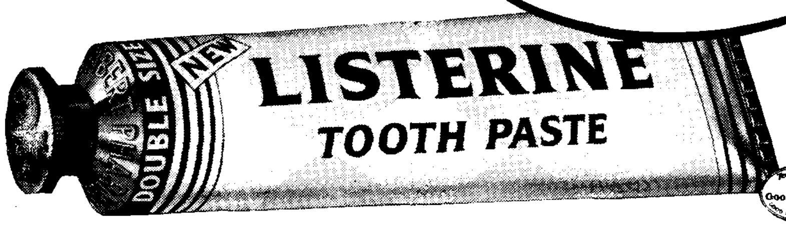
At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam detergent leaps into an energized "bubble bath" of unbelievable penetrating power. It attacks decay-breeding film itself . . . then, believe it or not, goes to work on even those remote and hard-to-reach "danger zones" where some authorities say more than 75% of decay starts.

You know these neglected areas, with their tiny pits, cracks and fissures, packed with bacteria and decay-fostering acids. They are between the teeth, on the front and back of the teeth, and on bite surfaces.

Now Luster-Foam reaches them! No wonder teeth are cleaned so well . . . enamel flashes so brilliantly! Better get a tube of this New Listerine Tooth Paste, supercharged with Luster-Foam, today! Regular size, only 25¢; and for 40¢, the giant double-size, containing more than ¼ lb. See bargain offer below.

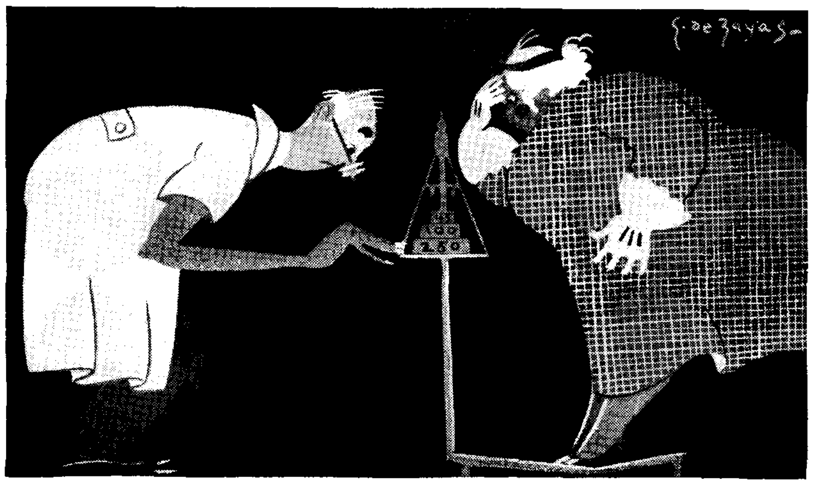
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

SALE
~~90¢~~ VALUE BOTH FOR 59¢
40¢ tube of New Listerine Tooth Paste. Contains more than ¼ pound.
50¢ Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Famous Tuft helps clean back teeth better.



At All Drug Counters Now!

Tested and Approved 4602 by Good Housekeeping Bureau



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Excess weight may be removed to an astonishing degree through small balanced diets under medical supervision. In one recent case, treated at an obesity clinic of a New York hospital, a woman's weight was reduced from 395 pounds to 156 pounds in twenty months, with a progressive improvement in health throughout the period.

Many of Italy's great tower clocks, built in the 17th and 18th centuries, had six numerals instead of twelve. But only three or four are still in existence, the most important one being on Castel Gandolfo, the Pope's summer palace, a short distance from Rome.

The ten railroad and vehicular tunnels running under the Hudson River between New York City and New Jersey virtually "float" in the silt or mud of the river bed and, consequently, move slightly with the tides.—*By Paul Gauger, Jr., Memphis, Tennessee.*

A genetic study now being made of the Dionne quintuplets has revealed that they are a monozygotic set, or one produced from a single cell. They are the only surviving group of the two or three such births among the forty-five cases of quintuplets recorded in medical literature.

Masquerade parties consisting of three or more persons are unlawful when held in a hotel or other public building in New York State. Furthermore, they cannot lawfully be held in a house or other private place without the permission of the police.—*By Bill Rosenblum, Yonkers, New York.*

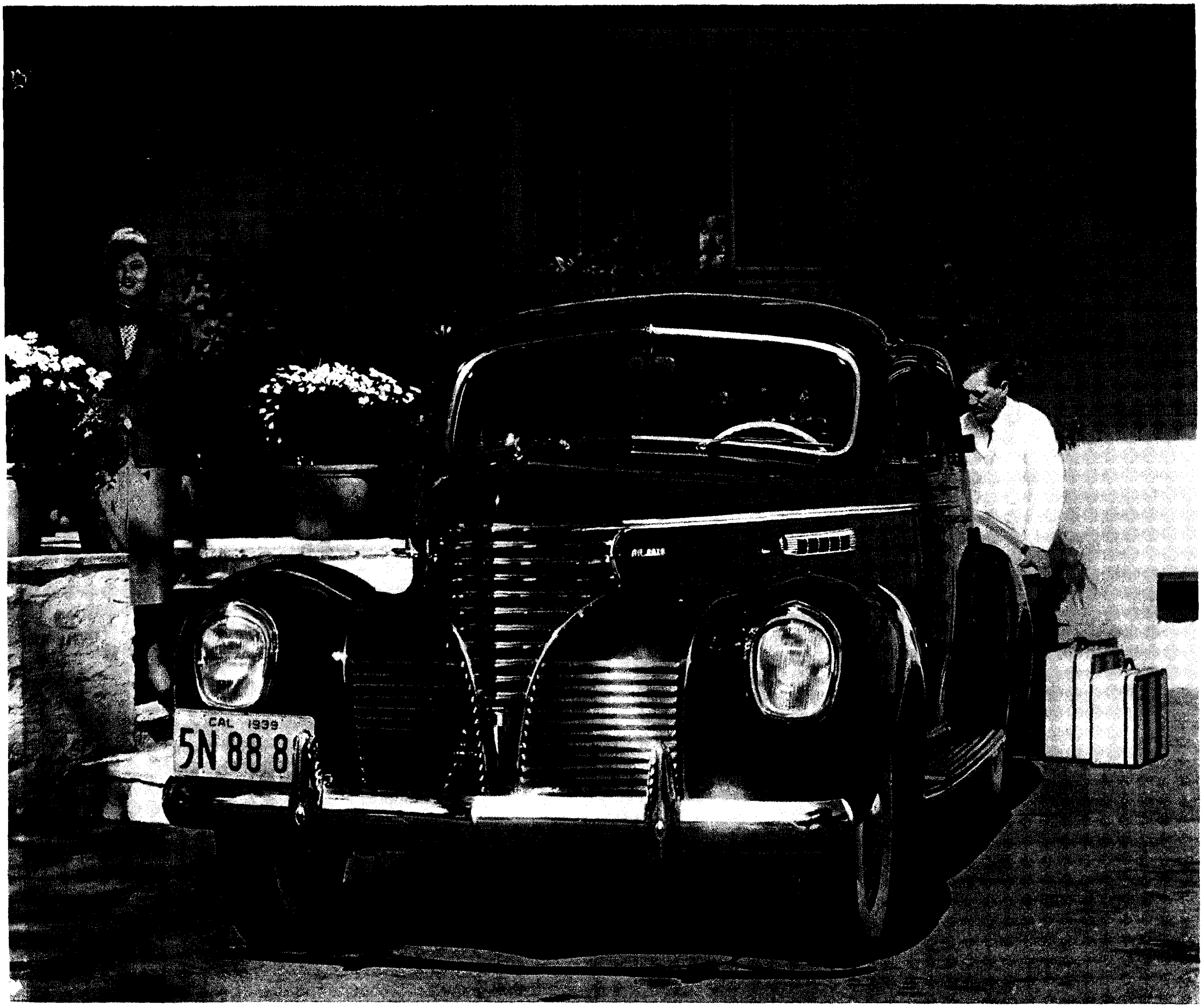
Only two reigning monarchs have ever visited the United States. The first was Albert I, late king of the Belgians, in 1919, while the second was Prajadhipok, recent king of Siam, in 1931.—*By Henrietta Desgrey, Yonkers, New York.*

Laboratory experiments made on brook trout, fruit flies and white mice prove that the life span of these creatures may be considerably extended over its normal length by feeding small quantities of food, which prolongs adolescence. On the other hand, it has been observed that those that are allowed to eat freely and grow naturally die at a much earlier age.

New York City has 250,000 individuals over ten years of age who cannot read, write or speak any language; 250,000 more who cannot read, write or speak English; and 800,000 who read its thirty-five daily foreign-language newspapers. —*By Shelby E. Southard, New York City.*

A strange phenomenon of marine life is the "migrating" eye of the flatfishes. When hatched, they have an eye on each side and swim naturally. While maturing, they develop the habit of swimming on the side, those inhabiting cold water on the left side and those in warm water on the right side. Eventually, in both cases, the lower eye moves over the top of the head to a position beside the upper eye.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



MISS LOY's last picture was "Too Hot to Handle." Her De Soto, she says, is "Easy to Handle." It makes driving such relaxed fun, there's little chance of catching her home just in case you hoped.

No bustle mars the smooth, flowing curve of De Soto's sleek exterior. Yet, space-wise, it has the bulge on most cars that still bulge at the stern. 23 cubic feet of luggage storeroom, in case you're interested. Grandma, where are your handbags?

De Soto carries six life-size adults hospitably, on seats like sofas. "Squeeze the guest and spoil the ride?" argued the engineers. So they added 2½ extra inches up front.

De Soto's handy new gear shift sprouts conveniently from the steering post. Exit, old-fashioned floor lever. Enter, comfortable, new leg room. It's simply swell!

And the headlights, set like great, glittering crown jewels in the *fenders*, declare the car's full width, and take the guesswork out of night driving. Then there's the automatic green light on the speedometer—it turns to amber at 30, and becomes a stern, red eye of warning at 50 and up. State troopers will be picking daisies for want of reckless drivers.

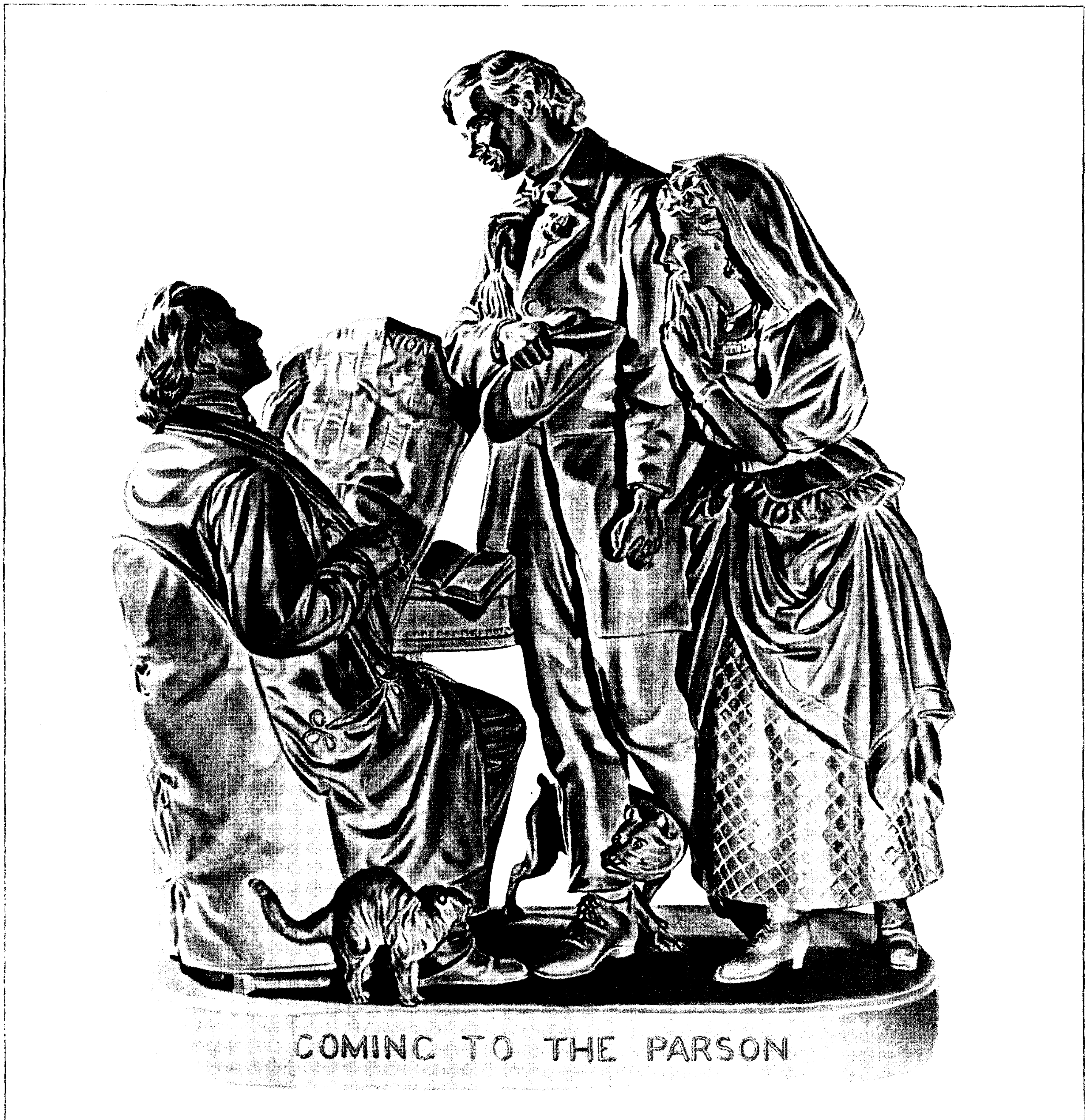
Miss Loy, like other De Soto owners, says this glamorous aristocrat is beautiful any way you look at it—inside, outside, or straight at the price tag. DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

Tune in Major Bowes' Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P.M., E.S.T.

MYRNA LOY, M-G-M STAR, NOW APPEARING
IN ANOTHER "THIN MAN" PRODUCTION

DE SOTO

America's Smartest
Low-Priced Car



IF YOU had been making a social call on a Sunday afternoon in the 1870's, you would have been ushered into a dustless and sunless room known in that decade as the parlor.

It is likely that your attention would have been attracted to a piece of statuary standing upon a marble-topped, black walnut table, located in the center of the bay window so that even passers-by could view this evidence of culture and art appreciation.

John Rogers, sculptor to the people, made many such statuettes, rich in human interest and endowed with a bit of gentle and kindly humor. The few of these fragile pictures in plaster which have resisted time and the elements, and survived changes in interior decoration, serve to give us authentic sketches of the costumes and customs of that period.

"Coming to the Parson" was the most popular of some eighty Rogers Groups, not only because it was a particularly appropriate wedding gift, but because it was a symbol of the most important event in a person's life.

Since this group was modeled, many fashions and fancies have come and gone, but the sentiment it represents has never gone out of style. The eager hopes of a young couple starting life together today are much the same as they always were. Every couple wants to get ahead in the world; to acquire a home and a certain degree of security; to achieve peace of mind and freedom from worry.

And the best way of realizing these hopes is still, as it was seventy years ago, through the wise use of various forms of insurance, planned with the help of an experienced insurance man.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's The National Weekly for January 28, [illegible]9

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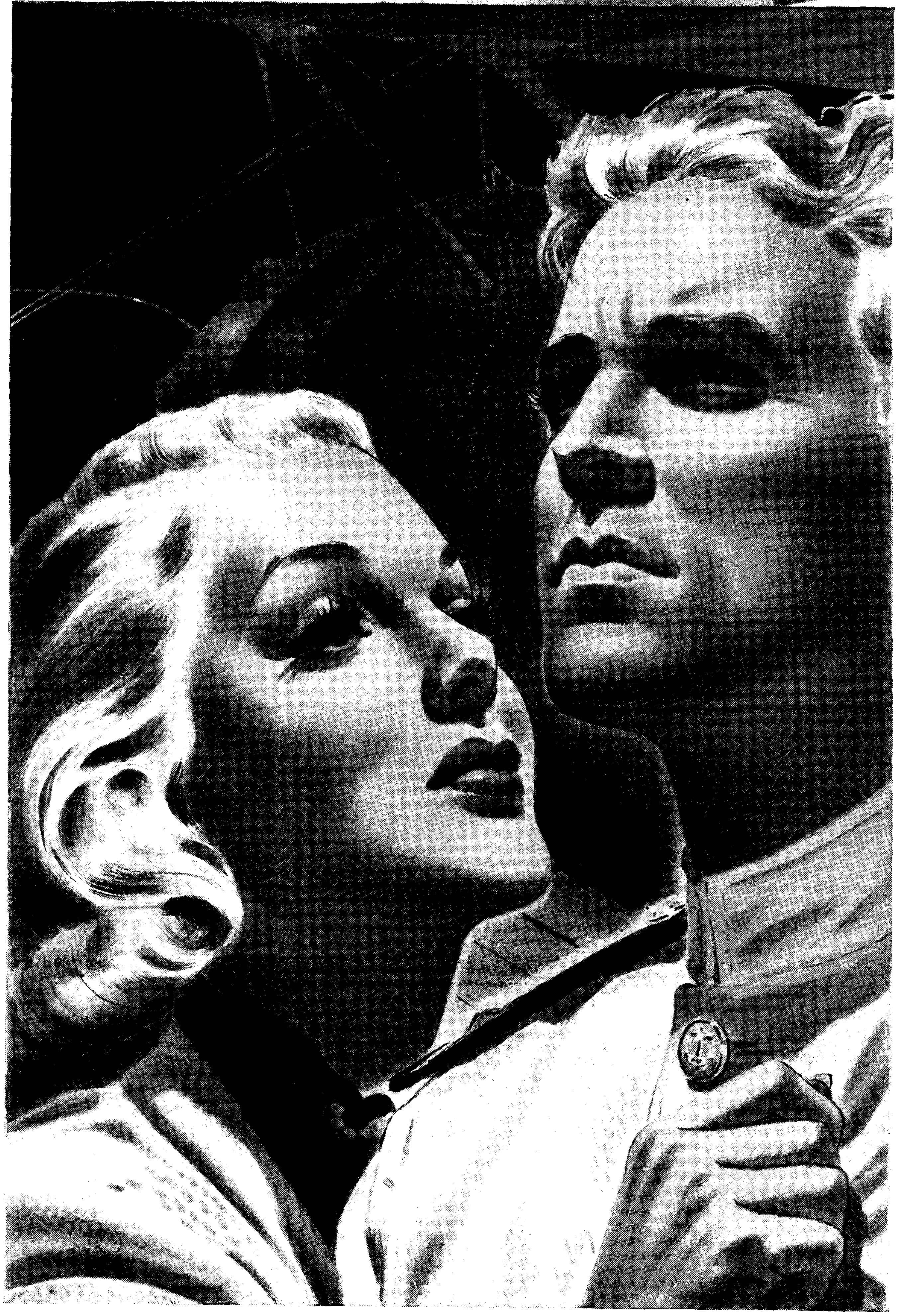
The Pacifist

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

Sometimes peace and love can be paid for only in the currency of violence



"I know how you must feel about flying," she told him. "It will clean you, I know. But tonight it will also kill you"

THE heavy, irregular drag of the big pontoons faded almost suddenly as Nick took the little seaplane up on a long, low tangent, his happiness filling him and making him feel part of the plane. He was happy to be alone in the air and going on a flight without having to come back to school in a couple of hours. Pensacola dropped behind him and he followed the long line of the Florida coast east for only a few miles before he turned the plane, heading due south.

In a little while he could not see land, only the water of the Gulf of Mexico, unbroken by islands, unmottled by the shallows that colored the water near the shore. The ocean was a little monotonous and Nick wished he had followed the shore down instead of taking the shorter route across open water to Key West. But he had been anxious, once he had decided to see his father, to get there as quickly as possible.

He wondered what his father looked like. A big man, doubtless run to fat now, if you could judge by the occasional pictures in the papers. While his mother had been alive, Nick had not seen his father. Not since he was a boy. And while his mother lived he had not dared to take up flying. He was her only child, all that she had saved from her broken marriage; and while Nick had occasionally flown without her knowing it, he was always troubled afterward.

Death, he thought, solved things. Now he was a flyer, trained in the Navy school at Pensacola. Now, too, he was going to see his father. Neither thing could have happened had his mother lived. The thought made him feel as though he were being disrespectful to her memory or to her. . . .

Why it had grown important that he should see his father he did not know. He barely remembered him. But he had been alone with his mother a good part of his life and with her death he had discovered there was no one very close to him. So he must see his father again, Bennett Raine, a great athlete once, a rich man before he was forty. Nick was still young enough to be impressed by these things.

He looked at the water again. Its monotony was broken by what looked like a string of beads undulating through it. Porpoises, Nick knew. The strong west wind was carrying him gradually landward. He would come back over Florida in the middle of the Everglades. He did not think this. He "felt" it with some secret part of his brain.

The quality of the water's color changed. From a clear, uniform, light green it began to mottle with shades nearly white and others sharply blue. Where it was clear the vague shapes of the bottom dimly showed; and where marl had clouded it it shaded into a hundred pastels of blue and green and gray. And, darkly to the east, the huge, formless bulk of the Everglades had grown, pastel also in decadent shades of gray and dun and dying green. The rich, dying land met here the rich, undying sea, and a white sun that did not shine on Pensacola or anything north lay over the scene.

This, Nick thought again, was why he really wanted to fly. This view that it gave you of the world, as though it were all fresh and new again and he its discoverer. He felt separate and apart and in his own country . . . a place removed from violence or the needs that beset men who moved on the land. He forgot that he was an ensign in the United States Naval Reserve and that he owed that service a year of his life in payment for the training it had given him.

HE THOUGHT again of his own curious aversion to violence and tried to find to what it stemmed. His mother had abhorred violence. At school he had played football but not because he had liked to. He played it because it was a convention for anyone of his physique to do so, and because he must prove to himself that he did not fear violence. But he knew he would never like it.

Inevitably he thought again that part of his debt to the government for his training might someday have to be paid for in a currency of violence. This was the paradox: that this peace he found when flying, this solitary and unique view of the earth, this literal flying, he might someday have to pay for with violence. That he attained to this peace, this new freshness of the earth while in the very midst of violence: the beat of that tremendous motor, the terrible swiftness of the plane.

He saw that the wind had carried him well into the great swamp, ponds dotting, like tarnished mirrors, the dun and gray of the foliage. He eased the plane into the wind a little, moving down the coast and, then, far off to the east, picking up the new highway where it leaped from key to key on miles-long bridges so that the race of man might almost but not quite drive to Cuba in an automobile.

He was well past Miami when the plane went into a slow spin. Instead of kicking out of it, Nick just widened the circles the plane had begun to make, for, off to the west, he had seen the shape of a city, rising sharply from the water. Key West, for no other city lay in the great wilderness of water and sand that stretched out between Miami and Cuba.

The only wind-sock Nick could see was straightened out toward the city, away from the yacht basin, where he knew planes could land. The wind below was still from the west and he would have to land outside the basin. He had a sharp, passing desire to bring the plane down right in the mouth of the basin, but he swung wide in a great loop before landing outside the basin. There was no use taking chances, he *thought.*

He taxied to the landing and saw well-dressed people watching him curiously as he cut the motor and drifted almost to the dock. A rumba band was playing and a man in overalls tossed Nick a rope.

"The Miami plane lands here, Lootenant. The Navy planes go in down there." He waved to the north of the basin.

"I'm not in the way?" Nick asked.

"No, Lootenant. I just thought you might be looking for the Navy Yard. The Miami plane will be in any minute but you ain't in the way. No, sir."

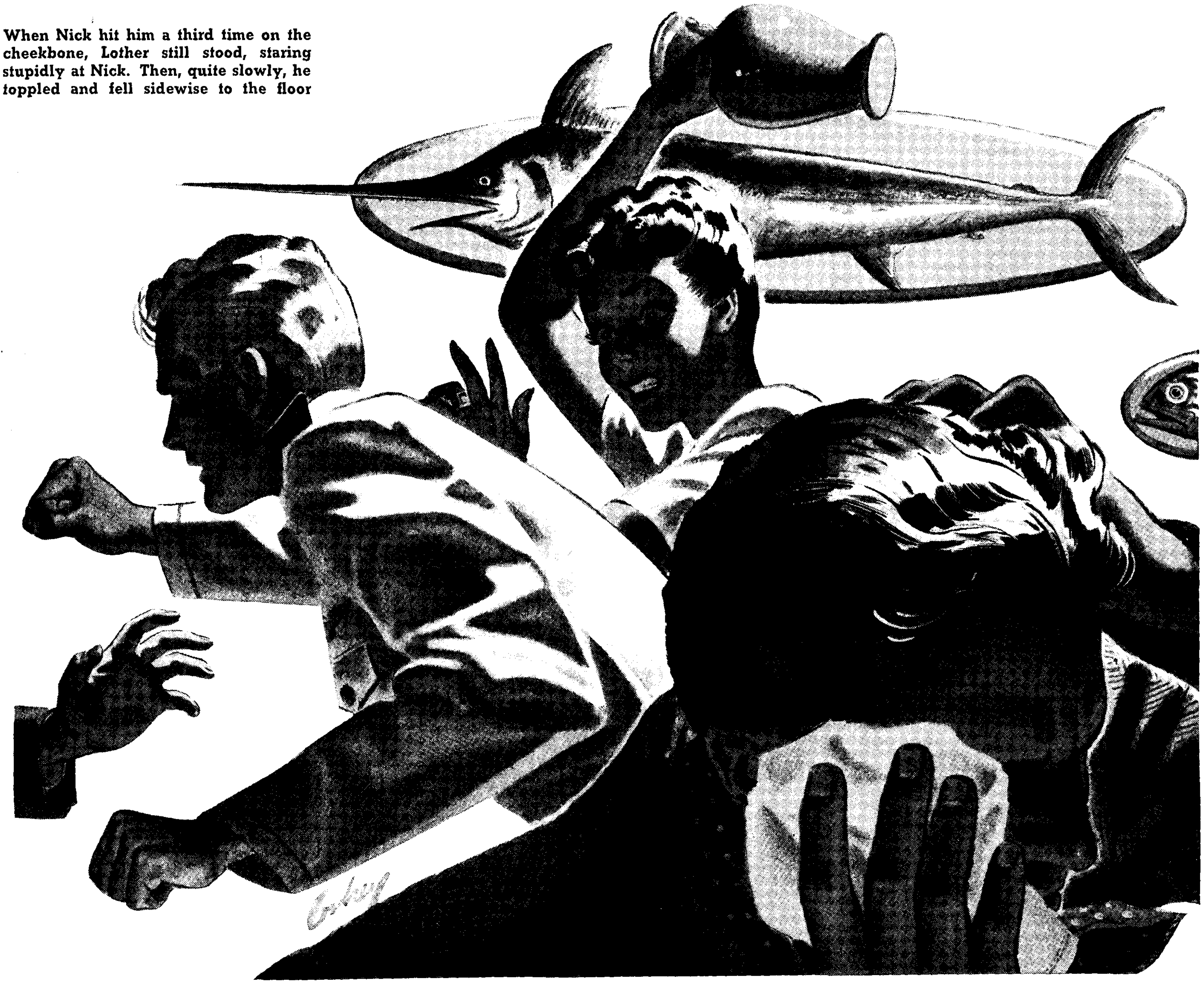
"ALL right," Nick said. "I don't want the Navy Yard. If the commandant inquires down here, tell him Ensign Nicholas Raine of the reserve came in from Pensacola on furlough and that I'll pay my respects later. Can you take care of the plane?"

"Sure, Lootenant."

Nick had taken off his flying clothes while speaking. He supposed that he should go to the local commandant first, but he did want to see his father. The well-dressed people stared at him as he climbed onto the dock. Tourists, Nick thought, maybe they think I'm part

(Continued on page 45)

When Nick hit him a third time on the cheekbone, Lother still stood, staring stupidly at Nick. Then, quite slowly, he toppled and fell sidewise to the floor



WILL CONNELL

Career Gi

By Kyle Crichton

Neither wasps nor asps nor changing tastes stay Miss Claudette Colbert from the completion of her appointed rounds. Thus far they include ingénue, vampire, comedienne and glamor girl

ABOUT movie people, you just don't know. Between scenes Claudette Colbert hunts around for a cigarette, sits wearily in her dressing cabin and speaks in a low voice. If she wants anything, help will be forthcoming from as far distant as Terre Haute. She lifts her eyebrows and the course of empire is swayed. She is undoubtedly a quiet, self-assured, kindly lady and nobody would suspect that she used to battle Al Woods all over Times Square in the days when she was getting her start on Broadway.

"He bellowing at me; me screaming back at him," admits Claudette.

In fact, her mother used to find her that way. Mrs. Chauchoin would come down on the Sixth Avenue elevated, get off at Forty-second Street and then stop and listen. The trains would be roaring overhead, the trucks would be one loud complaint of screaming brakes, and yet Mrs. Chauchoin knew she needed only a bit of patience to find Claudette. If her little girl was in conference with Mr. Woods two blocks distant, she knew that eventually there would be a disturbance only slightly short of disgraceful and that would be Claudette telling Al off.

During the recent filming of Zaza, she proved anew that she is not only elegant but human. For three long hot days she did nothing but whirl her right leg around like a demented crane, doing the can-can. Because the picture needed a French train, they were using a set that was as hot as a jilted woman's wrath. The temperature was over a hundred in that caldron and she was wearing the dress of a French chorus lady of the eighties, weighing slightly more than a raccoon coat. She smiled cheerily before the cameras and whirled her limb and tried to keep her temper. It reached a point where the leg threatened to come off at the hip and then pain gripped her firmly about the thigh in what the ballplayers know as a Charley horse. She stopped in mid-flight.

"Oh-h-h-h-h, NUTS!" she cried in desperation, and was home for a week more, trying to recover.

Colbert has had one of the most interesting of Hollywood careers, being by turn an ingénue (clinging), a vampire (Sign of the Cross, etc.), a comedienne (It Happened One Night) and now a glamor girl (Zaza). At various periods of her career, she has been washed up. The clingers just about ruined her. Cecil B. DeMille launched her afresh when he made her Poppaea, the "wickedest woman in the world." She played it, milk baths and all, and emerged as an actress capable of deeper things. The comic phase came after that and now the glitter stuff. Pretty lucky.

She was born in Paris as Claudette Chauchoin, and her father, driven by some aberration, insisted on calling her Lily. They came to New York when she was young, had the usual struggles, ate sparingly at moments, and slimmed Lily down to the point where her shape was to govern her career. Whatever slight ambitions she had to be a dress designer evaporated when Anne Morrison, the playwright, not only suggested that she become an actress but got her a three-line part in Wild Westcotts. Miss Chauchoin was obviously no name for an actress and Colbert was taken. She calls it Colbert just like Colbert but others insist it is Coal-bair. Nobody really cares much.

She got her first job with Al Woods

(Continued on page 64)

Al Rosser (center), boss of Oregon's powerful Teamsters' Union, maintains the smiling skepticism with which he dominated Oregon labor even while being booked on charges growing out of beer-war bombings. He is already under a 12-year sentence for arson, now being appealed

Oregon Strikes Back

By Richard L. Neuberger

The voters of Oregon threw the labor unions down and then jumped on them at the last election. And Oregon was one of our most liberal states—a paradise for the unionist! That was the trouble. The racketeers got to thinking they owned the state and the voters had to wake them up. It proved to be quite a fight

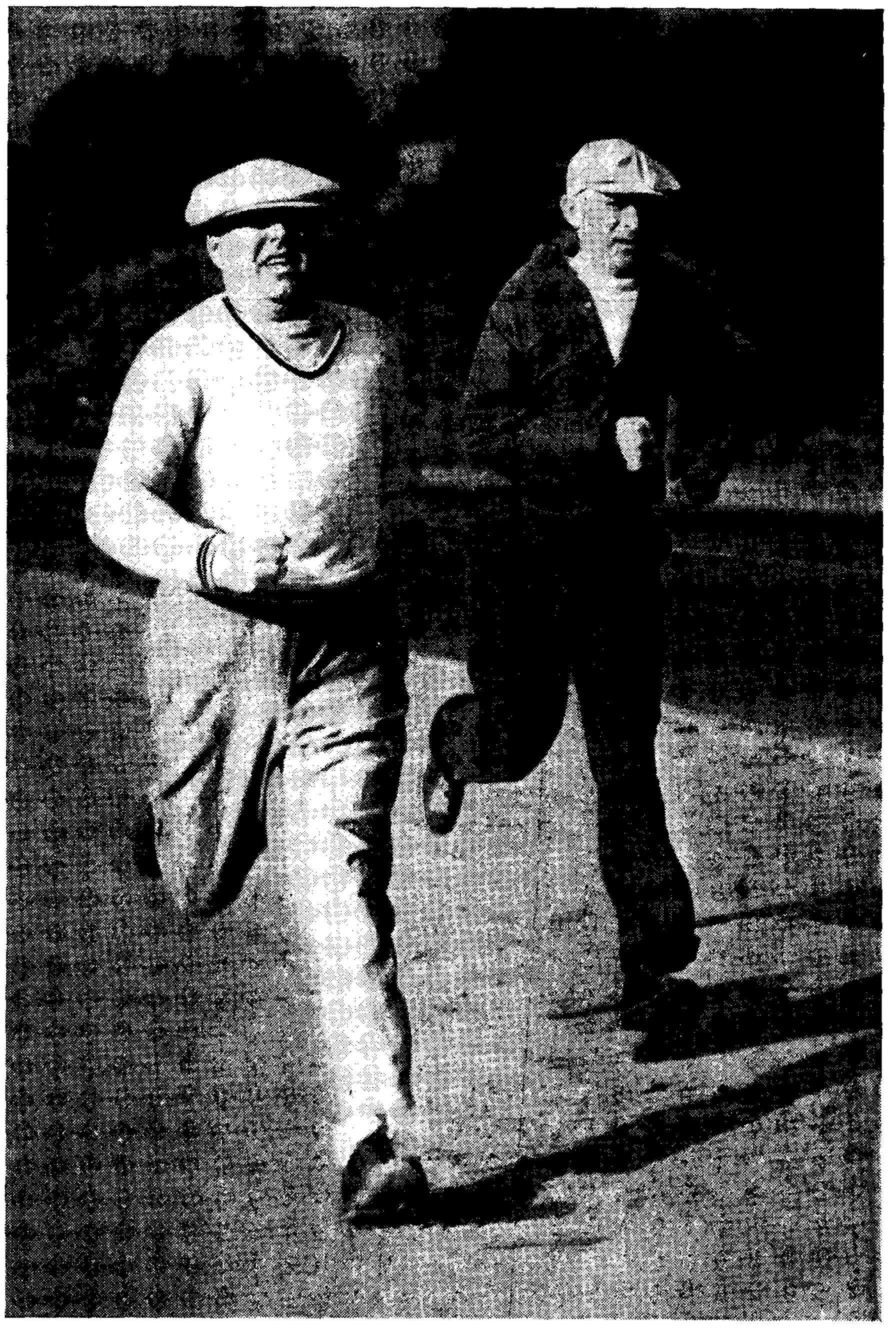
THE day after the election George H. Brown, the president of Local No. 3 of the Lumberjacks' Union, ran a sliver-scarred hand through his sandy hair. "Gosh!" groaned he. "To think this could have happened in Oregon!"

The people of that sovereign commonwealth had just adopted by decisive referendum vote the most severe legal restraint on the activities of labor unions ever enacted in these United States. In fact, Will Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, had said the law was so harsh it threatened complete annihilation of the labor movement within the state.

George H. Brown was particularly distressed that such an event had occurred in Oregon, because there in years past many of organized labor's activities had first been recognized and allowed. Backwoods Oregon approved legislation providing for minimum wages and maximum hours. It limited the industrial toil of women and children. It pioneered benefits for workmen injured at their jobs. It persuaded an up-and-coming Boston lawyer named Louis Dembitz Brandeis to cross the continent and defend these bold new experiments in court. It forbade injunctions in labor disputes. It decided the state police could not interfere in strikes. Organized labor in Oregon became big and strong.

Now, George H. Brown and all the other labor leaders in Oregon's 97,000-square-mile domain woefully mourn that these gains have been lost—lost, they say, in the brief twelve hours it took the sun to rise behind Mount Hood's icy pinnacle and span the sky into the Pacific last election day. More than that, they lament that labor unions in Oregon have been reduced to the economic and political effectiveness of the Campfire Girls. "Organized labor may as well fold up its tent and move out of Oregon," croaks the editor of a labor newspaper in the fir-clustered Willamette Valley. And the Oregon Federation of Labor, which once proudly pointed to its state as a citadel of social justice and humanitarian legislation, now calls Oregon "the industrial black spot of the nation" and prophesies change in labor dealings "from negotiations by responsible organizations into a guerrilla warfare by individual workers driven to desperation by industrial buccaneers." No sweatshop sanctuary anywhere in the land now has such a barbaric labor code as the hitherto liberal commonwealth of Oregon, the trade unions of that state wail in gloomy unison.

Precisely what happened election day to effect so complete a transformation in the industrial climate of the vast fron-



Ordered to reduce after a long siege in a hospital, heavy-handed Dave Beck (left), generalissimo of A.F.L. unions in the Far West, goes in for road work and calisthenics. Beck is the man behind A.F.L. strategy in the bloody interunion warfare that terrorized Oregon

tier state that lies between the Columbia River and the Sierra Nevadas?

On that rainy Tuesday in November, the people of cities and countryside, weary of four years of labor strife and racketeering, strode to the polls and voted for an initiative measure tightly manacling every function and activity of organized labor. Nothing like it had ever before been passed in the United States. One newspaper of conservative hue even hinted the law was a bludgeon that made the famous Trade Disputes Act of England seem a dainty wand by comparison. The victorious Republican candidate for governor advised against the law because he said it was unfair, too drastic and would practically take away labor's right to strike. Nearly every political observer within and without the state of Oregon agreed that adoption of the law would provide America's first actual test of governmental restriction and control of labor unions. And now the law has been adopted—by an overwhelming margin of 197,771 votes to 148,460—and the test is at hand.

So in Oregon today hard-boiled lumberjack leaders quaver like aspic, and across the country both William Green and John L. Lewis thump desks irritably and promise that the best in counsel shall speed westward to free their brethren in the Pacific Northwest from the yoke the electorate has fastened upon them. The revolutionary influence that the Oregon law already has had in union ranks may be noted from the fact that the spokesmen for labor, both in the state and nation, now look to their hereditary enemies, the courts, as a last sanctuary against what the voters have done. Unless the United States Supreme Court, long the object of labor wrath, throws the Oregon law into the ash can of unconstitutionality, both the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. fear the worst. And lurking back of that fear is the premonition that this heavy new weapon against labor may not always be confined to hinterland Oregon, but may spread toward the Atlantic seaboard and such great industrial states as Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Ohio.

Organized labor all over America is preparing for a campaign designed not only to prevent this new law from crossing the borders of Oregon, but also to discredit it there.

A Common Cause for A.F.L. and C.I.O.

The C.I.O. has just insisted that the New Deal deny Oregon the right to participate in the Social Security program. "Any state which adopts a backward and reactionary labor policy in conflict with the policy of the federal government," contend John L. Lewis and his aides, "cannot expect to receive the benefits of federal legislation."

And the A.F.L. has added in agreement: "The antilabor law jeopardizes the entire unemployment insurance program in Oregon. This situation in which Oregon finds itself is due to the activities of employers who blindly gambled the state's welfare in securing enactment of a measure to cripple and destroy labor organizations."

Both labor factions claim the law so changes the heretofore-accepted definition of a labor dispute that it throws Oregon completely out of kilter with the federal government's interpretation of legitimate unemployment.

Suppose we look at the unique and bristling law that already has had these startling consequences, and see what it really provides.

The first section outlaws any labor dispute not between an employer and a majority of his employees. All very fine and simple, concede A.F.L. leaders, who then cite what they regard as an insidious joker. Presume, they urge, that the truck drivers at a department store decide their wages are too low and call a strike. The store probably hires 2,000 employees, about 100 of whom drive the delivery vans. These men cannot legally go on strike unless they persuade approximately half the other 1,900 employees to strike with them. This is so nearly an impossibility, the A.F.L. contends, that craft unions in all Oregon industries will be rendered as limp as empty underwear. They will become practically powerless to call strikes because few A.F.L. craft unions ever include a majority of the workers in any particular plant.

No More Arguments

Another part of Section I of the law forbids jurisdictional wrangles between rival labor organizations. This is an obvious thrust at the savage warfare between the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. that has almost wrecked the lumber industry in the Oregon woodlands. Again all well and good, admit conservative labor leaders, but what about an employer who is confronted by even the extraordinary situation of 475 of his 500 employees in a bona fide union? Is there anything to prevent him from organizing the remaining 25 employees into a rival union, which will engage in a jurisdictional squabble and outlaw the whole controversy? "This provision," complains the Oregon Federation of Labor, "makes it possible for an employer to nullify *any* dispute which may arise and destroys all rights of the workers."

Also in the first section is a sentence limiting legal labor disputes to issues directly concerned with wages, hours and working conditions. A strike over union recognition is automatically outside the law. Organized labor insists that such a requirement exempts an employer paying the union wage scale from ever having to bargain collectively with a union.

This law adopted so decisively by Oregon's people includes numerous other mandates. In common with the English Trade Disputes Act, sympathy strikes and secondary boycotts are forbidden, although the law goes beyond the British measure in outlawing all picketing and boycotting not squarely connected with the restricted sort of labor dispute now permitted in Oregon. It also has become a crime to attempt in any manner, directly or indirectly, to prevent a man from working for an employer who wants to hire him. Nor can a labor organization interfere, no matter how remotely, with manufacturing, harvesting or commerce. Unions are prohibited from collecting funds for other than "legitimate requirements," and any member of a labor union can demand at any time a complete accounting and record of all union money and property. The courts of the state are given the right to enforce the law by

(Continued on page 59)

Harry Bridges (right, with his attorney) has long been a storm center in coast labor politics and is boss of coast C.I.O. units. He threw a bombshell into the Oregon fight by insisting it was a class struggle

"All right, madame," the woman said, "you got a half minute left. Where do you keep your money?"

THAT man who had stood at the corner of the bar watching him in the mirror—surely *he* couldn't have been suspicious? And yet now, as Jim Turner walked up the long dark driveway toward the Cathcart house on the hill (walking on the grass to avoid the crunching of gravel) he wished he had not asked the new bartender about Mrs. Cathcart. It was that question that made the flat-faced man slant that quick, alert look at Jim.

Jim Turner glanced back over his shoulder toward Rose Hill road where the distant lights of passing autos flickered. No one had followed him.

He turned toward the dark mass of the house. He knew every foot of the way, every mound, every bush, every flower bed. He could tell by the feel of the long grass that the place wasn't so well kept up now. He felt a tinge of professional pride. Five years ago when he worked there—a kid of sixteen—he and George, the head gardener, had kept the lawn velvet smooth.

A few yards from the house he stopped in the black shadow of a tall elm. His heart was pounding.

Two hours ago he had no such thought as that of robbing old Mrs. Cathcart. Two hours ago he had wandered into Sam Trotter's bar (on his way through Burnsville) to bum a glass of beer before he went on to another city to look for a job, to hang on to life as best he could. But there was a new bartender in Sam's place and when Jim asked for Sam he got nothing but a shrug of the shoulders. He asked about George, but the bartender said that Mrs. Cathcart had a new couple from the city working for her. The bartender had not heard of George, but he had heard of Mrs. Cathcart. Sure, who hadn't?

"You mean the goofy old woman who lives in the big stone house on the hill?" The bartender had heard she was so goofy that she kept her money hidden at home. "Guess she's got it socked away out there somewheres."

Jim said vaguely, "Zat a fact?"

Then suddenly, as he stood there twisting his glass on the wet mahogany, he saw a picture of five years ago. He saw himself hoeing the bushes under the living-room window of the big house. He heard a chord played on the piano inside—just one chord. He had never heard anyone touch that piano before. He peered into the room.

Mrs. Cathcart, tall, stately, was standing by the piano holding some greenish papers. The front of the piano had been removed and several keys were lifted out of place. He could see them sticking up like long loosened teeth. The old lady folded the papers (he could hear the crisp crackle through the window), put them into her pocketbook and began working the keys back into place. Later she called him in, paid his wages in bills from the pocketbook. . . .

JIM left the shadow of the tree and turned to the house. His plan was simplicity itself. It had to be. He had no flashlight, no burglar tools, no gun. All he had he carried in his mind. A complete layout of the place and a method of getting in without breaking in.

There were no lights in the house. He went straight to the cellar in back. He knew that in that cellar there were a door and a passageway into the butler's pantry. The door had no lock.

He found the door, opened it. He said, "This is a cinch!" and tiptoed into the pantry and through the dining room. (Why did his skin prickle so? There wasn't a sound, and yet he had that feeling that the whole house was awake.) He said "Nuts!" and opened the door into the living room.

What he saw there stunned him so that he couldn't move. He saw a low light on a table near the window. The curtains were drawn. There were three people at the other end of the long room. Mrs. Cathcart, sitting tensely in a big chair, was facing him—staring right at him. But the man and the woman with their backs to him did not turn. The man, standing in front of Mrs. Cathcart, his thick body leaning toward her, was holding a gun. The old lady kept looking at Jim. Then her mouth moved a little and Jim saw that she recognized him—but she did not speak.

The woman turned a flashlight on the big clock. "All right, madame—you got a half minute left. *Where do you keep your money?*"

The old lady sat there like a rock. But her eyes stared straight at Jim. And in that second Jim knew she was giving him the chance to slip out. He could go the same way he had come in—free and uninvolved. What good could he do—that guy had a gun, didn't he? But he couldn't take his eyes from the old lady. He couldn't get over the way she sat there—determined, stubborn—and yet her eyes were pleading with him to help her.

Jim felt himself move toward her. He wanted to throw himself between the old lady and the gun. He felt strong. She needed him. She needed his protection.

JIM moved nearer. Now he was five feet from the man. If he startled him now the gun would fire. He had to speak so as not to jar that finger on the trigger.

Jim said gently, "All right, Mrs. Cathcart. I'm here."

The man swung around. The gun jammed into Jim's chest. "Don't move!" the man said. His eyes were bulging.

Behind him Jim heard someone come into the room. "Good," the new voice said. "Keep him covered!"

A man came around in front of Jim and looked at him. He was the man with the flat face Jim had seen at Sam's bar. He turned to the old lady. "Sorry this had to happen, Mrs. Cathcart. I am Constable Stanley. I trailed this rat from town. Looked like a suspicious character to me. Come on, you," he said to Jim.

Jim saw the old lady get up. Suddenly her dignity came back to her so that she seemed to dominate them all. She said, "Just a minute, Constable—you're making a mistake. That's Jim Turner. I've known Jimmy since he was a boy. These two over here are the culprits. They might have killed me if it hadn't been for Jimmy."

The younger woman stirred suddenly, but the constable's gun quickly covered her and her companion. And yet, as he handcuffed them, his eyes on Jim were still suspicious. "What's he doing comin' out here at night, sneaking in the back way?" he asked suddenly.

Mrs. Cathcart said crisply, "Jimmy is going to work for me again. Fortunately he started tonight."

When the constable had taken his prisoners away, Mrs. Cathcart closed the door. She looked gravely at Jim—so gravely he felt his eyes pulled to the floor. Mrs. Cathcart patted his shoulder.

"Come," she said, "look up. You were a brave boy. Now, how about that job? Do you want to work for me again?"

Jim looked at her. It felt good to look at her now. He said, "I sure do! Boy!" And he thought with pride how he would get that front lawn in shape.

"I am so glad!" Mrs. Cathcart said. She looked at him with a funny little smile on her lips. "It will be comforting to have someone around whom I can trust."

Strange Honeymoon

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

JUDITH CLAYTON'S father dies, leaving her a fortune. His will provides that his brother-in-law, Jonas Morgan, be the sole executor, and that Judith take over the estate when she is twenty-one—*if she is married.*

Still single, after she has reached the age of twenty-one, Judith learns that Morgan is misappropriating her funds. To protect herself, she marries Alan Hughes, an old friend, who consents to help her solve her problem with the clear understanding that the marriage is one "in name only."

Alan has no money, no job. His one asset is a handsome home; where Judith (merely for the sake of appearances) now ensconces herself.

Having incurred the enmity of Joe Carter, a crooked gambler, Alan is not surprised when two attempts are made upon his life. . . . Feeling that his presence is a source of annoyance to Judith, Alan leaves his home, takes up his residence elsewhere. Then, in need of a job, he finds one—as office manager of an escort service owned by his friend, Gene Lyons. His salary is sixty dollars a week.

Early one morning Alan and Gene, leaving the Club Tunisia together, encounter Joe Carter. Carter attacks Alan. Gene, coming to the rescue, is knocked down. Whereupon, Alan strikes Carter on the head with a cane, *kills him!*

Not realizing that the man is dead—or even dying—Alan and Gene put him in a taxicab, rush him to a doctor, who brings in the appalling verdict.

Alan insists that the police be notified. Gene insists that the thing be hushed up. Pointing to the undeniable fact that, if they report what has happened, both of them may be sent to prison, Gene finally prevails. Alan agrees, most reluctantly, to say nothing to the authorities.

There are two witnesses: a doorman of the Club Tunisia and the taxi driver, "Chuck" Watson. Watson calls on Judith, tells her the story, demands fifty thousand dollars. Judith tells him she will think the matter over. Then she telephones Gene, secures all the details from him. . . . Alan, needing a confidant, tells the story of the murder to Angel Fremont, an attractive girl-about-town. Meanwhile, Judith has fallen in love with Alan. And Angel has also fallen in love with him.

VIII

THE evening had not been a startling success. Judith and Alan had tried their best, but somehow you can't quite get away with gaiety when you are not gay inside; you can't make your smart, sophisticated conversation convincing when your heart isn't in it. Certainly Alan couldn't, because he was thinking of other things, and constantly reminding himself: "Careful, Alan. Don't let Judith suspect anything's wrong." And Judith was smiling across the cozy little table in the little French restaurant, and she was thinking, "Poor Alan. He's worried. If he'd only talk to me. If he'd only tell me these things I already know."

They did a heroic job of acting. It was all very gay and superficial. It was all very much of a strain, so that both were relieved after the dinner had been finished and the check paid and Judith suggested that they drive back to the great house in the East Sixties. They complimented the waiter on his deft, courteous service; said something nice to the hat-check girl, and en route to the car, which was parked half a block away, Alan bought a morning paper from a little newsboy who had hobbled forward and said cheerfully: "Hi, buddy—how about a paper?"

"Very how about it," agreed Alan. He gave the urchin a quarter, and left him grinning and saying to himself, "Some guy, that guy."

Alan unlocked Judith's car with the keys Judith gave him, tossed the newspaper into the back seat as he clambered under the wheel and said, "Modern progress. Not yet nine-thirty and we read the news of tomorrow."

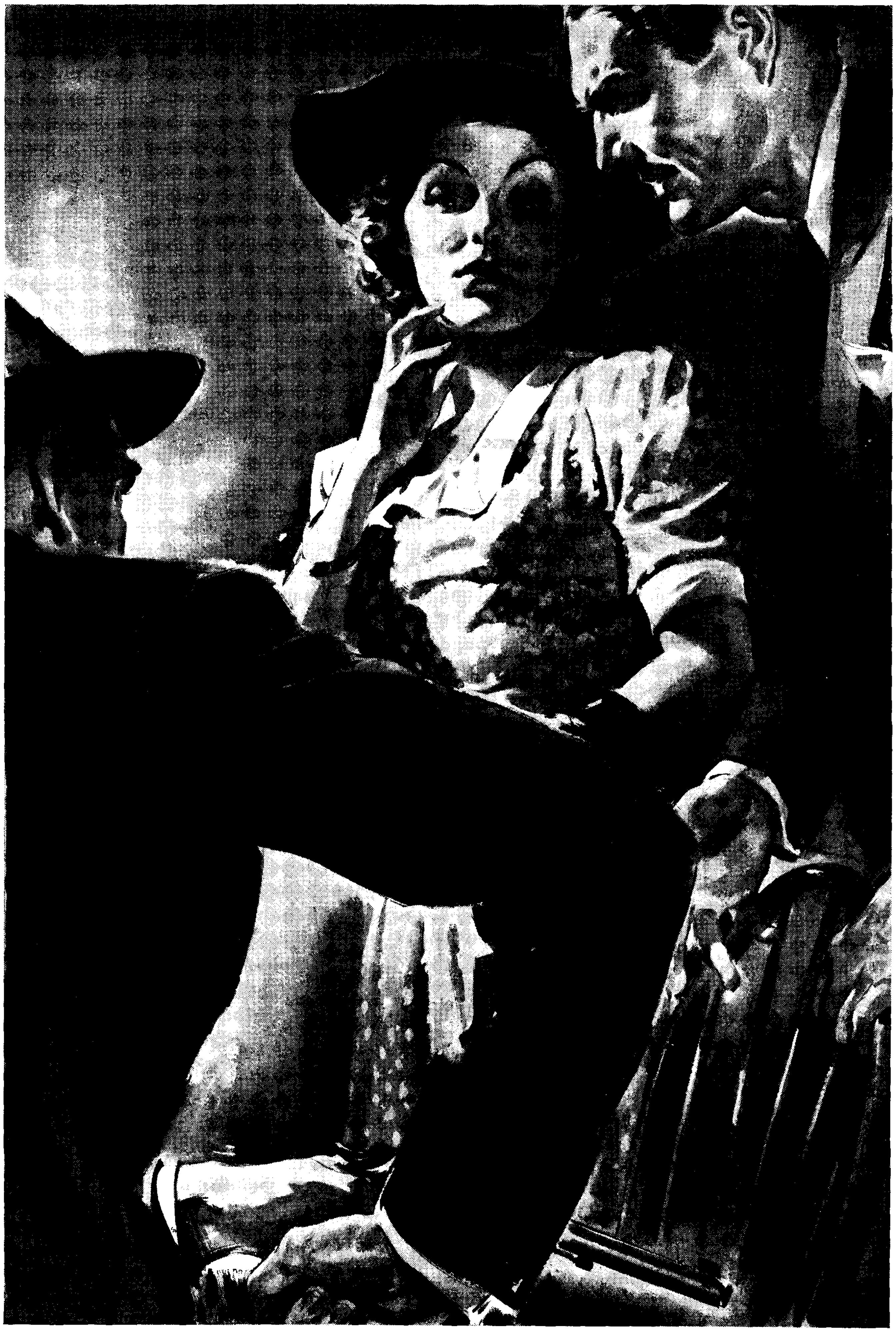
"Time flies," agreed Judith, "and it's a small world after all."

"Infinitesimal," endorsed Alan, "and also quite petite."

They left the car in front of the big house and went inside. Alan had brought the newspaper with him, and as he dropped his hat on a chair he glanced idly down at the headline that sprawled across its top.

Judith had gone ahead into the library

(Continued on page 53)



She heard Gene Lyons' pleasant voice: "Have a seat, Mrs. Hughes." He held a chair for her

Bright Side Out

By Ruth Carson

Color is king and Art comes right out in the open where you can't possibly miss it as New York's World's Fair shapes up. Like it or not, you won't be indifferent to this dazzling display. The artists have seen to that

YOU'D think they'd be used to anything by now. For the past two years, over on the New York World's Fair grounds, Aladdin has been rubbing his lamp. Flushing Meadow dump turns into Flushing Meadow Park. Trees pop up overnight, forty feet high and in full leaf. Acres of flowers bloom where all was mud and truck ruts. Strange buildings come into quick being, shaped like airplanes, ships, steel-ribbed domes, blocks of concrete.

But today the hubbub and the excitement are mounting. Color is coming to the Fair, fanning out over the buildings in rainbow formation, hitting you in the eye, rousing your emotions. And, unexpected and strangely exciting, pictures are emerging on the outside walls. Giant figures, striding between you and the sky. For the biggest, most impressive outdoor art show ever to be staged is in the making, the like of which you have never seen before; because it has never before been done.

When the Fair opens on April 30, its carnival spirit will be there on the walls—gaiety, excitement, showmanship, a poster kind of art. If your sole idea of art is a daub of oils on canvas, created in a garret and tucked away in a musty museum, you are in for a lot of surprises.

For the first thing, these pictures at the Fair aren't on canvas, in a frame. They are actual parts of their buildings, framed by all outdoors. Some are in paint, a gummy rubber paint that never saw canvas. But the artists aren't stopping at paint. Why should they, when science and industry have been steadily creating new materials for them? They're using metal, linoleum, glass mosaic, rods of light, enamel baked on iron, colored cement, plastics. They're experimenting with materials, with techniques, with scale, with the whole idea of murals out of doors.

"Who cares what they do?" says bushy-browed Robert Kohn of the Fair's Board of Design. "We're going to throw it all away in a couple of years, anyway. There never was such a chance. Let 'em experiment. Why do murals have to be permanent? Paint 'em out when you don't like 'em any more."

The Fair Board decided the Fair buildings should be plain, practical, artificially lighted and windowless. No windows would mean more exhibition space, more exhibition space would mean cash in the till—altogether this seemed a very good idea indeed. The buildings should be one-story, not to be too heavy on newly filled land. And of stucco because they are frankly temporary.

Tomorrow's Art in the Making

But even a beautiful park and any number of smart architects can't make a lot of low, blank white stucco walls exciting enough for a Fair. The answer was pictures on the walls. Pictures and color.

And so you are going to gasp when you first lay eyes on the Fair, at the most astonishing art show ever to be put on by a bunch of crazy, space-drunk, color-mad artists. The Fair Board garnered them in, under the gentle guiding hand of Ernest Peixotto, dean of muralists, to make sure all schools and creeds would be on hand, and then turned them loose. For this is not just decoration for a fair; it's a genuine art show, a cross-section of art expression of today, the making of the art of tomorrow.

At the word go, the artists scattered. Not to their respective garrets, but to drafting boards, machine shops, laboratories, factories, for the trumpeted drawing together of art and industry is an accomplished fact to them. Designs had to be figured out; also techniques and materials. Here was the chance of an artist's lifetime to experiment, and they meant to make the most of it.

They got together their gangs of workers as early as last summer, some of them, and scaffoldings began to go up along blank walls.

There was Pierre Bourdelle, stripped to the waist in the hot sun and covered with red plaster dust. Gobs of wet plaster, a good blank wall, tools in his hands. That's all Bourdelle, pupil of Rodin, asks to make him happy. His three helpers slap up wet red plaster on the wall in rough outline. As soon as it begins to take hold Bourdelle, with quick glances at the cartoon hanging from the scaffolding in back of him, trowels and carves—sharp, sure strokes, no changes, no delay. The stuff is dry in two hours. A little scraping here for shadows, flattening there for highlights. Seventy-five days of this, to cover 10,000 square feet—the biggest mural job at the Fair, and one of the most spectacular. You'll see it on the white façade and drum of a burgundy and white building, a giant frieze of bacchantic figures reveling in the harvest festival and the lusty life—in celebration of the food displayed within its walls.

A Matter of Materials

In a metal shop John Sitton, painter, is watching metal shears snip out his creations. A young man from Georgia, thirty-one, he's always ready for something new. So he's experimenting with metal—chromium on a copper base, which is strong and still light enough. ("Our first idea," he says, "would have pulled the side off the building.") These thirteen-foot cutouts, mounted an inch away from the building for shadow effects, will catch light and color—and your eye—from all around.

Over in a factory in Long Island City, J. Scott Williams skips excitedly around his mural. (He's a little man, but makes it up in energy.) The mural lies flat on the concrete floor, in two-foot-square sections like a fitted puzzle, laid out for inspection. It's made, of all things, of ferro-enamel, the exact same thing that covers your kitchen stove and your refrigerator and maybe your bakery store front. It is to go, appropriately enough, above the entrance to the Home Furnishings Building.

Art in enamel is an old thing. But in enamel and steel—this is new, the first time. Sheer romance, says Mr. Williams. He loves machines. "Look," he says, patting one. "When I saw that cutting machine, I decided I'd have to use it. I designed cutouts to set over panels of light." An artist designing to a machine.

He skips about the factory, showing you the whole process. Enamel sprayed on a steel base and fired. Design traced on it. Craftsman, working with brushes and spray gun, fills in design with colored metal paint, from full-sized cartoon on canvas curtain. Artist stands beside him, both of them spraying and brushing. Chalky white spray over all, for final acid-resisting glaze. Several firings. Chalky object, set on bed of steel points, rolled into red-hot furnace, 1,550 degrees of heat, and baked. Comes out glowing. Colors emerge as it cools. Romance, Williams repeats.

Always this yen for permanency. Hence the artist's chief experimenting is with materials—to find permanent ones for outdoor murals.

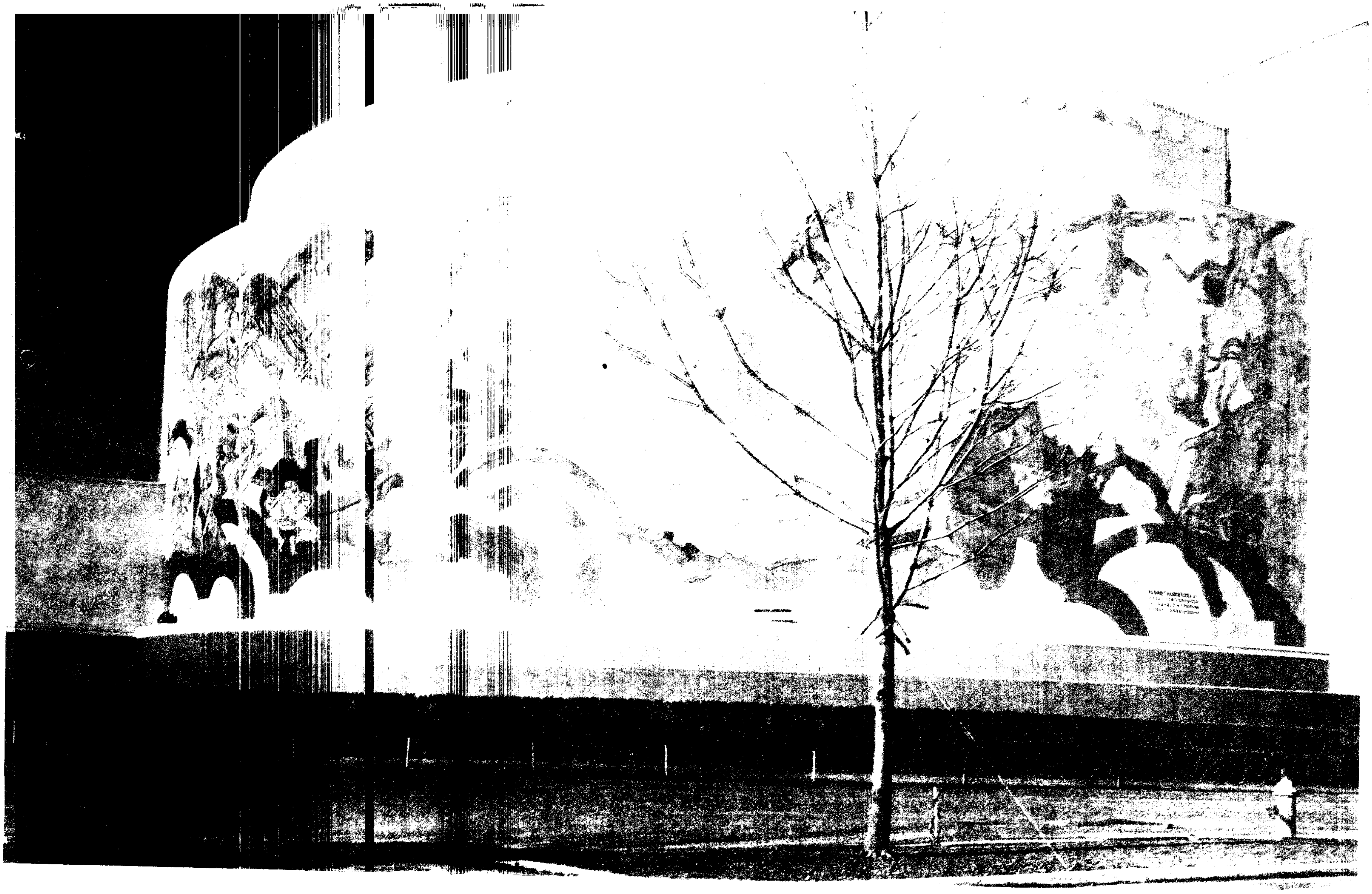
Take that rubber-base paint, for instance. It first saw light three years ago in the cages of the Washington zoo. Domenico Mortellito, muralist, thirty-two and smart, was commissioned to paint backgrounds for the animals. Because he wanted his art to be more than a fleeting thing, he looked around for a paint that could stand a lot of hosing down, strong disinfectants, and rough treatment from tigers, yaks and other restless residents of a zoo. He couldn't find any. So he took some pigments and some stuff that is used to seal cellars against dampness, retired into a laboratory with a chemist ("I spend a lot of time in laboratories," he says), and emerged with this rubber-base paint. Synthetic rubber in solution, and synthetic resins. Works, too. Ought to be bright as ever at the end of a good hundred years, says Mortellito, if you use the best materials in mixing it.

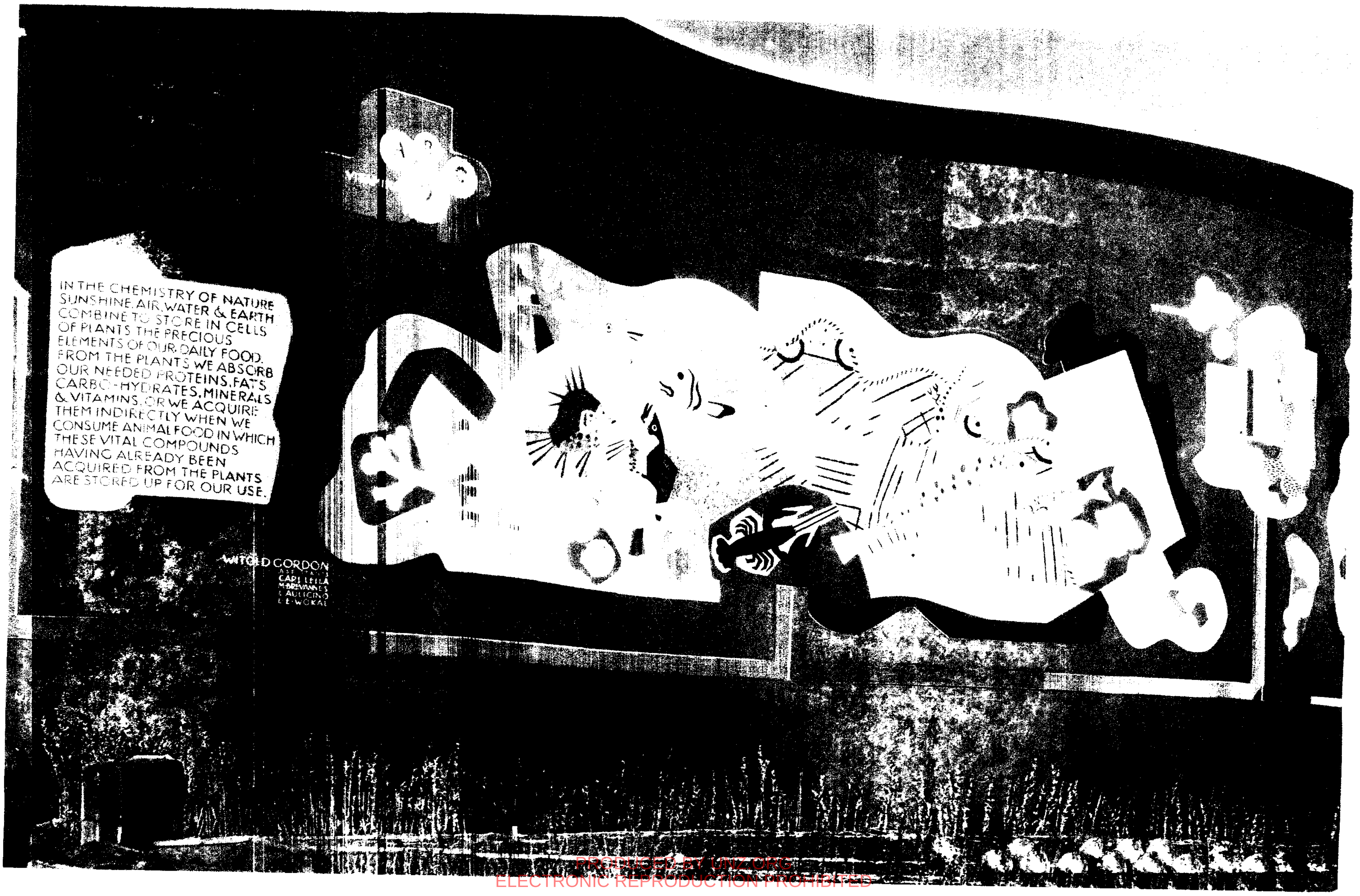
On the façade and drum of a burgundy and white food building, Pierre Bourdelle has carved some of the most striking murals of the Fair. His medium: Wet plaster cement mixed with pigment. His technique: Plasterer assistants slap up wet red plaster cement in rough outline, on which Bourdelle trowels and carves his figures. No time for delay—the stuff is dry within two hours. His subject: Bacchantic revels at the harvest festival; dancing in the wine vat; the making of beverages in many lands—Mexican pulque; rum from Malay; sake from Japan; Polynesian kava; Chinese tea

Part of Witold Gordon's mural on another food building. It's the longest mural at the Fair, two hundred feet. It took five weeks to do, using rubber-base paint. Two house painters put in the blue background, three assistants painted pictures, with Gordon putting in the distinctive touches. For subject Gordon painted food: fish and clams and lobsters; cows and sheep and pigs; vegetables and apples; bottles of milk; crates of eggs; chickens. Then he painted circles for vitamins and charts for fats, proteins, etc. It's all highly authentic, and you can learn a lot if you care to

The Fair doesn't have animals to reckon with, but it does have weather, as the Board remarked before. So when Mr. Mortellito suggested rubber-base paint for the outdoor murals, they jumped on it. Eight paint companies are now manufacturing it, and most of the outdoor painted murals are executed in it; including, of course, Mr. Mortellito's own.

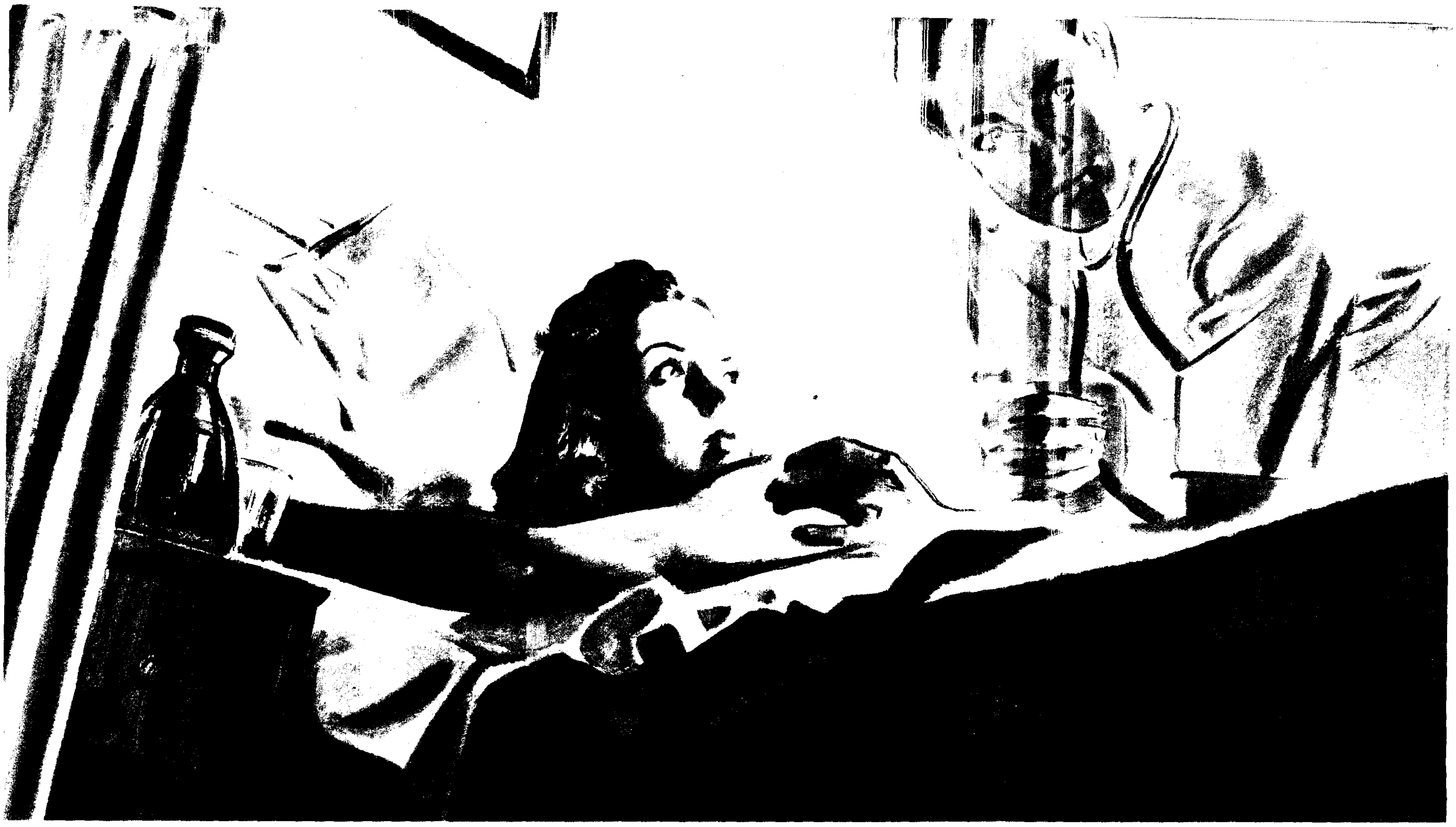
He's up there on the dome of his building now, figuring out a problem. He wants to etch figures in red, coming down the white dome. If he does them to normal scale, from the ground the feet will look enormous and the heads tiny, like a bad snapshot. What's worse, the receding line of the dome will distort the figures even more. *(Continued on page 65)*





IN THE CHEMISTRY OF NATURE SUNSHINE, AIR, WATER & EARTH COMBINE TO STORE IN CELLS OF PLANTS THE PRECIOUS ELEMENTS OF OUR DAILY FOOD. FROM THE PLANTS WE ABSORB OUR NEEDED PROTEINS, FATS, CARBO-HYDRATES, MINERALS & VITAMINS, OR WE ACQUIRE THEM INDIRECTLY WHEN WE CONSUME ANIMAL FOOD IN WHICH THESE VITAL COMPOUNDS HAVING ALREADY BEEN ACQUIRED FROM THE PLANTS ARE STORED UP FOR OUR USE.

WITOLD GORDON
CARL LELLA
M. BREVANNES
& AULICINO
L. E. WOKAL



"Pretty bad?" he asked. "No," she answered in a hard, angry voice, "it's stopping now. Looks like I just wanted to spite Handsome here"

Jail Baby

By Hannah Lees

ILLUSTRATED BY LUDWIG KRAVIS

Romance under extremely trying circumstances. The happy pair will be at home as soon as the bride has served her time

WHAT? . . . What? . . . Oh, for Pete's sake, she isn't. . . . When, right away? . . . Sure, we'll have a bed ready. Do they want handcuffs on it?"

Cyrus' crooked mouth was twitching with joyous incredulity as he turned to the starched plump figure fluttering at his elbow. Miss Storke—and wasn't that a name for the head nurse on Maternity!—was going to need smelling salts and need 'em bad.

"Ever had your ward under police surveillance, Storkie?" he asked as casually as he could. "Because you're going to. Guess what Receiving is sending up. Honey Lee, you know, gal they captured last week when they bopped Sweet William.

"What? . . . Oh, sure she is. That's what made the whole thing so swell, though the Journal was the only paper that more than hinted at it, and I can't say I really believed it till now. Too funny for a crime queen. But looks like she is, all right. Started in labor down at the jail about an hour back.

"Listen, this is a gangster's moll," for Miss Storke's faded china eyes were softening sentimentally as they inevitably did at the mention of motherhood, and her lips were murmuring, "Poor child." Cyrus' dark blue ones were sparkling with rather brutal amusement. "Police angle on it is that she might escape and stage a snatch or commit a murder right in the midst of delivery. They're detailing three cops to watch her on eight-hour shifts day and night right here in the ward. You're going to love that, and so are all the other little mothers." He paused and grinned. "They probably will at that.

"Well," his voice became businesslike, "better get busy on that bed. She's on her way up. Shift things around so she can be over here by the door where the copper can stand guard without being in everybody's lap." He grinned again and turned suddenly back to the phone.

"Wait'll big-shot Tyler hears about this. Operator, Harvey on Maternity calling. Will you find Dr. Tyler for me, and hurry. It's important."

HE COULD hear the elevator clanking as he turned away from the phone a few minutes later. That would be Honey and her bodyguard. "Beautiful Honey Lee," the Journal had called her and drooled about motherhood in the shadow of the jail. But she'd looked like a hard-boiled she-lion in the pictures, a lot more the complete gangster's moll than anybody's mother. No wonder he hadn't believed it, but that just showed . . . Storkie was right in a way. Must be kind of tough for the gal with her boy friend dead and all, but, he shrugged, if anyone could take it, that baby had looked as if she could.

He cast a swift glance into the ward where nurses and orderlies were pushing beds around under the watchful *no-gossiping-please* eye of Miss Storke, then headed for the elevator, which was just opening its doors. He suppressed a grin as the familiar wheel chair was rolled out, carrying the usual blanket-wrapped, paper-slippered form, for the tall uniformed figure beside it looked so alert and watchful, so idiotically alert and watchful in this infant-saturated atmosphere.

When a blurred Irish voice said, "You in charge here, Doc?" he answered, "Well, in a manner of speaking," and looked the group over leisurely as the voice went on, "I'm Moroney from headquarters. Looks like we're going to need your co-operation for a couple of weeks." His amused blue eyes took in the dangerous prisoner.

Honey was right if you didn't mind 'em done in granite, and weren't asking for references, and she didn't look as granity as you'd expect at that. Cornsilk hair, out of a bottle of course . . . you could see the original color gleaming ruddily at the roots . . . but effective all the same; brown eyes as big and plaintive as a baby's—why was it, Cyrus wondered, that pain could make even the hardest eyes look soft and hurt?—and a mouth that would probably have been full and pouty if it hadn't been clamped shut by a square determined chin in bitter defiance of pain and the whole world. She looked like something on the cover of True Tribulations, and would she ever have fitted inside! Why, the kid couldn't have been more than nineteen, nineteen and a dead gangster's moll, not to mention at any moment now a little gangster's mother. And the scorching look she cast the cop when he accidentally bumped against her chair, as if the law and justice were her personal enemies. . . . It was a setup.

CYRUS' eyes turned to the cop, and he all at once felt sorrier for him than for the girl. He seemed so much more of a kid than she did, a homely sandy-headed kid with his face all scratched up from a recent fight . . . too young for a job like this, except that his big unmodeled mouth was as righteous and determined as any missionary's and his blue eyes, almost startlingly blue against his ruddy skin and sparse sandy eyelashes, were as hard and cold as ice. No danger of his getting soft and careless over anyone, even a pip like Honey Lee, or maybe especially Honey Lee. There was a personal hostility between the two that made Cyrus wonder where the young cop had got those scratches.

"Here," he said, "you can have that chair there by the door. We'll send your meals up along with the rest of the ward trays. And relax, man, for cripes sake," for the officer had seated himself stiffly on the edge of the chair, his eyes fastened alertly on the girl. "Women don't run away when they're in labor; no kidding, they don't. They're too busy.

"How's it going?" He turned to the girl. "Pretty bad?"

"No," she answered in a hard, angry voice, "it's stopping now. Looks like I just wanted to spite Handsome here," and she cast Moroney a bitter look that made Cyrus want to chortle, the whole thing was so much like a movie melodrama.

"Well, we'll find out for you," he said casually. "Over here, please," indicating the end one in a row of curtained beds, or rather uncurtained, for most of the hangings were drawn back and the rest of the ward was watching the newcomers with breathless interest. "Draw the curtains please, Miss Storke."

"OH, HELLO, big shot," as the burly figure of the resident came panting up. "Lady isn't so sure she's going to have the baby now. Changeable, these women. We'll see, though. Make yourself at home, Moroney." And he and the resident and nurses and patient were swallowed up in crisp white muslin.

"Better make yourself good and at home, officer," he repeated when he and the resident reappeared a quarter of an hour later. "Lady's been having what are known as false labor pains. Now don't get excited. She had 'em all right, and may start again any time, so there's no sense taking her back to jail. But she might not start for a week. Having kids is like that. So relax, for gosh sake." The babies had just come in for their evening feeding and Moroney was sitting stiff and scarlet staring straight ahead of him in obviously insincere oblivion of the intimate happenings on all sides.

"You'll get cramps if you keep on this way." Cyrus was chuckling derisively. "The mothers don't mind, so why should you? After all, you took your meals the same way once." Then, curiously, as the young cop still sat there rigid: "You in on the capture?"

"In on it?" The policeman relaxed enough for a moment to show resentment. "I caught the girl myself, dragged her in from a third-story window and she gave me these as a souvenir, the hell-cat." He pointed to the long scratches on his cheek and neck. "Nice little lady to be adding to the next generation. Quite a contribution, it ought to be, what with her and Sweet William, God rest his soul. Dragged her in, I did, and had the handcuffs on her while the rest were doing the shooting. And this is the thanks I get . . . detailed as dry nurse to a gangster's brat." He looked up, his face and voice suddenly plaintive. "That's the force for you, Doc."

"Oh, well," Cyrus grinned sympathetically, "think what a help you'll be to your wife by the time you leave here."

"Wife," Moroney was contemptuous, "I've seen too many women on my beat for that, Doc, women like this one. Give me a dog for company, or even a cat. Look now"—his manner had become suddenly alert and suspicious again—"how do I know she can't slip out and away from behind all those curtains. If she's feeling so much better . . ."

"Don't worry, copper." It wasn't like Hard-Boiled Harvey to bother to be soothing, but he was still sufficiently enchanted with the idea of a cop on Maternity. "You're sitting right in the only doorway, and it's five stories down from any window."

THE days that followed were the most theatrical Maternity had ever seen and the maternity ward of a city hospital can see some pretty theatrical sights. Miss Storke said so and she knew, having been right here on Maternity for ten years. Honey Lee lay in her bed and gazed at the ceiling or sat in a chair and gazed at the floor or paced heavily up and down the ward and gazed at the wall or out a window with no expression on her small square face but one of brooding watchful waiting.

A blue-coated policeman sat in the doorway and watched Honey; grizzled Officer Haight from eight to four, scornful young Officer Moroney from four to midnight, and big fatherly Officer Thomas from midnight to eight again. And the rest of the ward sat or lay or stood, depending on their several conditions, and watched the policemen watch Honey. But they didn't learn much from their watching.

Honey seldom said a word she didn't have to, never a word about her capture or her past or her life with Sweet William or her chances when she came to trial. And as for the silent blue-coated figure in the doorway whose eyes followed every move she made, he might just as well have been one of the patients or part of the furniture.

Things went on like this until the day Honey Lee's baby was born, and that was the sixth day after she arrived, six long days, as far as Moroney was concerned, of silence and scowls and strained waiting. It was late that night—eleven-thirty—before Honey was back in the ward again.

Cyrus, coming exhaustedly in to see if she was coming out of the anesthetic all right, glanced at Moroney in his chair by the door. Then, as he stepped over to the bed, Honey began to move and struggle to sit up.

"Baby," she said, her voice thick and heavy from the anesthetic. "Where's m'baby?" And the anxiety and desperation in her tones made him forget the cop for a minute and almost his own fatigue. Motherhood was such a screwy instinct, especially cropping up in a wench like Honey Lee.

Screwy was the word all right. The way she reached for the child when they brought it to her, as if he'd been a piece

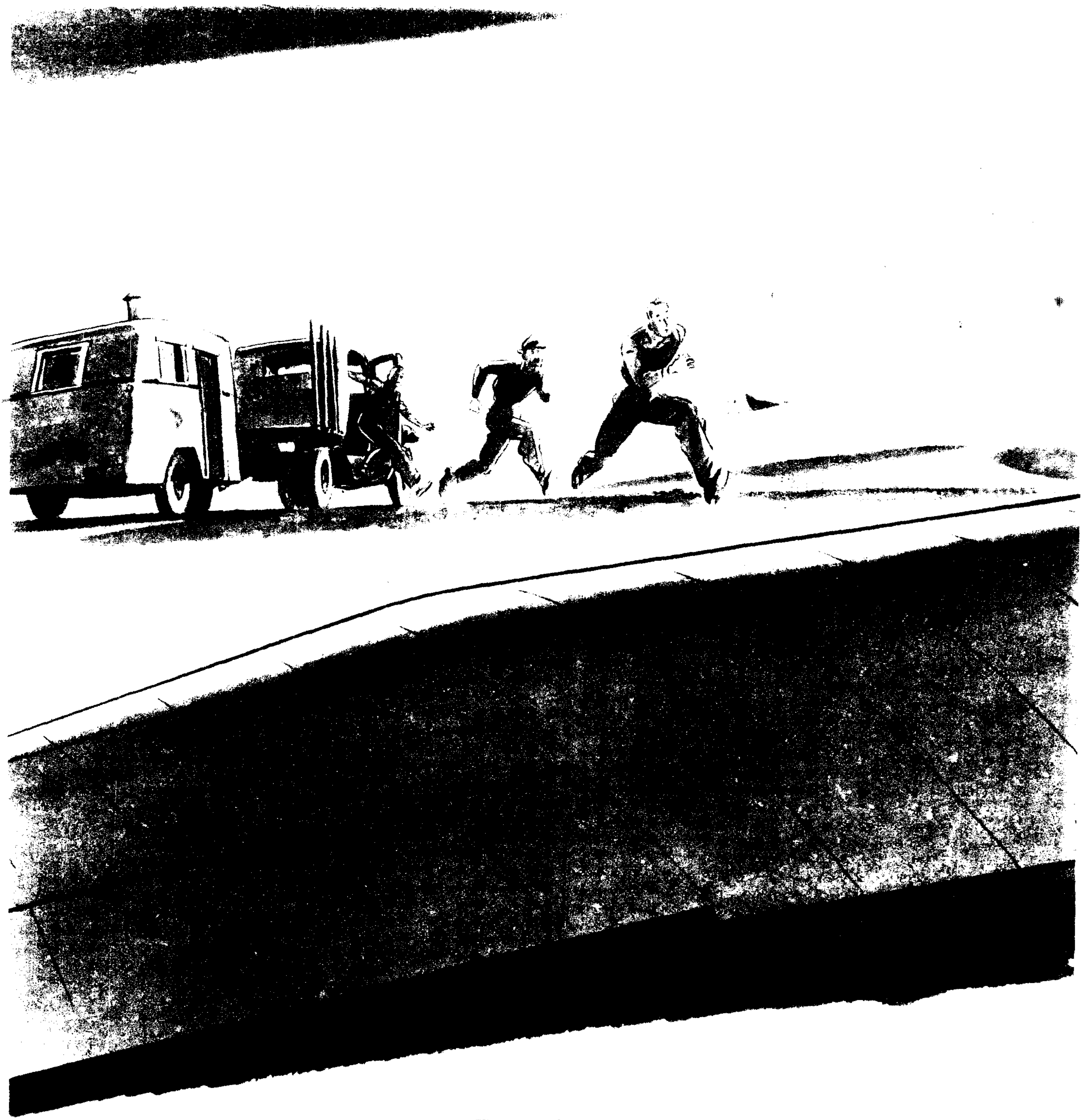
(Continued on page 26)

"In on it? I caught the girl myself, dragged her in from a third-story window. Dragged her in, I did, and had the handcuffs on her"

Spirit of Nonstop

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



He wriggled himself out and we perceived he was not alone. He helped somebody else. We clambered down and went over

The story of a flight that never started but still managed to land the birdman in a calaboose

I REMEMBER that we had asked Hanaper Roscoe if he would send us two hundred dollars by fast telegram and he had telegraphed back that the answer was a short two-letter word found twice in onion if spelled backward. He said that if he had two hundred dollars, he would retire from the county-fair business and be a lama. He added in a more kindly spirit that if we could claw our way out of whatever jail we might be in and head for Filmore Beach, then he would be happy to stake us to parking space and free meals.

Hanaper is an old and valued buddy and can say anything to us. We were not in jail, but might as well have been.

"I call that a friendly gesture," remarked Whitey Yarbo, who is by far the least intelligent of us three. "I am pretty sick of sleeping in a hard truck, so let's start."

We were, at the moment, partially marooned in an unpainted or six-bits autocamp and trailer roost, two miles south of Indio, which is a somnolent town on the California wastelands. Our party consisted of myself, Whitey Yarbo and Andy Geddy, a threesome that has been knocking on the doors of opportunity for several years and always finding nobody home. Andy is our smart guy when we require thought and is always figuring on the back of an envelope.

Our financial thermometer was down to six below zero and visible possessions included a covered truck and trailer, this motorized unit having been won by Whitey from an artichoke rancher near Redlands. At least, that's what Whitey told us when we joined him. He said he won the truck shaking dice, aces wild, and that the rancher didn't understand wild aces. We pursued the inquiry no further, as Whitey is usually a liar and has no more morals than a beaver.

The truck had a red roof and the trailer was made of old fender tin and contained an army cot that collapsed when either sat upon or not sat upon. The further furnishings were some shelves that stuck, a broken mirror, a fragment of floor linoleum, a broken phonograph, a stool for dwarfs, a washroom that, if you got into, you never got out of again, and a small gasoline stove that thought it was a bomb.

Andy and I blew into America hurriedly, having blown out of Mexico five minutes ahead of the alarmed constabulary. We rejoined our Whitey Yarbo at this town of Indio, and as he had two extra beds we had no further problems, except lack of funds.

From then on, Andy slept in the trailer. Whitey and I had the truck to ourselves and it was a simple, innocent life, though lacking somewhat in amusement. The trailer-camp eggs had a wistful odor, the coffee was not up to snuff, but could have been used as such, and the local round steak had to be ground up and pounded into submission. Whitey favored action.

"Me, too," I put in heartily. "I'm with Whitey on this. Let us pull our freight and settle down carefree on old Hanaper Roscoe."

Two hours later, we were rolling west, truck and trailer, and a magnificent vista unfolded, while Whitey stepped on the gas and Andy studied the purple mountains. It was all flat desert, with the turrets of Palm Springs in the distance. The three of us lolled in the driver's cab and there was no living thing in sight, until Andy suddenly pointed ahead.

"What do you suppose that lunk is doing?" he demanded.

"That's an airplane," replied Whitey. "Might be the morning mail for El Paso."

"Airplane my eye. Look at him."

We stared intently and Whitey shut off the engine. The object in the sky was swinging down in wide circles and soon we could tell what it was.

"A glider," Andy announced. "Never saw one before."

SURE enough, it was a glider, a gray and graceful man-made bird, and the pilot apparently knew his ozone, for he swooped and looped in easy spirals, flattened out and drifted down like a feather, bumping the desert two hundred yards off.

He wriggled himself out and we perceived he was not alone. He helped somebody out. We clambered down and went over, thinking perhaps the fellow was in trouble; and thus we came to know Mr. Stanley Pope, the glider king of Southern California. He was a large, careless-looking man, with a stubble of red beard and a booming voice.

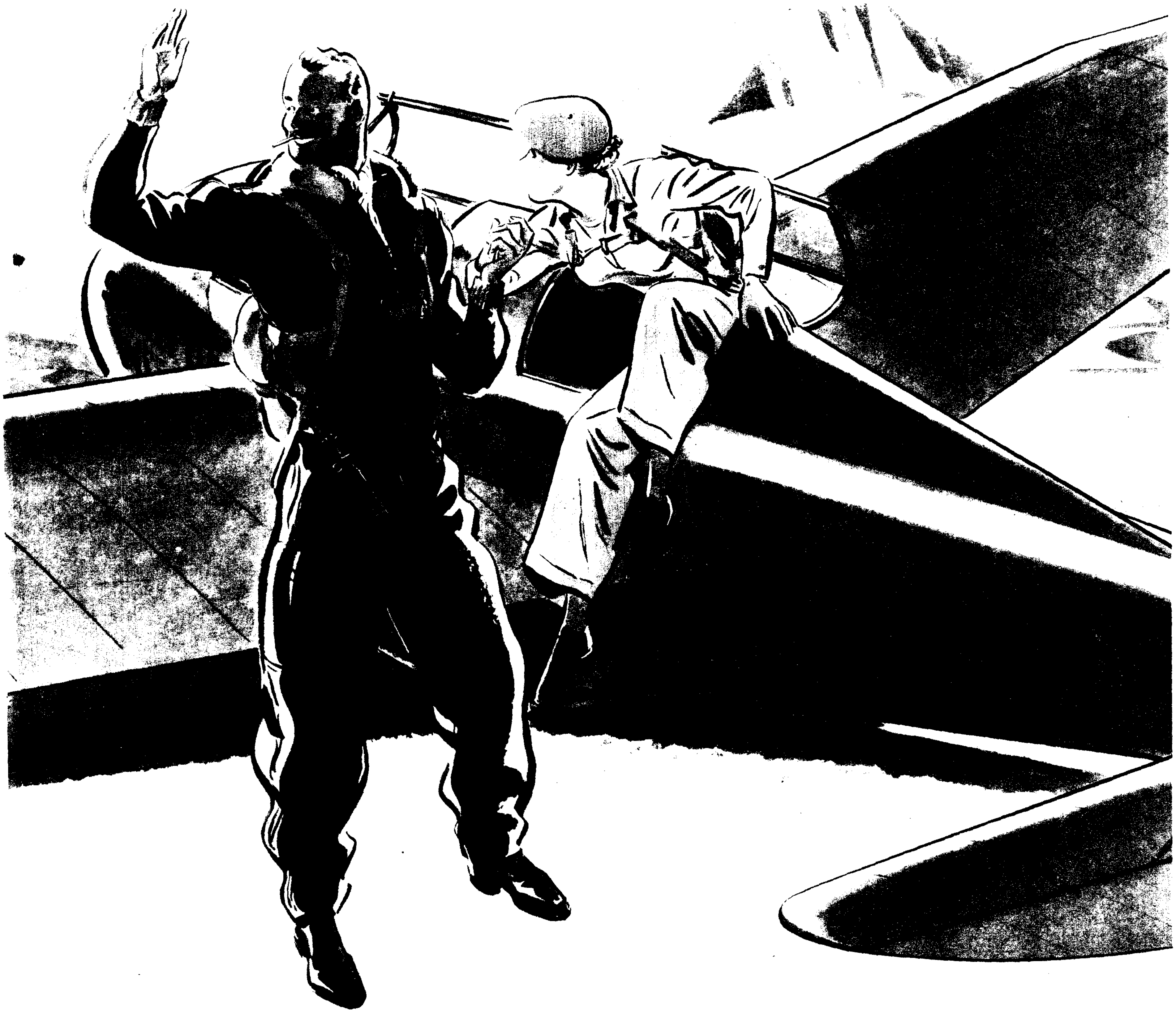
"Hello, men," he said with a wide grin.

We observed immediately that his companion was a woman, a buxom and bright-eyed creature in flappy slacks; not a beautiful woman, but sort of billowy and pleasant. The two of them had been jammed into a couple of bucket seats and the lady's manner was one of happy relief.

"We thought it was an accident," said Andy. "What's the idea?"

"Never have accidents," he grunted. "This glider is the Filmore County Fair, and I'm Stanley Pope, champion glider of California. Meet Nonnie Russell, my nervous and airsick fiancée."

We respectfully took off our hats, shook hands all around and told him our names. Stanley leaned against his craft, lighted a cigarette and swore gently. Miss Russell smiled at us, fixed up her lips, straightened her beret and surveyed Whitey's mop of unruly hair. Whitey returned her glance with grave interest. Women always fascinate him, even if they are not beautiful.



"Certainly looked like an accident," I ventured.

"Hell, no," the birdman roared. "I spotted your truck half an hour ago and came down on purpose. Nonnie's to blame, dag blast it. Got a pain in her tummy. Probably won't get the hundred bucks now."

HE WENT on to say that he and Nonnie had glided out of Filmore under sponsorship of the Filmore County Fair, promised one hundred bucks by our old pal Hanaper Roscoe if he broke records and made headlines. It was the first two-passenger glide for records ever made in California and looked like nice publicity. Photographers shot Nonnie at the take-off. Reporters asked Stanley how many cakes of chocolate he carried and where he meant to land. Now he was down, two hours after starting, and nary a record.

"It was a cinch," Stanley said sadly. "Meant a pile of dough for everybody."

"That's too bad," said Andy. "Hanaper is an old friend of ours."

"It's what you get for having a woman around," Stanley continued, smiling affectionately at the attractive figure. "What'll you boys charge to haul us back?"

"Back where?"

"Filmore Beach, of course. Doggone such luck, anyhow."

Whitey looked at Andy for instructions and the latter softly nodded. This coming down on deserts seemed to be a steady custom with Mr. Pope. He had often descended before and been hauled home. You can take a glider apart like a chest of drawers and tuck it away in an ordinary truck.

"Glad to help you, mister." Whitey stated. "We're heading that way, ourselves."

"What'll you charge?"

"How about ten bucks?" Andy put in and Whitey gaped at him.

Mr. Pope broke into a pleased grin and declared it was his cheapest haulback in a year. With no further delay, we began breaking down his Filmore County Fair—painted on her nose in capital letters—and stowing her away. Whitey and I shoved our sleeping quarters forward and there was heaps of room.

"Maybe Miss Russell would like to ride in the trailer," said Whitey, always thinking of a lady's comfort. He turned to her with a smile and she beamed in return.

"Yes, and you'd better ride in the trailer with Miss Russell," said Andy. "I want to talk to Mr. Pope."

I TOOK the wheel and we moved west, with Whitey and Nonnie hidden away in the trailer and Stanley Pope up with Andy and me. The newcomer proved to be a young man of many words, all happily indicating his own prowess in the air. He could do anything with a glider and said so twelve times. He could lift a glider on the breeze when there wasn't any breeze. He could loop and zoom, and do many things of which I am in complete ignorance, my gliding education being sub-nil.

While he talked, he shoved his fingers through his hair and laughed. My own private opinion is that a glider must be a man without any sense whatever. It is bad enough to be knocking around in the upper currents with a couple of noisy engines to shove, but going up without any engine at all looks to me like suicide in its most deliberate form. Further, I was brought up in a school that will never understand why a glider glides, or goes up, comes down or does anything. "Of course, I didn't have to land," Stanley said in his booming voice. "I can stay up forever. Doggone that Nonnie. Still, she wasn't built for a glider. There's a lovely girl."

As we rolled up the grade to Banning, Andy shoved himself into a corner of the cab and listened. I could tell he was thinking. The old compos mentis was buzzing and the fertile brain that has started us on many an enterprise was hatching a new egg. Whenever Andy begins scheming his upper lip twitches and after a few more miles he flipped his cigarette into the sagebrush.

"Stanley," he began, "and from now on, I call you Stanley—how would you like to make enough dough to buy yourself a Diesel yacht, two pyramids and a cherry orchard? How would you like to lay hands on real money?"

Stanley let go one of his roars and the passing cactus nodded.

(Continued on page 32)

The Resounding Skies

By Laurence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

BILL BOSSERT, a timekeeper for the Caribbean Fruit Company, dies in the banana sector of tropical America. His body is sent home. Shortly afterward, a young man giving his name as Walter Lane arrives in Puerto Musa. There (following an interview with a charming girl—Muriel Monroe, secretary to Dave Perry, the Caribbean's division manager) he meets Perry, asks him for Bossert's job.

Perry gives him the job, sends him to the Rio Sangre district headquarters, where one "Pinky" Hind, a hard-boiled veteran banana worker, is the overseer. Lane reports to Hind. After which he keeps an eye on the overseer. And he is suspicious of the food that is given him. For Walter Lane is aware that Bill Bossert's death had been caused *not* by blackwater fever, as is commonly believed, but by *arsenic poisoning!* . . . Entering one of the huts near the Rio Sangre, Lane finds some large storage batteries—of German make. He wonders why an American concern should be using German batteries. . . .

Alone, in his room, Lane takes a radio set out of a suitcase. He listens to the short-wave broadcasts—propaganda aimed at tropical America—from Berlin and Rome. He tries to get the North American stations. He gets—confused noises! . . .

While Muriel Monroe is present, Perry, Cecil Holliday, the district superintendent, and Henry Alcott, a company accountant, discuss Walter Lane. Perry says: "Pinky Hind phoned me that Lane has the same marks tattooed on his left breast that Bill Bossert had—a blue swastika and the figure '28.' "

Muriel volunteers to find out all she can about this "Walter Lane."

When she encounters him, he is gazing through binoculars at the opposite bank of the river. "So," Lane says slowly, "the mountain has come to Mahomet."

II

THAT'S a new one—Mount Muriel. I'm not sure I like it." The girl came closer, lifted off the binocular strap, focused the glasses in the direction Lane had been looking. "I suppose you were watching the musa sapientum grow on the neighboring farms," she said, with the glasses to her eyes. "Fascinating, isn't it? The way the banana grows upside down. Or were you studying the love life of the alligators?"

"As a matter of fact," Lane said. "I was studying the habits of the golden banana birds busy with their pendulous nests that hang in clusters from the ceiba across the river. I was reflecting on the curious fact that our own oriole should become bananivorous during its sojourn in the tropics. . . ."

"Go on," said Muriel, the glasses still at her eyes. "You fascinate me."

"Of course, the true banana bird does not frequent the plantations of the Caribbean Fruit Co.," said Lane, speaking automatically as he watched the girl intently. "The musophagi is rarely seen outside of tropical Africa."

"Why are you so interested in him?" the girl asked.

"In the musophagi?"

"No, in the man who just pulled away from the opposite bank in a *cayuca*, downstream a ways. It looks like Adolfo de Graulitz."

"Like whom?"

"Adolfo de Graulitz."

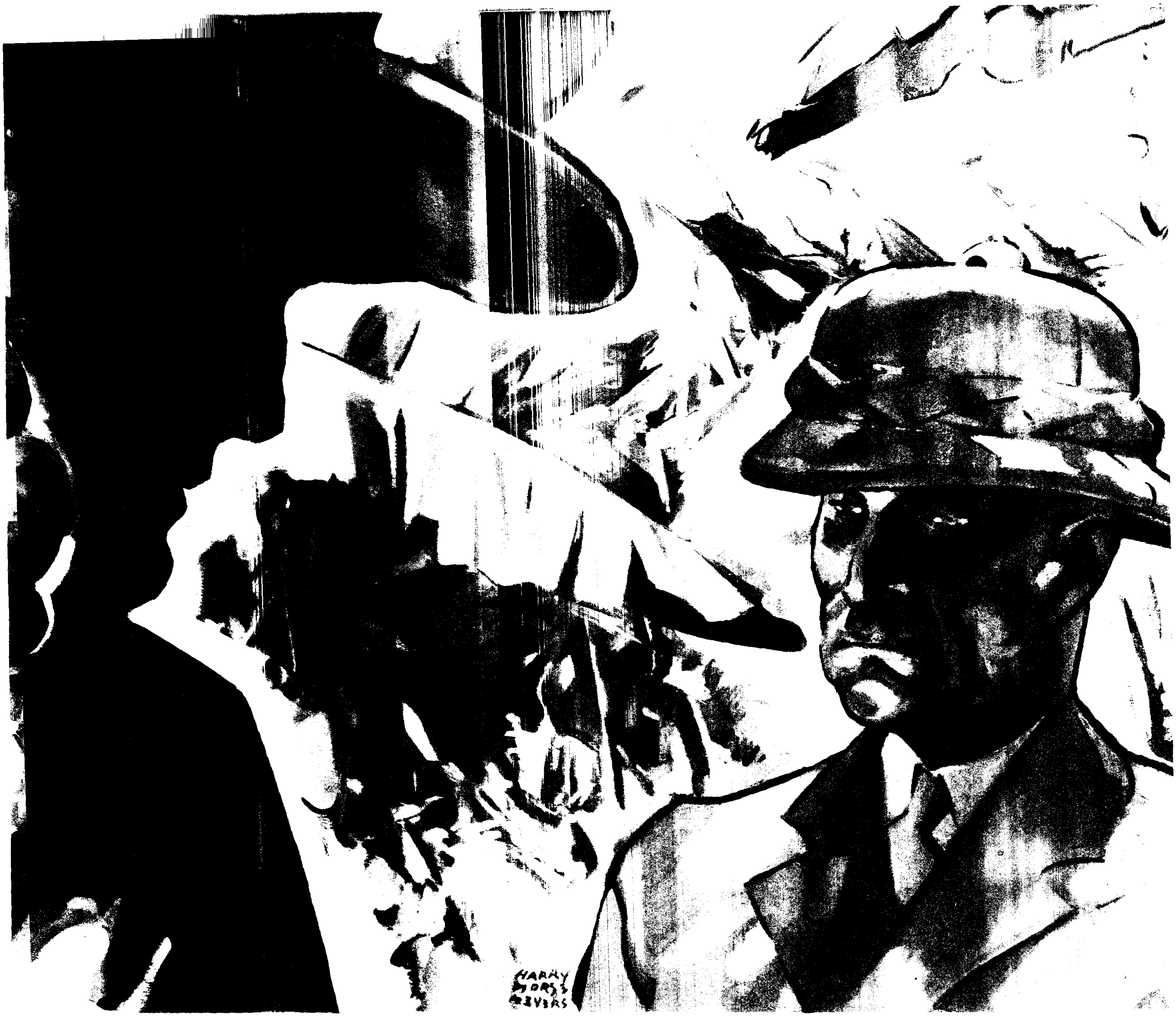
"I thought his name was Adolf von Graulitz."

"I suppose it is. He hasn't been here long enough to Latinize it, like the rest of his countrymen do. You know him?"

"I met him on the river pickup the other night. He seems very damned aristocratic."

The girl lowered the glasses. The *cayuca* disappeared behind a nipa clump at the bend of the stream.

"Why do you suppose he's crossing the



"I thought I heard shooting," said Graulitz. "So did I," said Lane. "No doubt it is someone farther on," said Graulitz. "But I am disturbing a little romance, am I not?"

river in that dugout?" the girl asked.

"Maybe he wants to get to the other side. Is that what I'm supposed to answer?"

"Not unless you want me to believe you don't know that Herr von Graulitz and the fruit company are mortal enemies. Or hadn't you heard?"

"No, I hadn't heard."

"You wouldn't, of course. You're so new to the region."

The girl leaned back against the false trunk of a matapalo and looked at Lane sidewise. A curious, faintly incredulous smile trembled on her very red lips. She started forward to hand back the binoculars, when he said suddenly:

"Stop! Don't move! For heaven's sake, don't move!"

"What's the matter?"

"You'll spoil the picture." Lane cocked his head, held his arm out, closed one eye, and wagged his thumb like an artist appraising a painting. "Breathless lines," he said, "perfect composition, and lovely color. No, don't move yet. You don't realize that about four feet above your head there is an orchid blooming in a crevice of the matapalo. It's a yellow orchid with golden wings, just the color of your hair. Too bad the center doesn't quite match your eyes, but it's a little too purple. Shall I get it for you anyhow?"

"What for?"

"As a reward for being as fair as the morning—and twice as inquisitive."

"Inquisitive?"

Lane dropped his bantering tone. He demanded sharply: "Who sent you up here to cross-examine me?"

"Who sent me? Why, the Gaypayoo, of course. Didn't you know I was a Russian spy? No, seriously, I had to ride out here with Mr. Perry and Mr. Alcott, so I thought I'd ask you if you wouldn't have supper with us tomorrow."

"Who's 'us'?" Lane asked suspiciously.

"The bachelor girls' mess—Fay and Nita and Katherine and Della and I. Tomorrow's payday and there won't be any work once the pay train passes. We're having a chafing-dish supper and I thought—"

"*I* thought I was No. 212," Lane interrupted.

"You've been promoted. I think Nita likes you. She saw you in the office the day you arrived. She's the dark girl—Mr. Bannister's secretary. You should feel flattered; she usually goes in for married men. You can ride as far as the superintendency with the pay train, and Cecil Holliday will bring you to the port on his motor. I'll speak to him about it. We'll just whip up a Welsh rabbit and—"

"Wait a minute. What do you put in the cheese—milk or beer?"

"Beer."

"I'll come," Lane said. "And now I'll get you that orchid."

He stepped on a rotting tree stump. His head and shoulders rose above the thicket as he reached upward. Then several things happened at once.

THERE was a whine and a swish and a shower of clipped leaves and splintered bark rained down on him. An instant later the steamy afternoon reverberated with the hollow, echoing impact of a shot. A flight of brilliant birds rose screaming from the thicket. The alligators slid from their sand bar into the brown current. Monkeys shrieked and jabbered in panic in the trees.

Lane found himself standing on the ground, although he was not conscious of having stepped down off the stump. He glanced at the opposite bank, then back through the thicket at the banana plantation. He tried to analyze the report, but the humming echoes from the giant trees and the queer acoustics of the riverbank made it impossible to tell from which direction the shot had come. All he could say definitely was that it appeared to be a rifle shot and that it was not terribly far away.

He looked at the girl. She was very pale, and was staring wide-eyed at the yellow-and-purple orchid which was lying on the ground at her feet, the stem neatly severed.

Lane stooped, picked up the orchid, presented it to her. She bowed with mock ceremony, but her vocal cords seemed unable to say the facetious words that she tried to force to her lips.

"It's getting a little windy out here," said Lane. "Perhaps we ought to go in and have a spot of tea."

Muriel tucked the flower into the open neck of her white blouse. Lane took her

(Continued on page 49)

The Man with the Screwdriver

By Jim Marshall

Getulio Vargas, dictator of the world's fourth largest country, has a knack of getting things done. This ability is so highly prized by Brazil's 42,000,000 people that they have been willing to overlook the fact that they have no civil rights, no free speech, a top-heavy war machine and a mounting national debt. At least they have been willing to overlook these things thus far

YOU might have thought it was the shade of Napoleon, walking there in the twilight underneath the royal palms. The same short, sturdy figure, the same big head, the same stout hands clasped behind the bent back. The face was strong, big-nosed, firm-jawed, clean-shaven. The dark eyes were clear, quick-glancing through the hot shadows.

Behind the Napoleonic figure in the dimness marched a couple of men in uniform. From the black shadow of a palm trunk there emerged the dark shape of a woman. She advanced toward the man who looked like the Little Corporal, spoke rapidly in liquid Portuguese. He waved back the advancing guards, listened intently, spoke briefly, bowed gravely. The woman slid away into the blackness and the man continued his walk in silence. Overhead the palms rustled in the breeze.

Back in the presidential palace a few minutes later, he spoke to a secretary: "Senhora Maria Garcia of the public works department is to be given back the position from which she was unjustly discharged, at a salary of 450 milreis monthly. . . . Are the other decrees ready for signature?"

The secretary slid some papers before him. He signed quickly, with a firm, bold hand: "Getulio Vargas." Decrees changing the foreign policy of a country bigger than the United States; decrees affecting huge corporations; decrees meaning life or death for this industry or that—and the decree giving back to Senhora Garcia her $25-a-month government job.

When you are the dictator of the lives of 42,000,000 people you must be all things to all of them, high and low, rich and poor, educated and ignorant. If you can do this with some success your people will call you, affectionately, "Uncle Getulio." And the foreigners in your land will refer to you, with respect, as "The Man with the Screwdriver."

The four largest countries on earth are Russia, China, Canada—no fair looking!—Brazil. Brazil is bigger than we are, 2,600 miles north to south, same east to west. Of the countries, one—Canada—calls herself a dominion and is practically a republic. The other three call themselves republics and are actually dictatorships. Russia does what Joe Stalin says. China is operated by the Chiang Kai-sheks and the Soong dynasty. Brazil says: *"Sim, Senhor!"* when Uncle Getulio signs a decree. He's the guy who puts on the screws.

But in a nice way.

Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek, Hitler, Mussolini and the rest of the dictators have had a lot of publicity due mainly to being tough. Uncle Getulio is not so well known internationally, being quite gentlemanly in his dictating and, up to now, having most of his people firmly on his side. He goes about running Brazil with the old Portuguese courtesy. The screwdriver has a spring grip and a velvet handle.

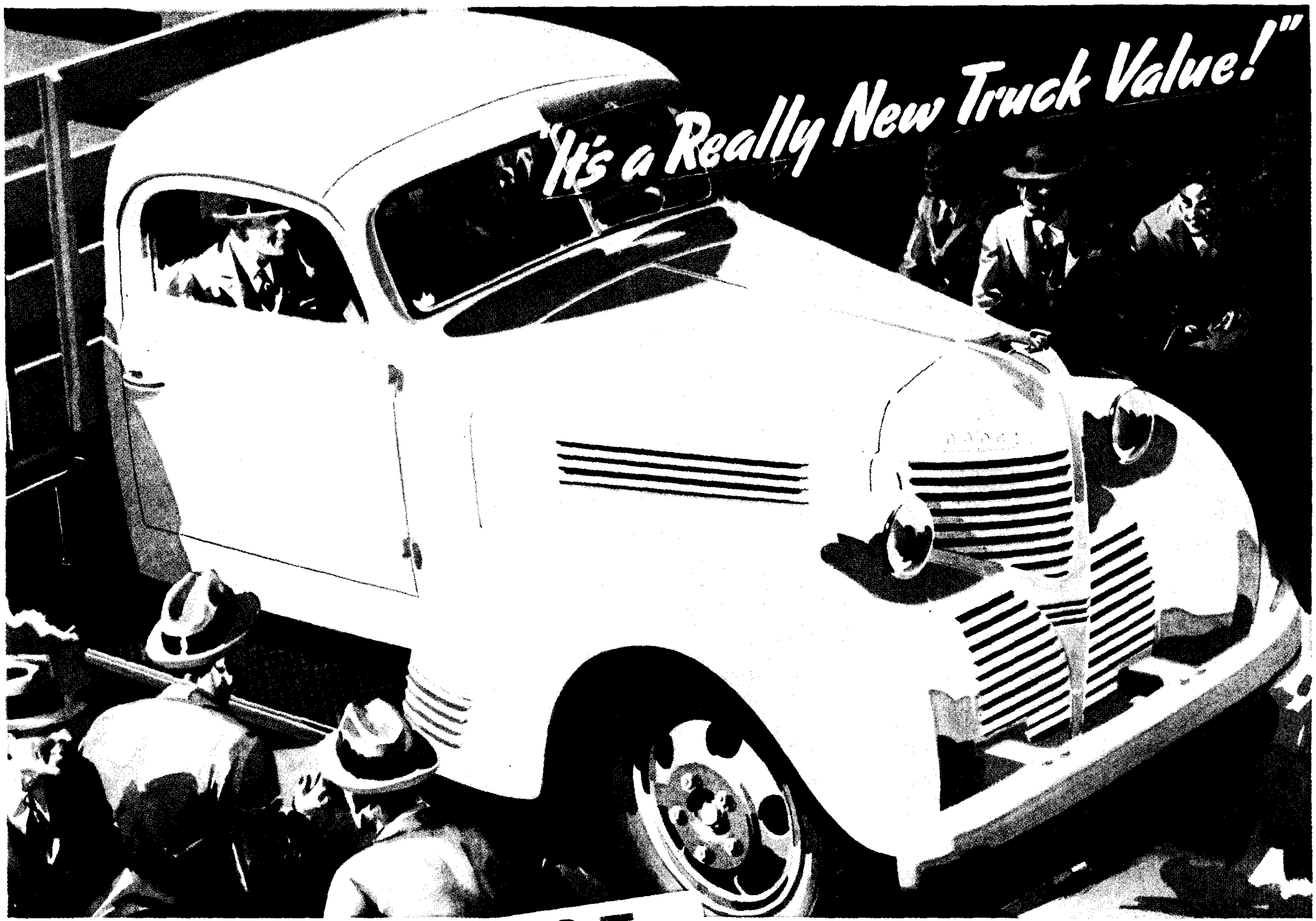
You might live in Rio or Santos or Bahia or São Paulo for months without realizing you were under military rule and had practically no civil rights; that you had no elected representatives; that under the calm, another rebellion probably was being cooked up. In fact, you might go through a revolution—as Rio went through an attempted one last May—and never know it was going on until you read about it, or as much about it as Uncle Getulio thought was good for you to read, in O Globo or A Noite. The boys have been having insurrections and revolutions so long they run them pretty smoothly nowadays.

Not much attention is paid by the world to Brazilian revolutions or dictatorships because in the first place there are so many it's hard to keep track, and in the second the Brazilians are a polite and considerate people, and conduct their insurrections with a minimum of fuss and gunfire. A few years ago, governmental upsets occurred every hour on the hour. The schedule has been slowed down and rebellion takes place usually in even-numbered years. It has been standard practice for the coffee boys and industrialists down in Sao Paulo to insurrect every other year, but of late, luck has been against them, as it was in 1938.

Before taking up the case of Uncle Getulio—who got into power originally as a revolutionist—we might glance

(Continued on page 38)

Front and center as usual: Dr. Getulio Vargas, Brazil's president-dictator, with members of his staff during a visit to a Rio de Janeiro industrial plant



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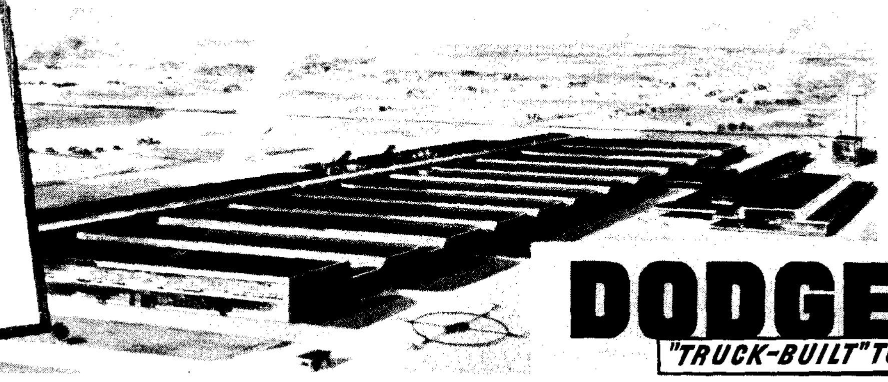

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Jail Baby

Continued from page 19

of bread and she starving. The way she cradled it and peered into its face and then looked up suddenly and asked, "Is it all right, Doctor?" and smiled a funny little ghost of a smile when Cyrus told her, "Sure, it's all right, an eight-pound boy," and then lay there clutching it with a look of brooding preoccupation. It was all pretty hard to associate with gangs and snatches and holdups. And something like that must have been running through her mind too.

"He didn't want me to have it," she said suddenly into space in a voice that was at the same time hard and soft. "He said a gang was no place for a kid. 'But, Bill,' I told him, 'you may scare the G-men and all the little children in their beds, but you can't scare me, not with what I've got now. Why, listen,' I told him, 'I wouldn't care whether this baby was yours, or J. Edgar Hoover's, or Mussolini's, it would still be mine, mine to have.' "

Then all at once, for almost the first time since she'd come into the ward six days earlier, her eyes turned toward the brass-buttoned figure in the doorway. "Look," she said, holding out the baby almost triumphantly, "look, Copper, you may have killed Bill, but you couldn't kill this . . . and this is mine."

Cyrus turned and saw Moroney's ruddy face turn white and then a deep purple.

But when the nurse had pushed Honey gently back against her pillow and was going out with the baby, he stood up, saying abruptly. "Let's see the little gangster now," he said gruffly, and stared silently for a moment at the puckered red face and mewling mouth, and then turned to stare with a sort of wonder and awe at his prisoner in the bed.

"It's a damn' shame," he murmured softly, "*that's what it is, a damn' shame,*" and sat down as if his feet wouldn't hold him any longer.

IT WAS fun watching Honey Lee now that she had her baby—the way her eyes would widen and soften when she heard the composite wail of the approaching rack of bassinets, the way she'd reach out for the little thing and look it over carefully to make sure it was hers and then settle down with it with a sort of sleepy smile.

It was fun watching the stiff-necked young cop too, stiff-necked as ever when it came to guarding his prisoner. But when the baby came in, his eyes would gradually creep up from the foot of the bed and fasten onto the little bald head, and he'd get the craziest expression on his face as if he were going to burst. Cyrus felt like asking him what had happened to all the modesty he was so bothered with the first few days, but it looked as if Moroney had decided that having known this baby from the first yowl he was an old enough friend to watch him eat, and Cyrus decided maybe he was right at that, and kept still.

It was obvious enough that Moroney felt proprietary about the baby, asking the nurses whether it was gaining *all* right, whether it cried more than the other babies, whether it slept a lot, but always in that stiff, formal voice of his as if the questions were entirely in the line of duty. You'd have thought his orders were to see that the baby got proper care, instead of that the mother didn't make a break for it.

The whole thing was funny in a crazy sentimental sort of way till you stopped to think what the cop was there for and what it all meant. Because you can't be *an accomplice, however passive, of a* mug like Sweet William and not get some time for it. And you can't take a baby to jail with you. Cyrus, noticing the way Honey looked when she was holding the baby, wondered how soon that angle would come home to her, and how she'd react when it did. She was doing so well they probably couldn't keep her in the hospital more than ten days after delivery, and ten days was a pretty short time to have something that was your *whole life the way this baby obviously* was. Of course it didn't make sense that it should have been. By rights she should have lain there hating the baby, like some of the girls you saw on Maternity, hating the baby and brooding about Sweet William, only Honey didn't.

Cyrus got to wondering about it so hard he couldn't help asking her one afternoon when he had a spare minute. "How come you're so daffy about that kid of yours, Honey?" he said teasingly, but meaning it. "It's just another baby, *and you don't strike me as the maternal* type especially."

SHE looked at him blankly for a moment as if his question didn't make sense. Then her eyes got that soft wondering look. "Maternal," she repeated. "I don't know, Doc, but that baby's mine. I never had anything that was all mine before."

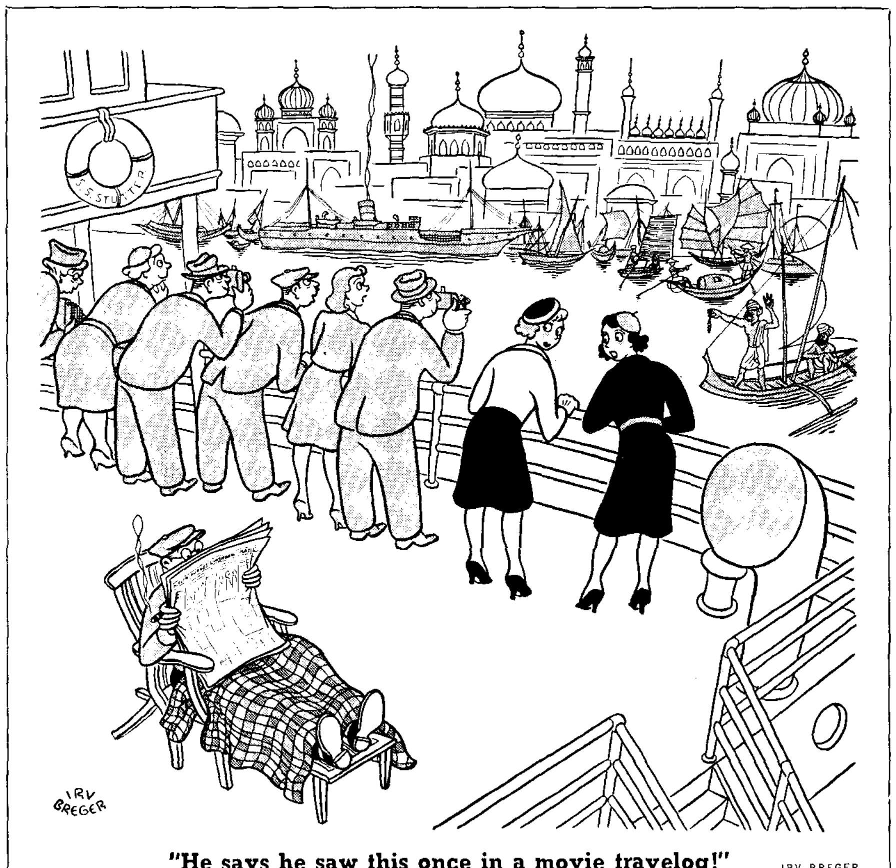
"How about Sweet William?" said Cyrus because he was thinking it so hard the question just came out, and then he could have kicked himself. Suppose the kid got weepy or hysterical. But she didn't, just lay there looking at him as if she were turning the question over in her mind.

"Sweet William," she said finally in an oddly detached voice. "Well, of course, he called me his girl, and I guess I was. He was awful good to me for a *while. But he was never mine*, Doc. A guy like that never belongs to any woman, see. Maybe that's what's wrong with them." She paused and then went on as if to herself: "Funny how exciting it all seemed at first, romantic almost, when he found me in that hash house and took me along with him and the gang. Maybe not so funny at that; gosh, it was *romantic* compared to hustling dishes and scraping vegetables twelve hours a day, or wondering when you were going to eat next, the way I'd done before that. It seemed all right too to be cracking money out of banks and all. It even seemed all right when he first planned that snatch, the one that didn't come off, the one that got him. Because, look, the banks, and the people he was going to snatch the kid from too, all had such a lot and hung onto it so hard, and we'd none of us ever had anything. It seemed like squaring things up a little the way Sweet William talked about it.

"But then when I found out I was going to have the kid, why, everything began to look different. I still don't see why, but it did . . . especially about the snatch. I could kind of see how you *might* feel if it was yours, and when I thought of my kid maybe in the hands of *that bunch of gorillas . . . and then when* Sweet William tried to talk me out of having it, why gosh, Doc, I almost began to hate him. I guess I really did get to hate him, because when that cop over there," she shrugged a shoulder at Moroney, "caught me, and they told me Sweet William was out for good, why, I didn't care. All I could think was, 'Now I can have the kid in a regular hospital and maybe he'll never have to know he started out life with a bunch of thugs.'

"It was kind of awful, wasn't it, because Sweet William had been *really* good to me, but just the same, Doc, I was glad . . ."

SHE broke off, staring into space with that funny wondering smile on her lips. And Cyrus stood watching her for a minute with an echo of the same smile on his own lips, then, realizing it, he scowled *fiercely and moved on to the next bed.* But as he moved he glanced at Moroney and his eyebrows lifted and his mouth twisted. Moroney was sitting on the edge of his chair with his big shapeless mouth half open and he was staring at Honey with a look in his sharp blue eyes as if he'd never seen her until that min-



"He says he saw this once in a movie travelog!" IRV BREGER

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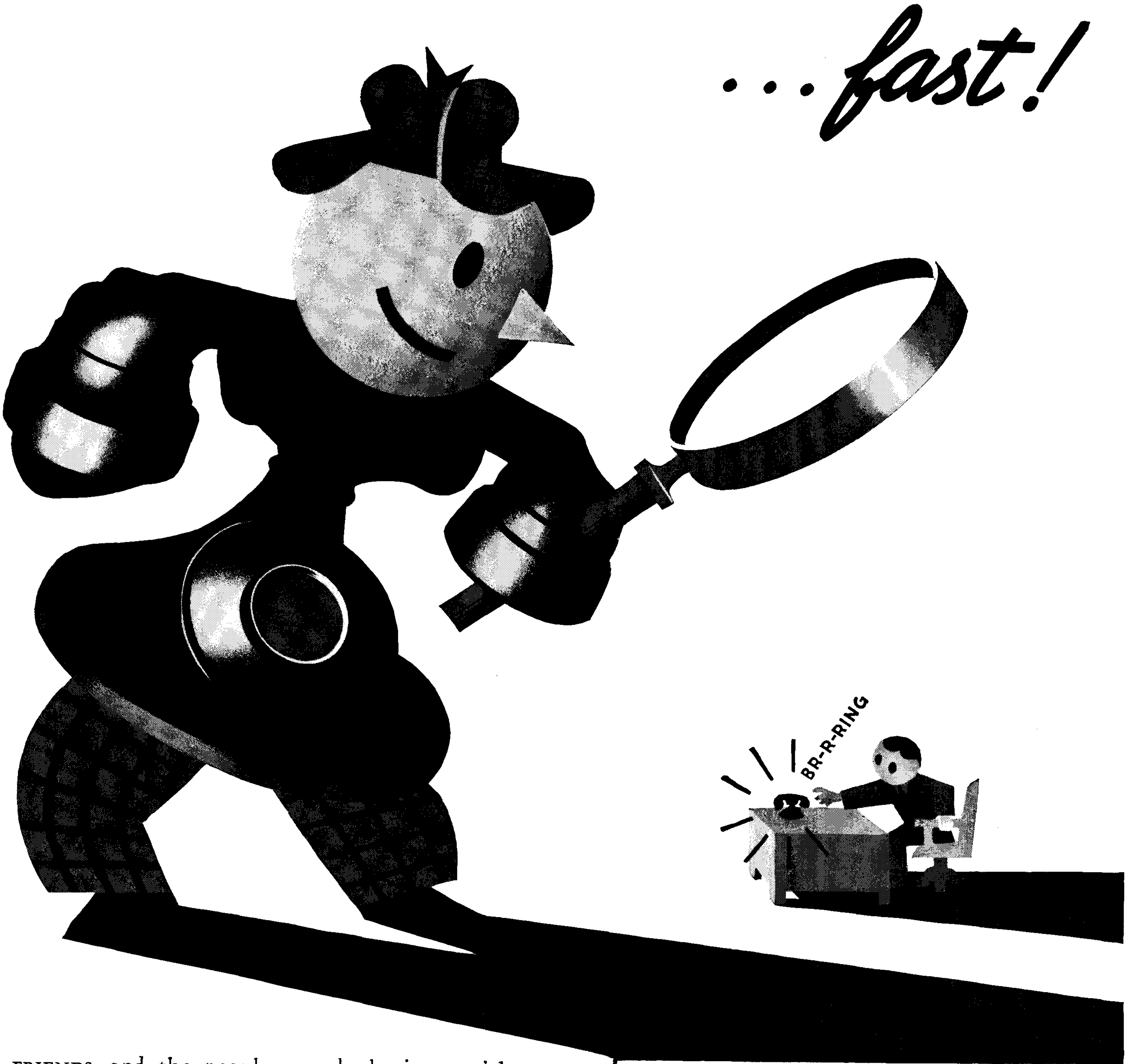

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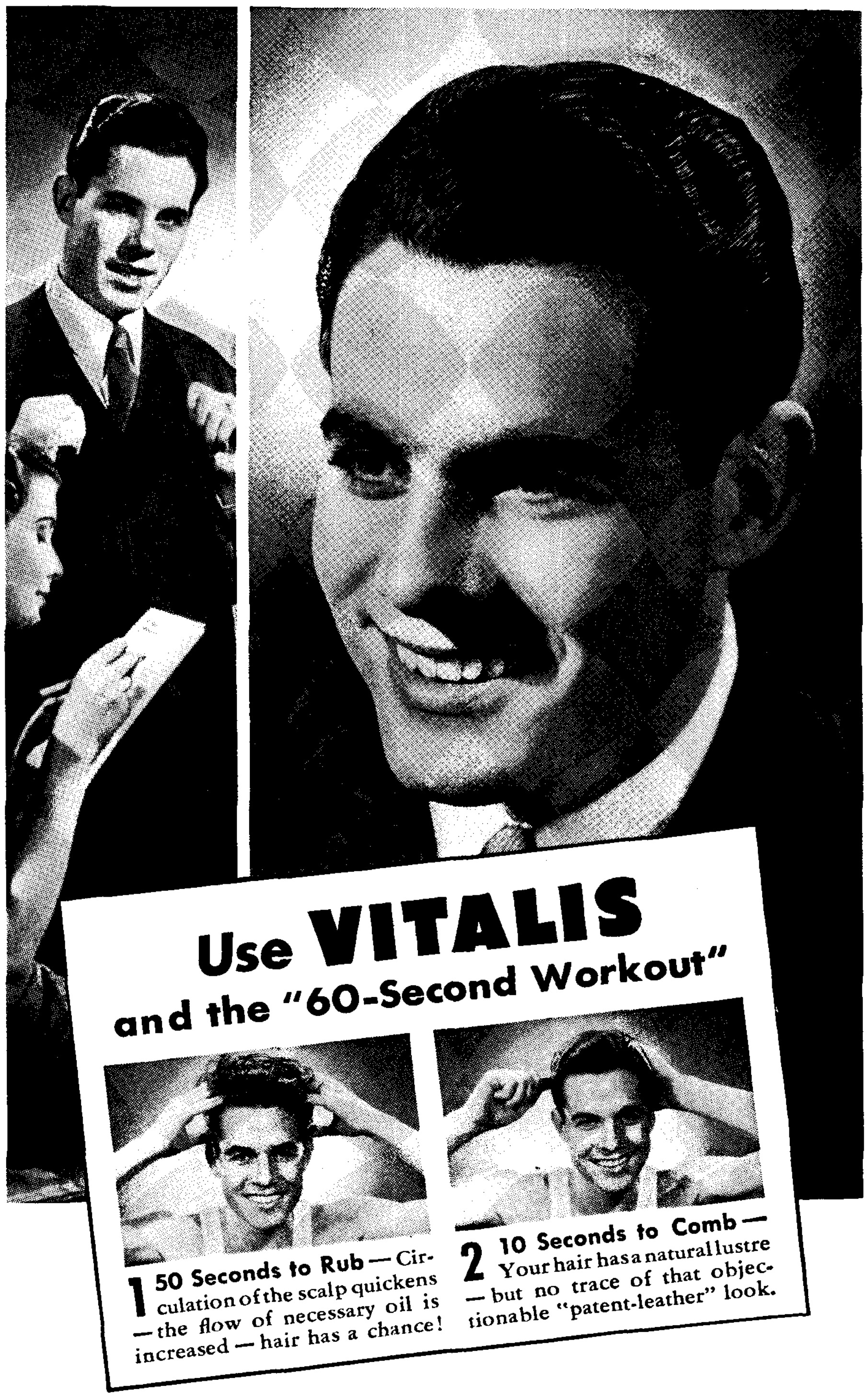
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ute. Cyrus had an idea maybe he hadn't at that.

When he left the ward a half-hour later he stopped and spoke to the cop. "Listen," he said in a gruff voice because he was feeling anything but gruff and it annoyed him, "what are her chances anyway?"

Moroney didn't seem to have any trouble understanding what he was talking about, but his tones when he answered were as gruffly official as Cyrus'. "I wouldn't know, Doc. She couldn't get less'n a year, I'm guessing."

"What about the kid?"

"Looks like the city'd have to take the kid."

"Think they'd give it back to her after she came out? She'd go crazy if they didn't, but I sort of wondered."

"Me too, Doc." Moroney's voice was less official for just a moment. "I kind of wonder if they would . . . a girl with a record like hers."

"Well, I think she ought to know, anyway," said Cyrus abruptly. "It's only fair to the gal, and I'm going to find out."

IT WAS too late to get Social Service that night, but he phoned them first thing the next morning. He was always glad of a chance to call Social Service. There was a blond kid down there that he'd fought with so often he'd got attached to her, and he asked for her now.

"Miss Pepper, please. . . . Oh, Sally, look, about that girl I was telling you about, the gangster one. What'll happen to her kid when she goes back to jail? . . . All right, I'll hold it . . . What's that? . . . They would, eh? . . . Well, what about afterward, when she gets out again? . . . Oh . . . *Oh . . . That's what* I sort of suspected . . . Anything we could do about it, hm? . . . Nope, I don't see either . . . Nope, not this time . . . It's a hell of a note . . . Well, thanks anyway, Sal."

He was scowling as he hung up, and still scowling as he went over to the ward. He didn't even look at the policeman by the door though he was in and out a dozen times before lunch, and was usually pretty pally with Officer Haight. He was feeling fed up with the law. He didn't look at Honey either, and he was too busy all morning to talk to her.

It was late afternoon before he got five free minutes, and by that time Moroney was in the chair by the door, but Cyrus was still so fed up with the law he didn't speak to him either but went straight to Honey's bed.

"Look, kid," he said abruptly, draping himself over the foot, "you'll be leaving here in a day or so, going . . . back, see? Well, I don't know how things are with you, but if there's any responsible person you can get to come in and claim your baby, why maybe you'd better get 'em in here quick, because otherwise the city . . ."

"I've been thinking about that, Doc," said the girl, perfectly serenely, "only there isn't. I don't know who my folks were. I've always been alone ever since I can remember . . . except for Sweet William. That's why when he wanted me to go with him . . . I guess if they send me to jail the city'll just have to take care of it for me till I get out. They'll take good care of it, won't they, Doc?" The mixture of confidence and anxiety in her voice was painful to listen to.

"Oh, sure . . ." said Cyrus slowly, "sure, they'd take good care of him, only"—he hesitated—"you've got to know, Honey, if you go to jail I'm not so sure they'd give him back to you when you get out. The welfare authorities do all right, but they haven't much sense about some things, sometimes."

"Oh, but they'd have to." The girl's voice was suddenly rough. "I could work and take care of him. They'd have to. He's mine."

"Yeah, he's yours all right," said Cyrus grimly, "but look, you weren't by any chance married to that guy, were you? . . . Well, you see . . ." he left the words dangling. There wasn't anything more you could say in the face of that fierce desperation.

"They'd have to," Honey kept whispering but without conviction. "If I got out and got a job and a nice clean room, they'd have to. . . ." She could hear the squealing of the approaching rack of hungry babies, but her eyes didn't brighten. And when the nurse brought the little gangster to her she clutched him more fiercely than usual, but with none of the old glow in her face.

Cyrus threw Moroney a black look as he went out. "Why the deuce," he growled, "couldn't you let the kid escape?" And seeing the expression on the young cop's weatherbeaten face, he wished he hadn't, and then realized it didn't matter, for Moroney wasn't listening anyway. He was staring at the girl and the baby with misery in his eyes, and his lips were muttering, "It's a damn' shame, that's what it is."

A new patient brought Cyrus back to the ward toward midnight, and when he had her all settled and figured for about five the next morning he drifted over through the still darkness to see how Honey was getting along. He wasn't surprised to find her lying there gazing into the half darkness with a hard bitter look around her mouth.

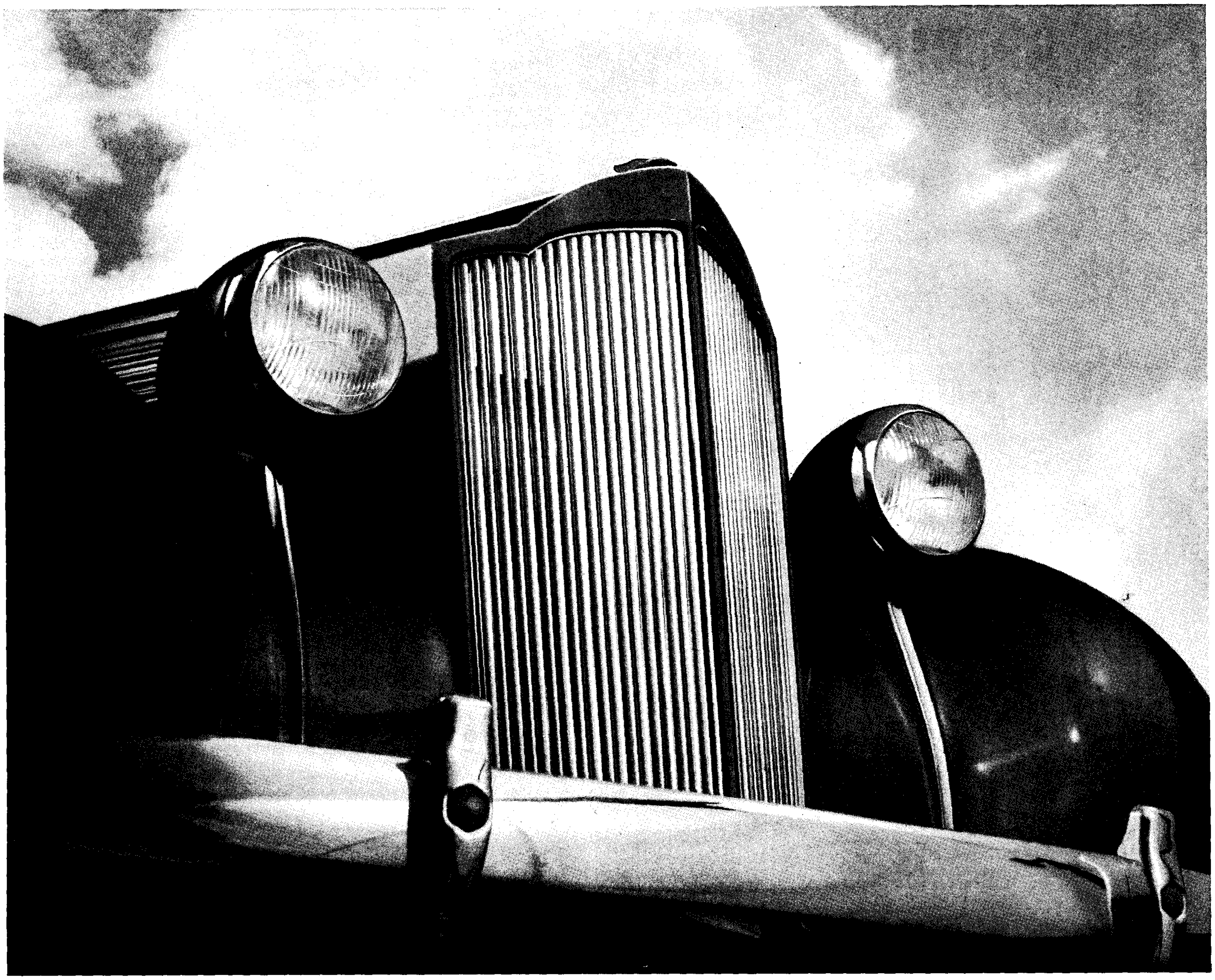
"Hello, Honey," he said softly. "How come you're still awake?"

She turned her eyes toward him but didn't say anything for a moment. Then she burst out, "I'm telling you, Doc, they're going to be awful darn' sorry if they do that to me. Just wait till I get out and they don't give me back my baby . . . just wait. I was all set to work hard and be decent and try to bring it up right, but if they do that to me, if they don't let me have him back . . . a lot of other people are going to wish they'd never had babies. I'm telling you, Doc, they are." The girl's voice carried through the still darkness with tragic conviction. Cyrus said, "Hush, Honey, you'll wake the neighbors," and tried to say it lightly but he couldn't. For that was just about what he'd been thinking would happen, that was what had been on his mind. The kid and her baby had the makings of such a swell pair in them, if only . . . He tried to think of something helpful to say, but it was too tough, and while he was trying, a figure suddenly loomed out of the darkness at the foot of the bed, and a gruff blurred voice spoke.

"YOU'VE no business to talk that way, Honey Lee," it said half under its breath but with strange authority. "What if that kid of yours should be hearing you way over in the nursery and blushing for shame of you? Jail or no jail, orphanage or no orphanage, he's your kid, Honey Lee, and a cruel enough turn you've done giving him a bad one for a father. But he can live that down maybe. Didn't my own father drink himself into the grave ten years back? A kid can forget a thing like that if his mother's all right, and that's what's up to you, and that's what you can do for him for all your straw-colored hair and the hard, suspicious mouth on you."

There was a queer mixture of scorn and pleading in the young cop's words, and Cyrus, standing there listening, realized that till now he'd never heard him say more than a dozen words in a row and those strictly in the line of duty, and wondered what chaos and revolution had been going on behind those watchful eyes in the last two weeks, and wondered more as the cop went on.

"Sure the kid needs you . . . and seeing what you've been through to get him," he paused as if remembering,



Protected Investment!

NO PACKARD owner has ever been left with a style orphan.

No Packard owner has ever awakened one morning full of pride in his still-new car, only to find that radical style changes have branded it an "out-of-date model."

For Packard, ever since 1905, has followed the policy of protecting its old owners in its quest for new ones.

Does this mean that Packard opposes style changes? Of course not—for change is the essence of progress. But Packard believes that style, like ambition, is a good servant but a poor master—that style can, and should be, used in the best interests of the car owner, and not against them.

This is why Packard makes its style changes with restraint rather than sensationalism.

This is why every Packard for the past thirty-four years has been altered and modernized so skillfully that it has still looked like a Packard . . . so artfully that it never shamed the owner of an earlier model.

Ask the man who owns one, and he will tell you that this is one of the things about Packard he prizes most. It is one of the reasons why Packard has such an outstanding record of loyalty among its owners.

Unique—for 1939

So, again for 1939, you will find Packards refined, re-styled, more beautiful than ever. But you will also find them unmistakably Packards—no one has to guess what they are. *Can you say as much for other 1939 cars?*

Before you sign the order for any new car, ask yourself whether you can expect your pride in the car to outlast your first few thousand miles—or your payments.

Then consider that, when you buy a Packard, you are buying a car that is *built* to last longer, styled to *look well* longer, and labelled a Packard —not in words—but in lines.

Why not see your Packard dealer and talk it over now? You'll find a Packard surprisingly easy to own and run.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD
SIX & 120

When you drive a Packard, the whole world knows it's a Packard!

a mixer

that never

PINNED DOWN...
the secret of better-tasting drinks:
PIN-POINT CARBONATION!

plays "dummy"

Sparkling Canada Dry Water keeps drinks lively ... and *likable* ... longer!

The reason for this lasting liveliness, this better taste, is not hard to find ... but it *is* impossible to duplicate. For it is due to Canada Dry's *exclusive process*, PIN-POINT CARBONATION.

PIN-POINT CARBONATION gives Canada Dry Water a "Champagne" Sparkle ... millions of *smaller bubbles* that lead a longer life and a merrier one. Tests show that this liveliness lasts for 24 hours after the bottle has been opened!

That's why leading hotels, clubs and restaurants serve Sparkling Canada Dry Water ... and why this likely, lively mixer deserves a place in your home.

WE SERVE Sparkling CANADA DRY WATER

You Are Invited To Enjoy Better-Tasting Drinks Where You See This Emblem In Leading Hotels, Clubs And Restaurants.

Sparkling
CANADA DRY WATER

Prefer Ginger Ale for your tall drinks? Use Canada Dry, "The Champagne of Ginger Ales."

LISTEN TO "INFORMATION, PLEASE!"
The new Canada Dry radio hit.
See your local paper for station and time.

"looks like you've got a right to him if you want him. But you're going to have to serve your time, Honey Lee." There was something in his voice that softened the words. "So," he hesitated again, "what I've been figuring is maybe my mother, she's a handy one with brats . . . only that wouldn't work unless . . . now don't fly off the handle till you've heard me out."

Cyrus wanted to stay and hear what was coming next. He knew that neither would have known whether he was there or not. But his rubber-soled shoes carried him noiselessly away and out of the ward.

The first thing he looked at when he came back the next morning, though, was Honey's face, and when he saw all the old wonder back again, but mixed with a struggling blend of bewilderment and hope, he couldn't resist asking offhandedly, "That cop think of any way out, last night?"

"Any way out!" Honey's voice was breathless as she echoed his words. "Listen, Doc, I think that cop is nuts, honest I do. He—" she gave a short little laugh—"he wants to take the baby while I'm doing my time, he and his mother. He says I ought to have it when I come out. He says I'd be a better mother to it than the city."

"But look"—her forehead puckered suddenly—"he says the only way we can work it . . . you're going to die laughing . . . is for us to get married, him and me right now before I leave the hospital!"

Cyrus wanted to shout with laughter. Honey was right, the cop must be nuts, wanting to saddle himself for life with a jail bird and her illegitimate baby. Don Quixote in brass buttons for fair.

Then all of a sudden he remembered the look he'd surprised in Moroney's eyes when he was watching Honey with the baby—remembered it, he realized at once, because it was so much like the look in Honey's eyes now, sort of wondering and glowing. Well, if the guy wasn't being quixotic, that made it even screwier; that put the lid on it for fair. But Honey was watching him, waiting for his answer, as anxiously as if he were an oracle, so he held his mirth down to a grin, a surprisingly gentle grin for Cyrus Harvey.

"Well, I don't know, Honey," he said thoughtfully, "maybe it wouldn't be such a dirty trick. The Irish, as you say, are pretty funny about some things."

CYRUS wasn't on hand for the wedding. A pair of premature twins kept him busy with shakings and spankings and alternate hot and cold dips from well before the wedding till well afterward. But the ceremony didn't lack for witnesses. Miss Storke was there as you'd know she would be and she told him all about it. About Moroney's mother, a big spare bony woman with such a hatchet face that you felt sorry for both Honey and the baby until you saw her holding the little thing as if years of practice had bent her arms to just the gentlest and most protective curve. About Honey's hair, which wasn't yellow at all any more but all cropped off right down to the natural ruddy color. She'd coaxed the night nurse to do it for her because "that Irish cop," as she still called Moroney, had come over to the foot of her bed just before he went off duty the night before and stood there looking at her for a moment, and then suddenly grinned and said:

"Well, if they give you a stretch, Honey Lee, I hope it'll be long enough for that thatch of straw that's all around your pretty face in the name of hair to grow out the way God meant it to. It's that thought'll be sustaining me to stand up beside it tomorrow morning." And how, instead of making her look like a plucked chicken, it made her, with her square little face, look like a not much older sister to her baby. About the priest and the earnest, vibrant tone in which he read the ceremony as if he'd never really wanted to marry two people before now, and how Moroney balked at kissing his bride and then when he finally did seemed to like it so well he found it hard to stop. And how the baby started to cry halfway through the ceremony and kept it up, and how most of the nurses and all the patients looking on had kept him company.

The more he heard about the wedding the more grateful Cyrus was for those premature twins. The whole thing had a soft sound to it that he felt he could very well do without. He'd had enough of that in the past two weeks to last him a lifetime and was glad he was getting off Maternity the end of the month, before he melted clear away into soup.

But he was right on hand the next morning when Honey was formally discharged in the custody of the law . . . this time in the guise of Officer Haight. Because an exit like that couldn't be anything but funny; a dead gangster's girl who was a policeman's wife, leaving the hospital for jail, while her husband's mother went off with her baby whose arrival had had nothing whatever to do with her husband. It wasn't every day you had a group like that to kiss goodby.

SO CYRUS was right on hand, and at first he wished he'd missed it along with the wedding, because it was too hard to keep reminding yourself: this gal here is on her way to jail, this is Sweet William's gal the cops are going off with, and that's Sweet William's baby over there in the arms of the big Irish washerwoman; too hard in the face of what you saw, which was a policeman coming to fetch his wife and baby home; too hard in the face of Honey's shining eyes and Moroney's stiff embarrassment. Too hard, that was, till the very end just as they got on the elevator, with the nurses and orderlies and all the patients who could walk lining the halls and doorways to say goodby. And then . . . well, that was worth fighting through any amount of softness for.

There was Honey standing by the elevator swallowed up in an old tweed coat. There was Moroney's mother standing close beside her, holding the little gangster who was yowling lustily in spite of the idiocies the big Irishwoman was cooing at him. And there on the other side of Honey were Officer Moroney and Officer Haight. The elevator was clanking its way up, and Officer Haight who was officially in charge of the prisoner stepped forward as was his duty.

"Well, Honey Lee," he said and his voice was formal and disapproving. It was clear, he thought, his fellow officer was slightly mad. "Well, Honey Lee, I guess you'll be coming along with me now," and he took her arm in the conventional firm grasp of the law.

But Officer Moroney took one long stride forward and broke the grasp and placed himself squarely between Honey and Officer Haight and his face was suddenly purple.

"You may be on duty, Haight," he said with careful restraint, "and anything you're doing may be all in the line of that duty, but I'll thank you to remember it's Mrs. Moroney you're talking to now and later, and I'll thank you to forget your orders to the extent of letting me escort my own wife to the jail if you please." And he and Officer Haight stood there glaring at each other for a long minute while Honey stood staring at Moroney with an almost worshiping sort of look. Then, just as the elevator doors opened, Haight stepped back, and Honey and her Irish cop stepped proudly into the car followed by Honey's baby and Moroney's mother and finally the other policeman.

Better in every way!
You'll be proud to own a Pontiac
U-6565
1939 MICHIGAN

$758 **AND UP**
Delivered at Pontiac, Mich., including standard equipment. Transportation, state and local taxes (if any), extra.

GENERAL MOTORS TERMS TO SUIT YOUR PURSE

MOST CARS COST SOMEWHAT LESS this year. So a mere mention of "lower prices" really isn't very significant.

And that's why we put that big $92 up at the top of the page there for all the world to see—and ponder.

It's one of the biggest reductions effected in the industry for 1939. *And one of the most significant, too!*

—because that substantial sum is what you save this year (based on factory delivered prices) when you buy one of the most popular 1939 body types as against the corresponding previous model—

—and because you get that saving on the finest, sweetest, most thoroughly satisfying Pontiac ever built!

TALK OF QUALITY? Why, the car *shouts* quality in its every look and move and action. Smartness, room, richness, vision . . . smoothness, snap, handling ease . . . economy, comfort, and even Pontiac's heralded dependability . . . ALL have been lifted to levels you'll never dream possible in a car so close to the lowest in price! That's saying a lot. But we don't ask you to take our word for it. Talk to one of those happy new Pontiac owners. Or better still, borrow a car from your Pontiac dealer and drive out the facts for yourself!

You can't match all these features in any other low-priced car!

Distinctive New Silver Streak Styling • Newrest Ride with Duflex Springing • Lower, Wider Bodies with Curb-High Floors* • Improved Safety Shift at No Extra Cost • Improved Knee-Action • Thrilling L-head Engine Performance with Record Economy • 25% More Window Area* • Safety Glass All Around • Extra Large Trunk Space at No Extra Cost • Multi-Seal Hydraulic Brakes • New Self-Cushioning Clutch.

**De Luxe models only*

WHERE THERE'S LIFE - THERE'S COFFEE!
ALBUM

Coffee Quiz

There are billions of pounds of coffee drunk a year, and nearly as many stories, opinions, ideas, tales, legends, and superstitions about it. Some are true. Some are false. Some have the highest scientific authority behind them; others are mere old-wives' tales. Since you probably drink coffee every day you might want to know more about it.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE? Put a check mark in the "true" or "false" squares below — then compare your answers with those at the end of each statement of the facts.

TO DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS — References to the medical authorities for the following statements will be supplied on request.

COFFEE MAKES YOUR BRAIN WORK BETTER.* True? ☐ False? ☐

Ham Fisher, famous cartoonist and creator of Joe Palooka, has to keep his brilliant brain clicking at top speed—with seven comic strips a week to turn out! He'll tell you how coffee helps—he drinks quantities of it. Medical science says "Coffee . . . induces mental clarity" . . . (See "Dietetics for the Clinician" by Milton A. Bridges, M.D.)

Statement in the headline above* is True.

YOU CAN'T SHED TEARS AFTER DRINKING COFFEE.* True? ☐ False? ☐

It is impossible to shed tears after a cup of strong coffee, the clinical effect of trimethyldioxypurin upon the nervous system.

Statement in the headline above* is True.

RICH PEOPLE DRINK MORE COFFEE THAN POOR PEOPLE.* True? ☐ False? ☐

Fine, flavorous, full-bodied coffee is so modestly priced that this one-time beverage of royalty alone is now every man's luxury. Nobody need ever deny himself the comfort and pleasure of really *good* coffee.

Statement in the headline above* is False.

COFFEE IS A ROBORANT*(TONIC, STRENGTHENER). True? ☐ False? ☐

Whenever you're tired, depressed, bogged down by that exhausted feeling, remember this wise advice from The American Illustrated Medical Dictionary (17th edition) by W. A. Newman Dorland, A.M.,M.D.—"Coffee is invigorating, tonic, and conservant."

Statement in the headline above* is True.

To make good coffee use enough — a heaping tablespoonful for each cup!

Copyright 1939, Pan American Coffee Bureau, New York City

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.
BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • NICARAGUA • VENEZUELA

Spirit of Nonstop

Continued from page 21

"Listen, Mr. Geddy. I would like just enough money to build a new type of glider I have in mind, and then marry Nonnie. I don't need so much."

"I do," said Andy. "If I show you how to cash in quick and heavy, will you let me run the works?"

"You got a job," Stanley cried. "What is it?"

"Consider yourself a made man, Stanley. You will get your new glider and marry that charming girl in the trailer. Fame and fortune are sitting on your tail feathers. You might have made some lucky landings in your time, but today is your topper."

"What is it?" the birdman asked, looking eager.

Andy seemed so filled with honest enthusiasm that my spirits rose for the first time in weeks. We had suffered constantly from lack of funds, all three of us, and submitted to the minor indignities and discomforts that festoon poverty. Now, it appeared, we were going to be back in the chips, for Andy Geddy never lies. I drove along in a brighter mood, and in due time, we swept into Filmore Beach and hauled up at Canary Lodge, which is located immediately outside the gates of the Filmore County Fair, both enterprises being owned and operated by our old-time friend, Hanaper Roscoe.

When we stopped, Mr. Stanley Pope was tucked away inside the trailer, where he was scheduled to remain, far from the eye of the prying public. He was to be seen and heard no more, him and his red whiskers. He agreed with great reluctance to remain out of sight inside the trailer, where Nonnie consented kindly to keep him company.

"WELL," concluded our one-man brain trust, Andy Geddy, pounding with his fist on a glass-topped table, "what do you say?"

He was addressing himself to Hanaper Roscoe, head man for the Filmore County Fair, personal friend of ours and a close dealer. Hanaper was aware of the facts—that his two-person glider flight for world records was a failure, no records smashed, no more potential headlines, and Aviator Pope peacefully asleep in our trailer outside the door.

"The flight," Andy explained, "of the Filmore County Fair need not come to a dismal end. No, sir. It can be made into one of the memorable flights of all aviation, for either one passenger or two. We stand in a position to crack all the European records and spread news of your colossal fair into every town and hamlet. How much will you pay us?"

"For what?"

"For keeping on with this grand man-and-woman glider flight?"

"How can you do that?"

"Nobody knows Pope's down. The noon edition says he's probably over Puente. Here's the glider, safe and sound in our truck, and all we need do is cruise around the country, dropping occasional messages from Stanley and Nonnie. When we have busted all records, we will then drive peacefully into some abandoned field, unload the Filmore County Fair, put it together, leave Stanley and Nonnie leaning against a wing, as though they just came down, and call in the radio announcers to welcome a hero."

"I said I'd give Pope two hundred if he broke any records and a hundred if he didn't."

"Well, he didn't. Owing to the weakness of the female sex, he hit the desert. You've had some nice publicity, but think of what's ahead, with those two lovebirds gliding through the stratosphere."

After considerable argument, Hanaper consented to advance one hundred dollars for running expenses and guarantee us a hundred a day for each and every day the Filmore County Fair remained up in the blue sky. Andy shot at two hundred, but Hanaper clawed him down. He also said that out of the hundred we would pay Mr. Pope, and here Whitey suggested five bucks a day for the aviator, as he obviously was to do nothing but lie on a cot in a trailer.

We held a brief conference with our hero and told him he was about to earn twenty dollars a day, not moving a finger. He hollered for more, but Andy convinced him that this was mere pin money and that the big gravy lay just ahead, when the movie and radio people began ganging up on him. Andy assured him he ought to be worth sixty thousand dollars in four weeks from that minute and Stanley leaned back and said he was ready to start.

Hanaper reluctantly handed us expense money and a boy brought in copies of the Filmore Beach Express, wherein it was stated that the Pope glider had been seen in trouble over the San Bernardino mountains and that state troopers were hunting in a gulch for him and Nonnie Russell. On the other hand, the San Pedro Gazette said that the Filmore County Fair was over San Jacinto at three o'clock and might be approaching a world record.

All the local papers had pictures of Pope and his charming fiancée and one editorial claimed it was needless brutality to risk the life of a fair young woman in such an enterprise. It went on to remark it was all right enough to advertise a county fair, but how about Nonnie's father and mother, a question I'll never be able to answer.

With the expense money in Andy's vest, we were ready to go, our plans being a trifle vague. Of course, none of us knew any more about gliders, one-man or two-man, than so many glowworms.

When we started the truck and trailer out of Filmore Beach, it was coming on dark and Nonnie sat up beside Whitey, claiming she couldn't bear a bumpy trailer. To conceal her identity from the passing public, she covered her curls with a huntsman's double-peak hat, her eyes with large, black aviator goggles and the rest of her person retired into voluminous overalls, stuffed into leather boots. Nobody would ever recognize her, even if he looked close, so she was allowed to ride on the seat.

I WAS up there with them and Whitey managed to unroll his life story to her before we reached the city limits. Andy was back with Aviator Pope, entertaining him with various lies about our adventures in Mexico, for Stanley was fretful from the start and the confinement irked him. At the first stop for gas, I climbed down and took Andy to one side.

"You better say a word to Whitey," I advised. "I can tell that this birdman of ours is deeply enamored of Nonnie, and we are getting one hundred dollars a day for the duration of the run. You know Whitey and so do I."

That was the cold truth. We knew him and his vagaries and impulses. Nature made him just mentally deficient enough to prefer no particular type of lady and to like the one nearest him at the moment. Andy saw the sense of my advice and called Whitey off the truck.

"You know, don't you," he said, "that we can get along on this trip without any particular romance from you. We're getting eighty dollars a day, net, and if we make a hero out of Pope, we'll cash in on that, too."

"All of which means what?"

"Means for you to tend to your own business, drive the truck and keep your mind off Nonnie. She's spoken for."

"By who?" Whitey asked belligerently.

"By Stanley Pope, you dumb throwback. You know well enough Stanley is wrapped up in this woman. He looks jealous. We have to keep him in there and contented, so you lay off. If she sits near you, move away and pretend you don't like her."

"I've only been polite to her."

"Don't be polite. Tell her you have a wife in Utica. Act as if she bored you. If you don't, we'll have trouble with Mr. Pope."

"All right," Whitey said morosely. "I'll be impudent."

AND I will have to admit in all justice that our fair-haired lad did nobly thereafter and must have suffered inwardly. Whitey is not a good snapper by nature, but he succeeded in snapping at Miss Russell. When she asked innocent questions, he was sarcastic and Nonnie couldn't understand it. It's a hard thing to believe, but the more impertinent you are to some women, the more you stir them up, the more they respond to coldness and disdain.

Not knowing where we were going, we headed roughly south and east, moving away from the coast, buying sandwiches, pie and milk for our entombed glider king and sticking occasional messages where they would be found and reported.

This was easily accomplished by jamming one of Pope's flares into the side of a hill, with a message in an empty sardine tin, lighting the flare and driving hastily off. The first message stated: "Filmore County Fair, time three-fifteen, flying over oil fields, air very rough. Everything okay. Stanley Pope."

Whenever we observed what seemed a suitable spot, we dropped one of these reports, and as we moved eastward everything was peaceful, except Stanley. He became morose and quarrelsome, and you could scarcely blame him, for he was never built to ride any distance in a trailer. He had large bones and protruded over items of furniture. He was highly uncomfortable.

Andy elected to stop for the first night outside the town of Raft, where there was a battery of roadside cabins, and the moment we halted, Mr. Pope stuck his tousled head through a window and complained.

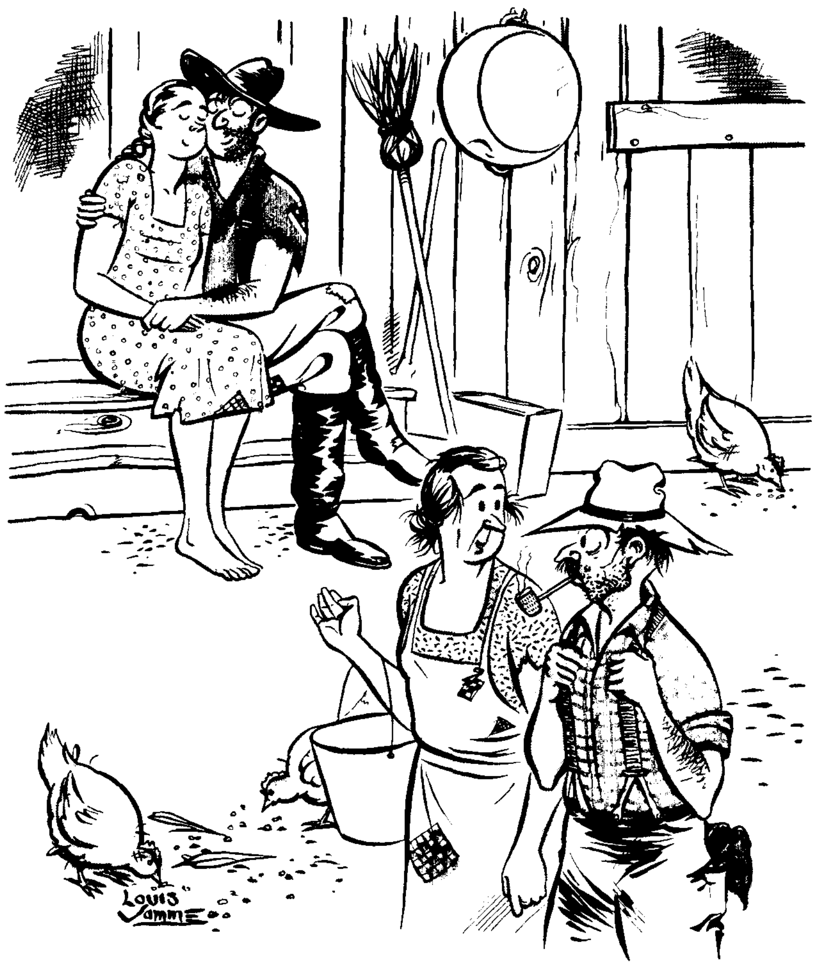
"I am not going to stay in this confounded tin can," he said bitterly. "Why can't I get out and sleep in a bungalow?"

"Because some gasoline squirter will see you," Andy told him patiently. "We are making money, Stanley, and fame is waiting for you. You are supposed to be gliding at ten thousand feet."

He gave in with grumbles of distress and we spent an eventless night, Nonnie Russell taking the best cabin. In the morning, our birdman's temper was sourer than ever, although we showed him pictures of himself in the paper. Andy telephoned Mr. Roscoe during the morning, to report we were coming along fine, and learned that the Filmore County Fair was on every tongue and that he had two telegrams about working Stanley into motion pictures.

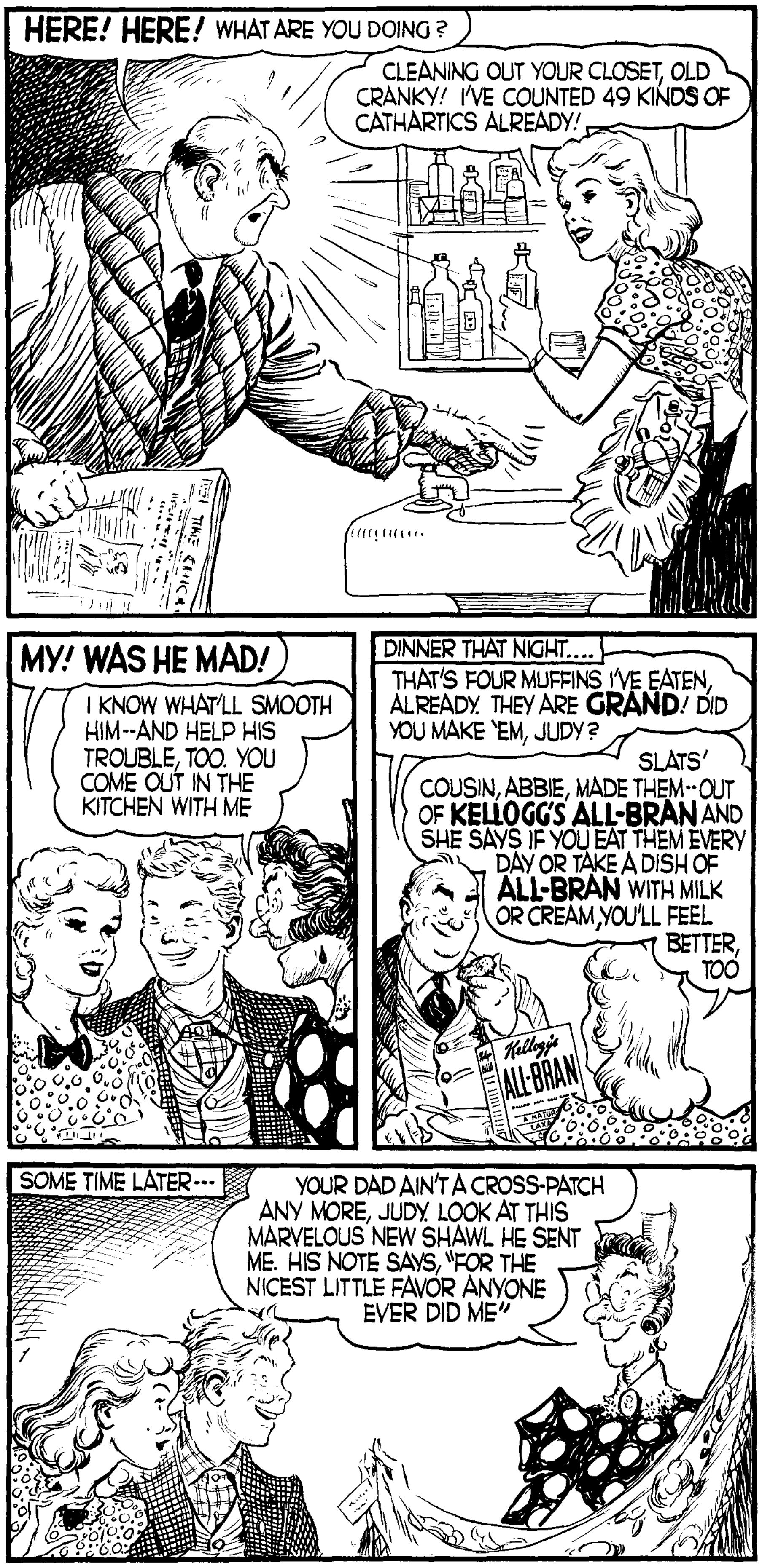
Wherever we stopped, our hero clamored to get out and stroll for exercise. He claimed he was getting bedsores and would be a physical wreck and Nonnie didn't help the situation, as she refused to sit in with him. She sat up beside Whitey, looking at him reproachfully, and so we moved aimlessly around the country, planting messages and figuring future profits. Andy and I fixed up the aerial reports, showing that Stanley was bravely fighting off monsoons, meteors, St. Elmo's fire and frostbite and that Nonnie was acting like a true heroine.

Everybody who could read newspa-


LOUIS JAMME

"Nan's done wonders for Ed. Since he met her he's been shavin' the right side of his face" LOUIS JAMME

ABBIE AN'SLATS —by Raeburn Van Buren


HERE! HERE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
CLEANING OUT YOUR CLOSET, OLD CRANKY! I'VE COUNTED 49 KINDS OF CATHARTICS ALREADY!
MY! WAS HE MAD!
I KNOW WHAT'LL SMOOTH HIM--AND HELP HIS TROUBLE, TOO. YOU COME OUT IN THE KITCHEN WITH ME
DINNER THAT NIGHT....
THAT'S FOUR MUFFINS I'VE EATEN, ALREADY. THEY ARE GRAND! DID YOU MAKE 'EM, JUDY?
SLATS' COUSIN, ABBIE, MADE THEM--OUT OF KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN AND SHE SAYS IF YOU EAT THEM EVERY DAY OR TAKE A DISH OF ALL-BRAN WITH MILK OR CREAM, YOU'LL FEEL BETTER, TOO
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
SOME TIME LATER---
YOUR DAD AIN'T A CROSS-PATCH ANY MORE, JUDY. LOOK AT THIS MARVELOUS NEW SHAWL HE SENT ME. HIS NOTE SAYS, "FOR THE NICEST LITTLE FAVOR ANYONE EVER DID ME"

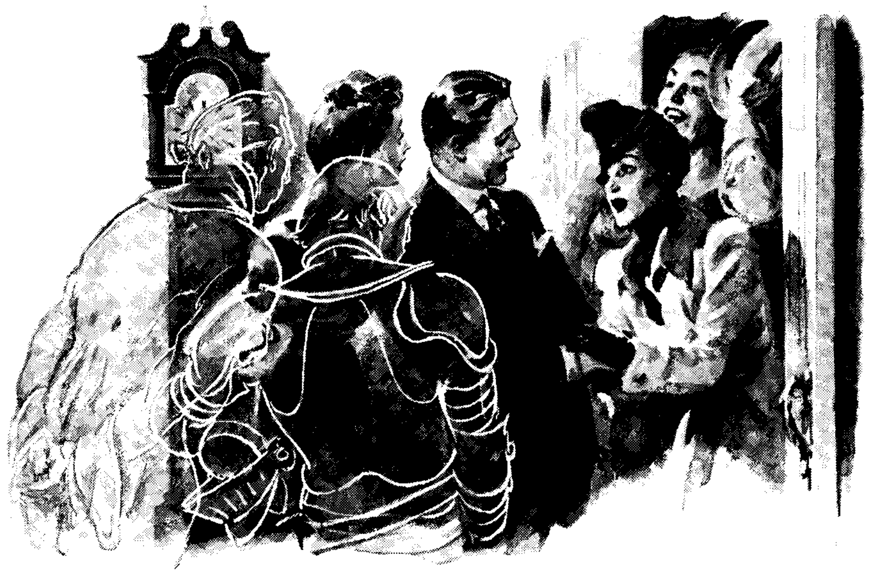
How some folks are surprised when they learn about All-Bran's "better way"! But why endure constipation—and emergency medicines, too—when a *delicious natural cereal* can get at the *cause* of the trouble and *keep* you regular, day after day? It can do that *for you* if your trouble is the common one—lack of "bulk" in the diet. Eat this crunchy toasted cereal with milk or cream every day, drink plenty of water, and see if your life isn't a whole lot brighter! Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

Envious *Ghosts* whisper

at your Elbow



If friends drop in for the evening, why do you feel impelled to offer them food and drink?

It isn't because they look hungry. It's because there are ghosts in your house. When the door-bell rings, your ancestors come close to your elbow and whisper in your ear. They want to be sure you'll treat visitors as was their custom, three or four thousand years ago.

In those days travel was dangerous, even more dangerous than staying at home. The lazy robbers kept an eye on your house, the energetic ones plucked you off the road. But the cruelest enemy was hunger. The richest man had only enough in the larder to keep his family alive from

---

You'll find this famous

..you'll find that *famous flavor* only in

Why do some people complain that certain brands of beer taste bitter, others sweet? Both contain hops and malt. The art of brewing The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous is to achieve the full tang and flavor of true beer without the bitterness of the hops or the sweetness of the malt.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE

After three days he must move on . . .

harvest to harvest. Every visitor was another mouth to feed. It was polite to say you were glad to see him, but you tightened your belt.

The visitor, of course, knew how you felt. He had had guests himself. But there were no hotels. If the stranger didn't take you under his roof, travel was impossible. And your host understood well enough that no one traveled unless he had to.

If the traveler stayed too long, eating up your food, he was no better than a murderer. On the other hand, you might some day be under the hard necessity of doing some traveling yourself, perhaps in his country. It was prudent to store up a little credit.

Our far-away ancestors, therefore, worked out rules of hospitality and still insist on their enforcement, at least in principle. Any guest who knocked at the door courteously could have food and drink for three days. At the end of that time he must move on. If he didn't move, you had the right to kill him.

Since the traveler at your door might be a pirate, as it were off duty, it seemed wise never to ask the stranger who he was, but to feed him anonymously and let him go. Our ancestral ghosts remind us of this custom also. We often want to ask the caller why he called, or why he chose that particular time, but the ghosts put finger to lip, and we hold our tongue.

Only two hundred years ago these American colonies had laws providing that each town should maintain an ordinary, or inn. That was to protect the private larder and make the traveler pay his way. The law also limited the number of hours a traveler could drink. That was to insure sobriety, but even more to conserve the precious supply.

If our ancestors seem too cautious, it was because they were poor. May poverty be far from us! May you knock often at my door, and let me say I was lonely without you, and fetch the bread and cheese—even a bowl of salted nuts to make you thirstier still.

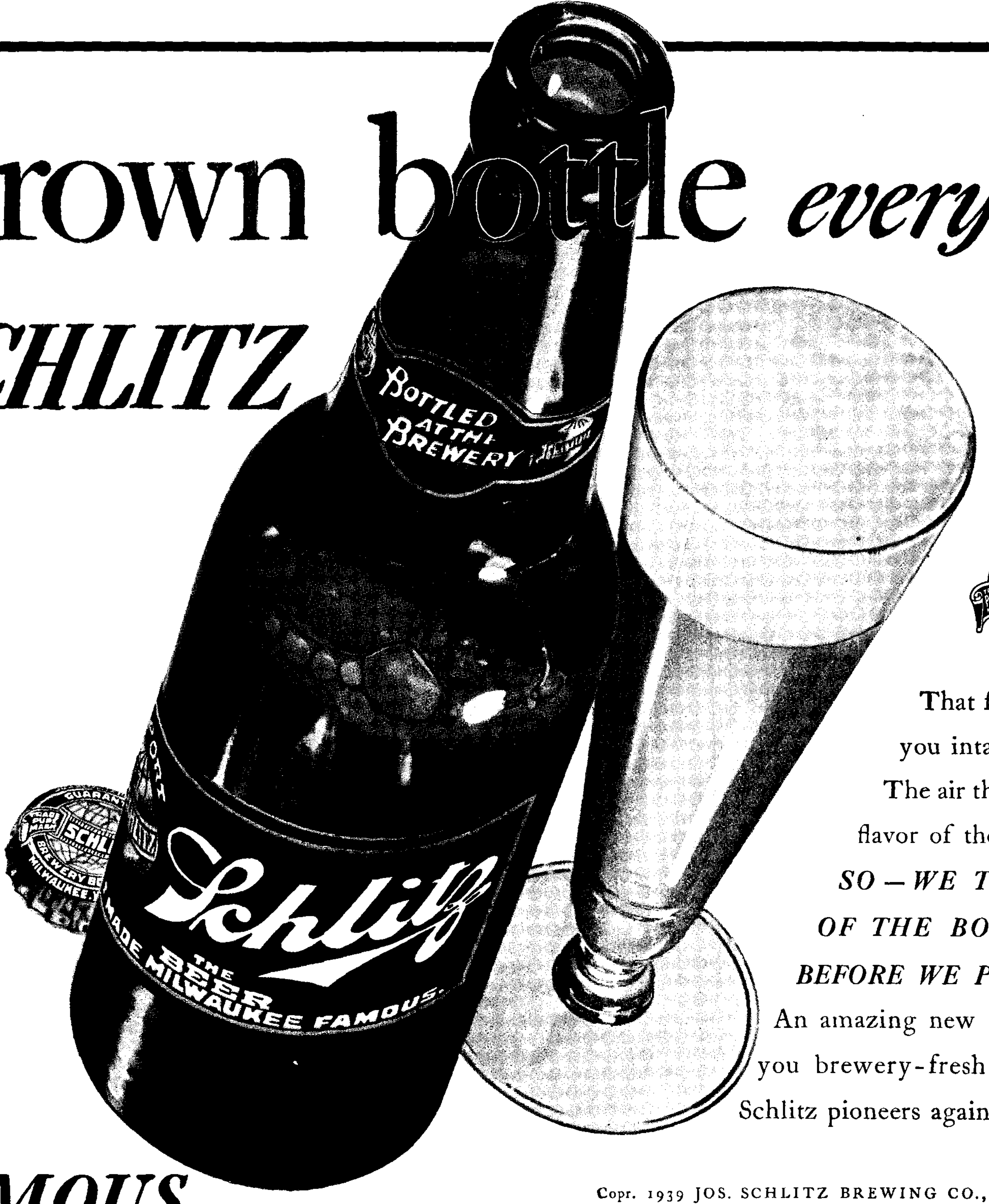
And then let me follow that fine tradition of welcome, known to three fortunate generations . . . Let me open brown bottles of Schlitz. But before we savor *that famous flavor* let us lift our gold-filled goblets to the memory of our ancestors, those envious ghosts, who lived before the days of the Beer that made Milwaukee famous.

He might be a pirate off duty

This vignette on the Traditions of Hospitality was written for Schlitz by an internationally known educator and novelist.

brown bottle *everywhere*

SCHLITZ



That famous flavor of Schlitz comes to you intact in every bottle. *Here's why:* The air that sustains life can destroy the flavor of the beer *if sealed in the bottle.* *SO — WE TAKE THE AIR OUT OF THE BOTTLE AN INSTANT BEFORE WE PUT THE BEER IN.* An amazing new method that assures you brewery-fresh goodness *always.* Schlitz pioneers again!

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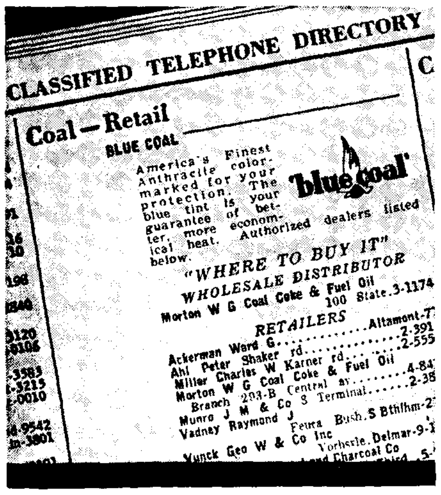
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pers knew on the second day that the Filmore County Fair had broken all records for both distance and altitude and our messages indicated that the winds of California blow seven ways at once. Late in the afternoon, we were cruising peacefully between San Berdoo and Redlands and that is where Whitey came down with his attack.

He had solaced his stomach earlier in the day with a gasoline-station hamburger sandwich, the kind that will give a cement mixer double ptomaine poisoning, and our driver really looked white around the gills. We pulled into the Greenbrier Auto Camp, where Andy gave the victim five dollars and advised him to find a drugstore or doctor. That was a mistake.

Whitey unhooked the truck, rode away and headed into the first bar, leaned his pain against the woodwork and ordered a double bourbon, with beer chaser. This is normally a fairly good pain-stopper, and in thirty minutes Whitey was a well man, free of all disorders and full of bourbon.

It was night when he came happily back to the camp and the lights gleamed in many a cabin. Our trailer stood under a tree at the far end, with Aviator Pope inside and fretting as usual. Nonnie was by herself, standing pensively in the doorway of her little house, looking at the rising moon. She had on a baby blue outfit and a mournful expression and Whitey walked directly to her.

"I apologize," he said, taking off his hat.

"What for?" she asked, genuinely surprised.

"For treating you so rough," he said with great earnestness. "They made me act mean to you, Nonnie, on purpose and I never meant any of those nasty cracks."

"Whitey," she said, "is that the truth?"

"I hope to die. They don't want you to like me or me to like you, but I do anyhow. Nonnie, I have no wife in Utica. I am a single fellow and if I had any wife at all, I would want a woman like you. Since I met you, I feel like a different man."

Nonnie smiled one of those womanly smiles of understanding, stepped down, placed her arm in his and they moved over to the truck, conversing in low tones. He helped her up to the cab and they drove merrily into the night, Whitey holding her with one arm and singing Happy Birthday to You.

Aviator Pope missed all of this little drama, as the trailer was down at the opposite end, but he likewise missed his beloved, and after supper, Andy and I had to sit in the trailer with him and talk along soothing lines. I told him Nonnie had a toothache and Whitey had driven her over to the dentist in Redlands, and that lie was all right for the first few hours, after which it lost authority.

WHAT the two of them did until the ghastly hour of two in the morning, no living soul may say, but Whitey was still joyous and vocal when they returned in the moonlight. It was a large, populous trailer camp, with vehicles from many states and most of the cabins occupied.

I must have been dozing in my own shack and was awakened by a commotion in camp, the sound of persons yelling and mixed noises. I leaped up and, sure enough, there was a commotion. Whitey and Nonnie were triumphantly back and they must have decided to have a quiet snack in Nonnie's cabin, for Whitey had his arms full of bottled beer, sandwiches and cheese. The little feast had barely begun, when it was interrupted by a cyclone. Mr. Stanley Pope burst from his prison walls, crashed in upon them and began calling names. Whitey looked at him blandly, until he spoke to Nonnie.

"You can't talk to Nonnie like that," said Whitey, starting to stand up, but before he could rise, Pope walloped him on the side of the head, tumbling him into a corner. The angered birdman followed up by sitting on Whitey, whereat Nonnie picked up an ordinary trailer camp oilstove and banged Stanley on the back of the head and it was here that the outraged tourists began asking for police, constables, sheriffs or any loose limb of the law.

Before Andy and I arrived, there came to my ear a sound I have often heard before and never with joy—the moan of a police siren. Some quick-moving soul had phoned in and the cruiser cars were on the go. In four minutes, police were moving around the Greenbrier Auto Camp and Nonnie was explaining that here was a case of selfish male envy.

"This big brute," said Nonnie, pointing at her birdman, "is mad with jealousy and tried to kill Whitey."

The officer in charge stared at the indicated brute.

"Who is he?"

"That's Stanley Pope," she said hysterically.

"Would this be the glider king of California now in all the newspapers?" asked the officer.

"He is not any glider king at all," said the angry Nonnie. "He couldn't glide himself off a soapy washboard."

"Where's the glider?"

"It's in that truck," said Nonnie truthfully. "He's just a crook."

Mr. Pope moved as if to reach for Nonnie, but the officers subdued him, looked in our truck and telephoned headquarters they were bringing in a disorderly birdman and a couple of battling friends. Andy looked at me piteously, as they led Stanley away, followed by Whitey, Nonnie and officers. All of a sudden everything was over and we were out of work again, and I could already see the irritation on the face of Hanaper Roscoe when he picked up his morning paper.

Hush descended upon the Greenbrier Auto Camp and for a while Andy Geddy sat on the running board of our truck, his chin buried in his hands. He finally rose and said:

"Come on. Get up there."

"Where we going?"

"We may as well run in to headquarters and see if anything can be done."

BEFORE we could even start, another prowling police car came to a halt, blocking the driveway, and two officers eased out and sauntered over to the truck. They leaned on the broad fender and looked up at us.

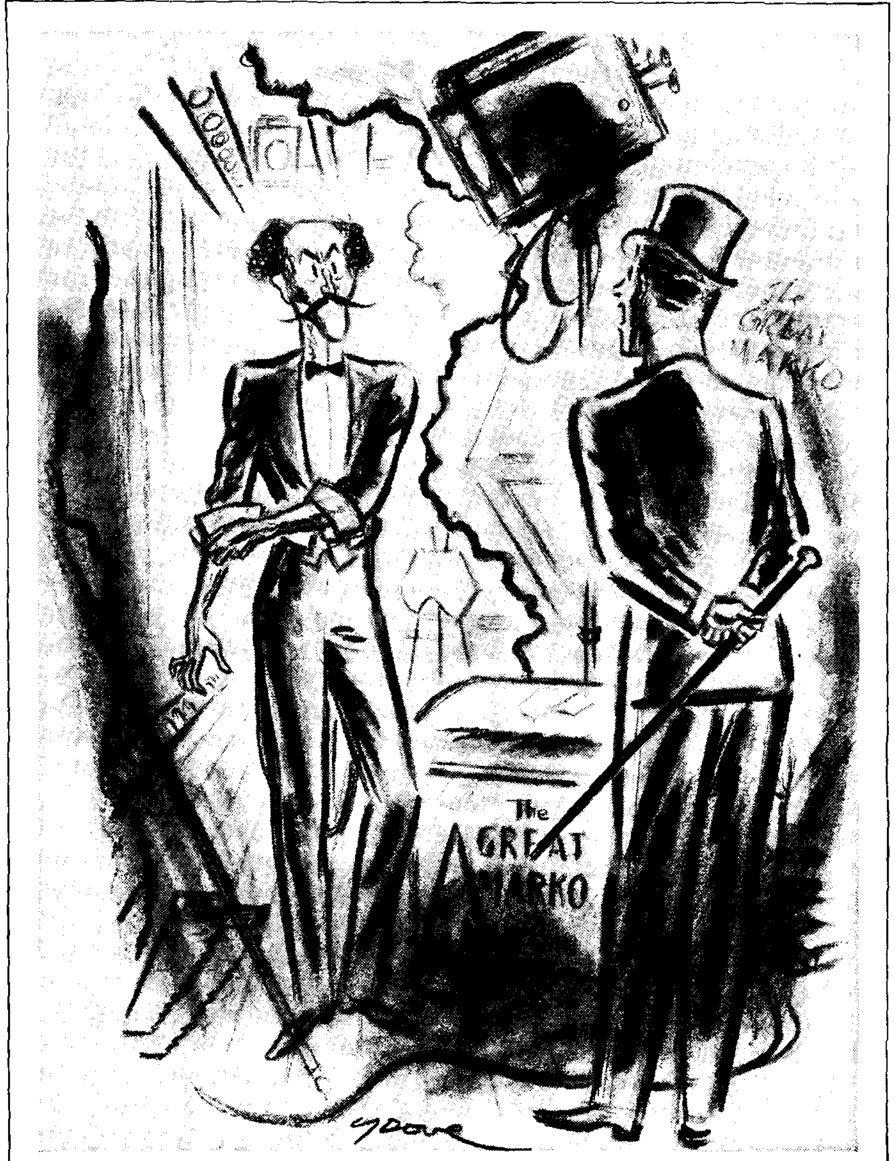
"Nice truck you have here," remarked the younger cop.

"Yes," admitted Andy. "And do you officers go around nights admiring trucks?"

It came into my mind abruptly that we were in the outskirts of Redlands. I felt a sudden chill and jabbed Andy with my elbow.

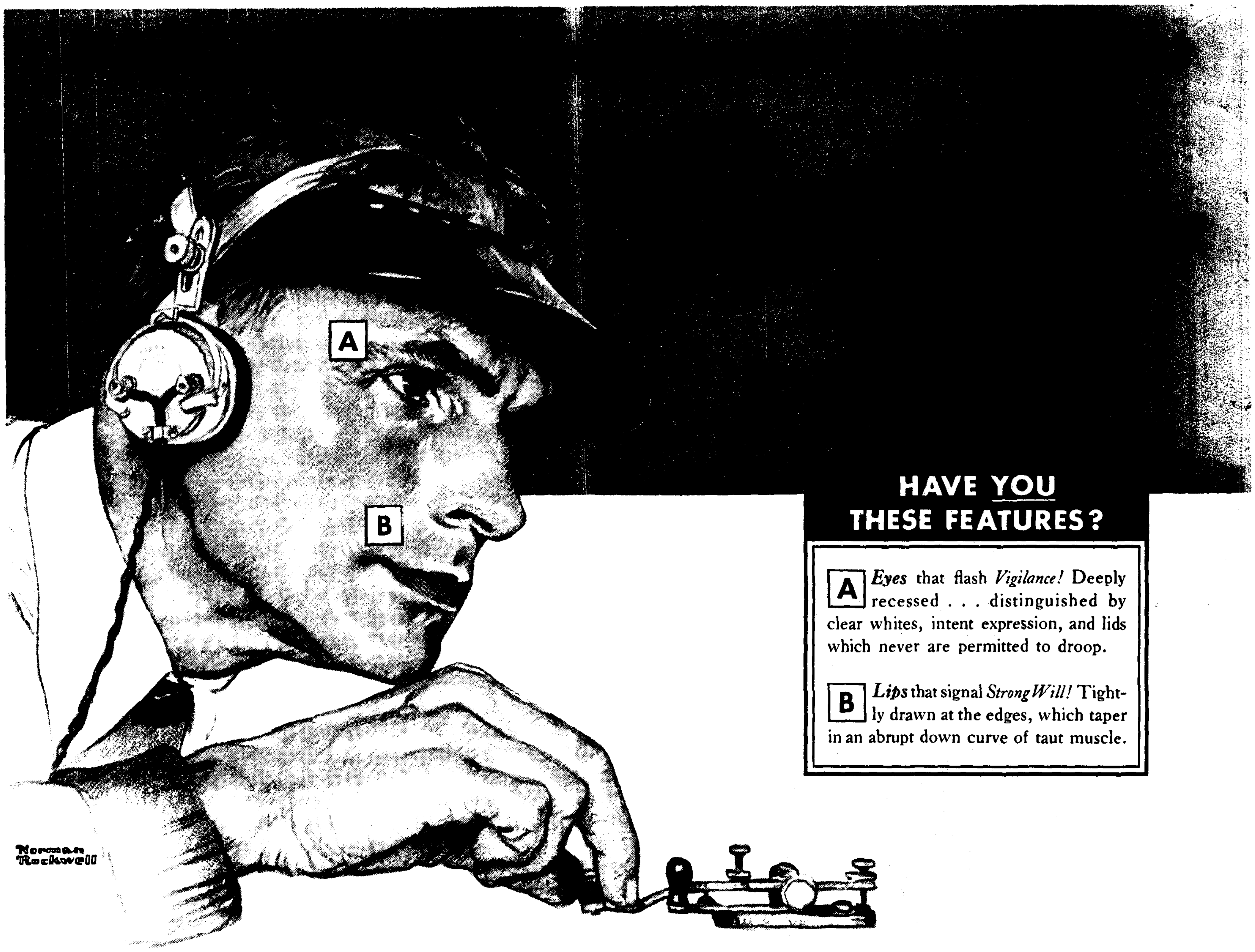
"The sergeant wants to see you down at headquarters," continued the cheerful young officer, "and so does the guy that owns this truck. Move over and I'll ride in with you."

Saying which, he joined us on the seat, asked his pal to follow in the police car and we then started slowly for the Redlands city jail, which never was any good as a summer resort and never will be.



"Please, won't you be a bit more careful doing that omelet trick, old man? I follow you with a dance routine"

LEONARD DOVE


A
B
Norman Rockwell

HAVE YOU THESE FEATURES?

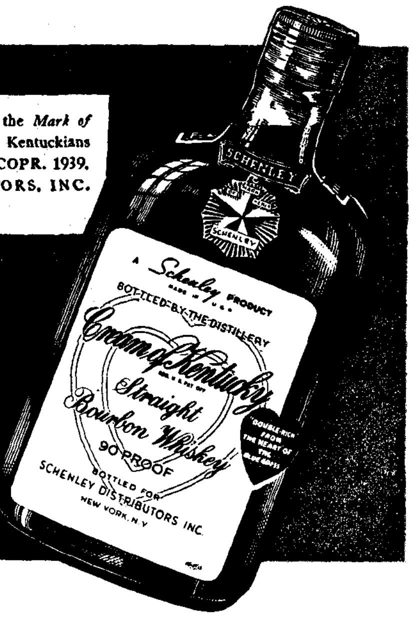
A *Eyes* that flash *Vigilance!* Deeply recessed . . . distinguished by clear whites, intent expression, and lids which never are permitted to droop.

B *Lips* that signal *Strong Will!* Tightly drawn at the edges, which taper in an abrupt down curve of taut muscle.

If *you're* this type, flash the man behind the counter *"Make Mine Cream!"* It's the code call for the *"double-rich"* Kentucky straight Bourbon!

SCHENLEY'S

A 90 PROOF whiskey with the *Mark of Merit.* Made in Kentucky by Kentuckians the good old Kentucky way. COPR. 1939, SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC. New York City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The Man with the Screwdriver

Continued from page 24

casually at a typical Brazilian revolt. It usually starts when a couple of generals and a handful of opposition politicians drive around to the presidential palace at 1 A. M. or some equally embarrassing hour, punch the doorbell and tell the butler to call the boss.

When No. 1 appears in his nightshirt and sets out the coffee and cognac, the rebel spokesman coughs and says, "Well, pal, it's tough, but this is a revolution and will Prexy take it like a man or will he have gas?" Usually Prexy sees the light and replies, "Well, chums, you win. Of course, Senhora Prexy will be madder'n hell, because she's just had the living room repapered—but after all . . . Just give us time to pack." "Tough, pardner," says the delegation, "but that's the breaks of the game."

Then they all have a snifter of cognac and Prexy hunts up a dictionary to find out how to spell the long words in his declaration of abdication.

How to Handle Revolts

Sometimes, if Prexy has a stubborn streak due to a spot of Irish blood, there is a trifle of gunfire and almost as much disorder as in a Pacific Coast waterfront strike.

It was so on the night of May 10, 1938, when the Integralistas—the Green Shirts—financed by Italian and German money and bursting with Fascist and Nazi idealism—tried to toss Uncle Getulio out of his job around midnight. For some weeks the Green Shirts had been parading about and holding meetings to swap enthusiasms about Mussolini and Hitler.

So Uncle Getulio was not unprepared when cars began to scurry around Rio, filled with hotheads popping off guns and trying to seize war and navy ministries, telephone exchanges and police stations. Vargas laid down the screwdriver momentarily, found an old machine gun somewhere in the basement and loosed off a few bursts at the rebels who came marching on the palace with the changing of the guard.

With admirable affection, Senhorita Alzira Vargas—the dictator's pretty and vivacious daughter—found a gun herself and squibbed off in the general direction of the Green Shirts. When it was over, in about two hours, seven people were dead and a few wounded. Rio, which didn't find out about the war until it read the morning papers, was pretty indignant about it. Bringing violence into an insurrection was looked on as bad taste. "Hardly cricket, old man, eh, what!" said the Britishers over their morning tea.

Upshot was that Vargas gained immensely in prestige, the comely Alzira got her picture into the rotogravures and a few hundred rebels were rounded up. One of them got thirty years for killing a sentry "unnecessarily and futilely." The rest got shorter terms and—Brazilians being rather a ho-hum race—probably will be out plotting again in a little while.

Main result of the revolt was a series of decrees putting a crimp in efforts of Germans and Italians to stir up trouble, teach Fascism, or run schools that turned out good little Fascisti or Nazis instead of good little loyal Brazilians. Most propaganda work in Brazil has to be done on the ground, because it's almost futile to pump it in via short-wave radio. Few people outside the cities own sets and static is usually so bad foreign programs sound like two pounds of bacon frying.

Getulio Vargas himself is a short, compact figure, with a high-domed forehead and a poundage mostly of muscle. He is of Spanish ancestry, happily married, father of three children, two girls and a boy. One girl is married; the son is at school in the United States. Alzira, the other daughter, is her father's confidential aide. She once came to the States for six weeks, liked it, stayed six months and returned to Rio chatting American slang, which she still uses with enthusiasm.

The little dictator loves to be called a *gaucho*—which in South America has expanded from its original meaning of cowboy into a term of admiration for an expert in any line. He comes from Rio Grande do Sul, in the cow country, and still rides when he gets a chance. He has held various political offices, some of them elective, for most of his adult life.

Vargas got into the revolution racket in 1930 when he and Oswaldo Aranha tossed out the dictator, Sousa, and started dictating themselves. Aranha is well known in America as a Brazilian ambassador of great popularity in Washington. He was recalled by his old revolutionary friend a few months ago to become his nation's foreign minister and right-hand man.

After Sousa's overthrow, Vargas put in four years of ground and lofty dictating, suppressing a few revolts as he went along. Then, things seeming propitious, he staged a national election and got himself elected, along with a congress. The inauguration brought in a new constitution, supplanting the one, modeled on ours, that had done service since Brazil won her freedom from Portugal in 1889.

For all his tact, and he has plenty, Vargas never got along well with the boys in São Paulo. No Brazilian dictator or president ever did—or will. São Paulo is the industrial and financial heart of Brazil. It owns forty per cent of the nation's three billion coffee trees, the bulk of the cotton, woolen and silk mills, one third of all the nation's industrial plants. The São Paulo boys point out, rather bitterly, that they make all the money and Rio, the federal capital, spends it. It's a case of New York and Washington all over again.

Senhor Vargas Takes Over

But, despite the howls from São Paulo and other sections, the elected government lasted three years or more. Congress talked and did nothing. The coffee situation went from bad to worse. The balance of trade ran strongly against Brazil. "It was even worse than our Congress!" one awe-stricken American in Rio told me. The public grew weary of the interminable talk and lack of accomplishment.

So there was almost no opposition when, late in '37, the man with the screwdriver called it a day, got himself still another constitution and, in January, '38, packed the chin-wagging lawmakers home and installed himself as No. 1—and no foolin'.

The new constitution dissolved all political parties, to start with. Vargas said they were all privately owned, anyway, and didn't represent anyone but their owners. They were allowed to continue as "cultural or athletic societies"—as long as their members didn't talk politics or go about holding parades. While this was going on, Uncle Getulio locked up Senate and House of Representatives and hung up the keys in his office. This gesture meant, he said, that they might be allowed to function again someday.

Since the dissolution of Congress, Vargas has ruled Brazil all alone. The states nominally have governors, but the ruling is done by "federal interventors," who have some independence but work always with both ears glued to the palace in Rio. A national propaganda bureau tells the newspapers what to print and when to print it. There is no free speech. An efficient secret police force snoops around, taps telephone wires and keeps close tab on opponents of the regime.

Vargas' signature on decrees has put into effect many reforms about which Congress talked and did nothing. By decree, schools now teach simplified spelling, all phone and light wires in Rio must go underground within five years, the word silk must be used only on silk, fares on Rio motorbusses must be so much and no more, the country must be linked up at once by new rail and highway routes—and let the boys down in São Paulo, weeping they're 100,000 laborers short of requirements, make the best of it.

Now, let's have a look at Vargas' country, some of his problems, some of his solutions:

A Land with Possibilities

Brazil, a fantastically rich country naturally, is only sparsely settled. About half of it is covered by forest. There should have been a census in 1930 but the lads were having an insurrection and didn't get around to it. Estimate is about 42,000,000 people.

About one half the population, living in a wide east-to-west belt north of Rio and south of Pernambuco, is mainly Negro and Indian and everything in between. Some experts have figured that, properly developed, the country could feed nine hundred million people—which is twice the population of China.

Brazil is four fifths as big as Europe; contains almost half the land in South America. In some parts, its birth rate runs to forty a thousand, but the death rate is high, too. Despite schools—Rio boasts a school seat for every child—the country is eighty per cent illiterate. You may get some idea what that means if you can imagine the United States with more than a hundred million of us unable to read or write.

One result, in Brazil, is that no national election ever has brought out a million votes. "Representative government" is just a theory—maybe to be talked about in a "cultural society."

Vargas has on his hands one of the world's worst racial and political jumbles. Upon the original Indian stock first were imposed the Portuguese and African influxes. In the past half century have come a million and a half more Portuguese and Italians, 200,000 Germans, half that many White Russians, half a million Spanish, a handful of British and Americans. And 200,000 Japanese.

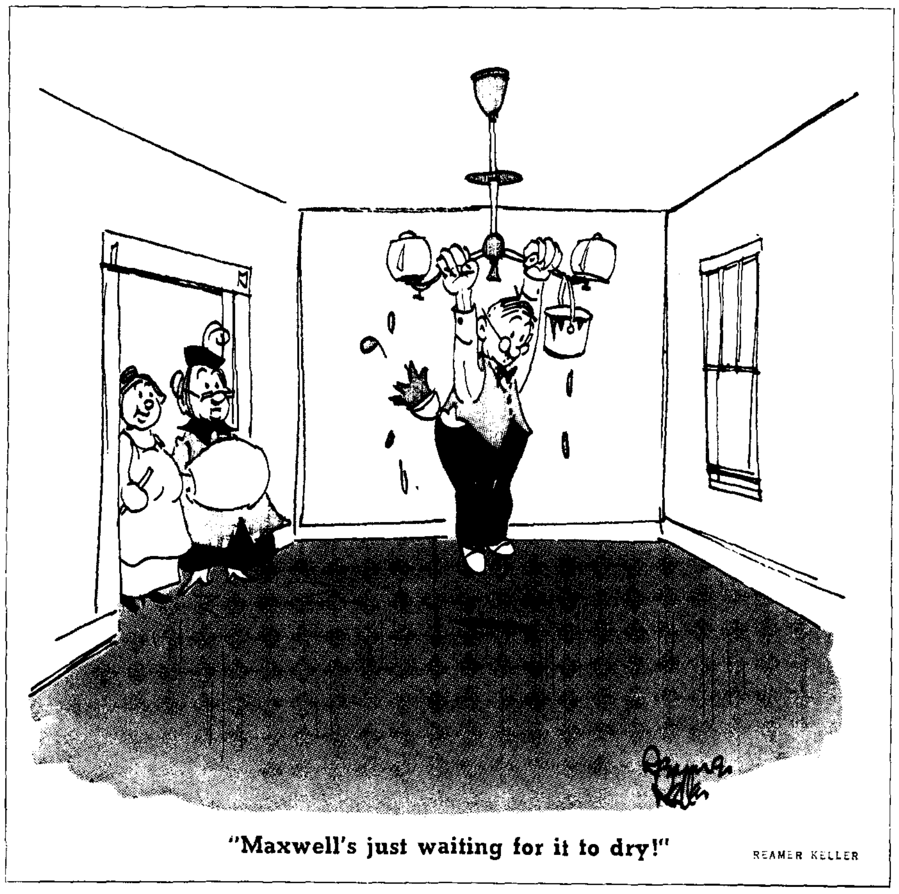
At present it is estimated there are about 500,000 Germans, double that number of Italians, in Brazil—including of course, the second generation. A great majority of these have no use whatever for Hitler or Mussolini and are loyal Brazilians.

Both Germany and Italy pour a lot of propaganda money into the country. Government estimates are that the Green Shirts got and spent about $3,000,000 in five years—a drive culminating in the May fiasco. Some of this money was extorted from Rio and São Paulo businessmen by racketeering methods, but the bulk came from the pockets of German and Italian taxpayers.

The German-Italian angle seems to have been that here, in Brazil, was a rich, undeveloped, underpopulated country, suitable for exploitation of Nazi-Fascist powers. The ultimate hope seems to have been a splitting up of the country, with certain states handed over to German and Italian control. This plan left out the factor of the Monroe Doctrine—but then, there are no statues to President Monroe in South America, anyway.

The Fascist-Nazi factions finally got so noisy and became such nuisances that Uncle Getulio issued a flock of decrees allowing death sentences for fomenting rebellion, aiding foreign powers to gain control in Brazil, attempting to "change the political or social order," and "homicide committed for ferocious or futile reasons."

What it boils down to is a Brazil-for-the-Brazilians movement. The Brazilians admit they are not developing their country as fast as they might, and maybe they have lots of unoccupied territory. But, they say, we propose to run



"Maxwell's just waiting for it to dry!" REAMER KELLER

WAY AHEAD OF THE WORLD

Topper Is Back Again!

A bartender was recently admitted to Bellevue Hospital when, after serving two martinis ordered by a patron, one of the cocktails raised itself from the bar, hung suspended in mid-air without any visible means of support, drained it[illegible]lf t[illegible] the [illegible]ast drop and t[illegible]en re[illegible] bar with a[illegible] invisible [illegible]

Drive[illegible]
. . . Rid[illegible]
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A Pair [illegible]

Gen[illegible]mes [illegible] police station a[illegible]ill tr[illegible]g to explain to officia[illegible] how invisible hands purloined the jailer's keys, opened the cell block and permitted the escape of Topper and thirty prisoners.

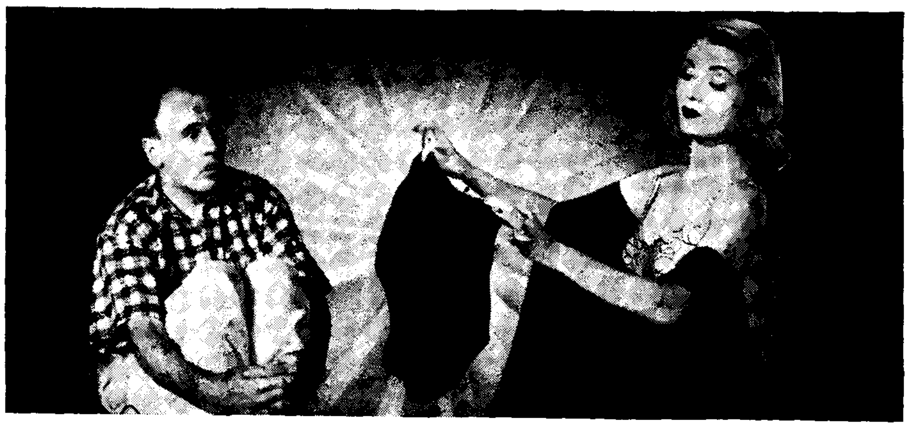
Bathers at the fashionable French Riviera resort of St. Jouel were treated to a rare manifestation of Ectoplasm when a visiting baron's trunks suddenly whisked off and walked nonchalantly down the strand, leaving the baron in rather a delicate situation.

The only exhibition of the disappearing rhumba ever seen, was enacted at the St. Pierre hotel in the south of France. Topper and Marion Kerby were cutting fancy figures on the dance floor when guests were suddenly astounded to [illegible] fade from [illegible]d, arms [illegible]ontinued [illegible] of [illegible]ntly [illegible]ord- [illegible]as [illegible]er [illegible] all [illegible]een ex- [illegible]turies.

[illegible]*st* [illegible]maz[illegible] trial in annals of J[illegible]tice was enacted in Superior Court during divorce action of Topper vs. Topper. Just as prosecutor was delivering scathing denunciation of defendant, an invisible fist landed on prosecutor's jaw resulting in case being thrown out of court.

HAL ROACH Presents
"TOPPER TAKES A TRIP"
starring
CONSTANCE BENNETT
ROLAND YOUNG
BILLIE BURKE · ALAN MOWBRAY · VERREE TEASDALE
DIRECTED BY NORMAN Z. McLEOD

Included in the stellar cast of "Topper Takes A Trip" are Franklin Pangborn, Alexander D'Arcy, and Mr. Atlas (The Thin Man Dog). Norman Z. McLeod directed. Screenplay by Jack Jevne, Eddie Moran and Corey Ford, from the novel by Thorne Smith. Milton H. Bren, Executive Producer. Released thru United Artists.



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our country in our own way and we resent interference and we resent Europeans yelling at us what to do.

On the face of it, Vargas seems up against a tough proposition. His country owes around a billion and a quarter dollars to other nations and payments are far in arrears. Sao Paulo bonds, best in Brazil, sell for thirty cents on the dollar. In addition, there is a huge internal debt. Vargas says payments aren't repudiated, only postponed. The debt, from an American standpoint, seems moderate, but it must be remembered that $1 a day is a top wage for skilled labor even in Rio; the average worker is lucky to get $25 a month.

Juggling with coffee cost Brazil about a billion dollars—the industry's own estimate—and almost lost her the foreign market. To date, about forty-five million bags of coffee have been burned in price-fixing attempts that have failed utterly. Even at the nickel a pound coffee costs in Rio, that's $300,000,000 gone up in smoke.

Brazil's price-fixing merely encouraged other South and Central American nations to plant coffee and cut prices. Brazilian attempts to offset this finally grew so complicated that they wouldn't work. Vargas himself, after Congress had talked for months and had done nothing, finally swept away the regulations with a stroke of the pen and threw coffee into a free market. Now, the situation is growing better, but the country is having a hard time winning back lost markets.

The Juggler of Rio de Janeiro

Under Vargas' rule, cotton has become a major industry. It now runs second only to coffee; fifteen per cent of the population depends on it for a living. More than 350 cotton factories are running. Japan is losing what formerly was a profitable market for cotton goods.

The country, like many another, is trying to become economically self-sufficient and to eliminate foreign capital. Uncle Getulio says there is plenty of domestic capital if it's properly mobilized. Meanwhile, the screwdriver twists and foreign firms find it increasingly hard to do business. The railroad and oil industries, for example, are nationalized as public utilities. All their directors must be Brazilians; no foreign-owned oil refineries are allowed to operate. A feverish hunt is under way for a national oil supply.

The oil industry has been ordered to help the sugar industry dispose of a sugar surplus. Excess cane is made into alcohol, which must be mixed with gasoline in varying percentages, up to twenty-five, depending on the size of the surplus.

The British operate most Brazilian railroads under leases. Since the dictatorship allows wages to go up but forbids advances in freight or passenger rates, the roads have no money for equipment and are slowly going broke. Finally, they must revert to the state. The country has only 21,000 miles of track, all told.

For all her juggling, price-fixing and restrictions on imports, Brazil's foreign trade has gone against her in recent years. Twenty years ago she had a huge favorable trade balance. Today, she imports more than she exports. Her one favorable balance is with us—we buy from her $50,000,000 worth more than we sell to her each year. Coffee accounts for that.

Brazil lacks wheat, oil, coal, iron, machinery. She is planting more wheat in the south, drilling for oil in the north. But until she can develop more of her generous share of the world's water power, she will have to import fuel. She has a small, state-aided steel industry, but buys most of her machinery from Germany, England and from us. Most of her automobiles are American-made.

One of Uncle Getulio's biggest headaches is the immigration problem. There is actually a shortage of labor—at least, the right sort of labor. Theoretically, the country is hospitable to all nationalities; actually, it is anxious to keep out German and Italian troublemakers, and Japanese. It wants North Europeans, particularly Scandinavians, who have the reputation of working hard and minding their own business.

One Vargas decree says that eighty per cent of all immigrants must go to farming and must agree to stay on the land four years or be deported. Another bars foreigners from the professions. A third gives the immigration authorities wide latitude in admitting or barring newcomers.

To let in some more of the wanted elements, the quota system is being juggled. Any nation whose quota is less than 3,000 a year may send in 3,000. Thus, our quota admits 241 Americans, nominally, each year. Actually, 3,000 of us may go in and settle. Incidentally, ruined cotton farmers from our own South are going in, taking up land and becoming prosperous.

Brazil not only is hospitable to Americans but also to American goods. Demand for American things like cars, refrigerators, cosmetics, vacuum cleaners, clothing, air conditioning, and so forth, is growing—and this is why:

Most educated Brazilians have substituted American for French as their second language; hundreds of them subscribe for American magazines. Interest in things American is such that Orlando Dantas, publisher of the leading Diario de Noticias in Rio, ran a six-page supplement full of news and pictures about America every day for a month last summer.

Riding on the de luxe motorbusses—fare three cents—you see well-to-do Brazilians reading Collier's and other American magazines. At home, their wives read the Woman's Home Companion. The American Chamber of Commerce in Rio is authority for the fact that the advertising in these creates the first demand for new things in Rio stores. After that, it's a snowball. From the wealthy, the demand grows until it washes even up the hills with which Rio is dotted—hills on which scores of thousands live in tin and timber shacks, without water, light or sanitation.

But while American business grows, there isn't much future for American capital on a big scale. The tendency is toward nationalization; there is, as in Argentina, a desire to stop paying profits to foreigners and keep them at home.

For small capital, backed up by ability, the opportunities are greater and the hazard of governmental interference is less. Joseph F. Brown, who has lived in Brazil twenty-five years and now manages our Chamber of Commerce there, put it this way for Collier's: "North Americans would be foolish to emigrate to Brazil merely on the chance of finding work. In the first place, there's the climate; in the second, two thirds of the employees of any firm in the country must be Brazilians. In the third place, the pay, by our standards, is very low.

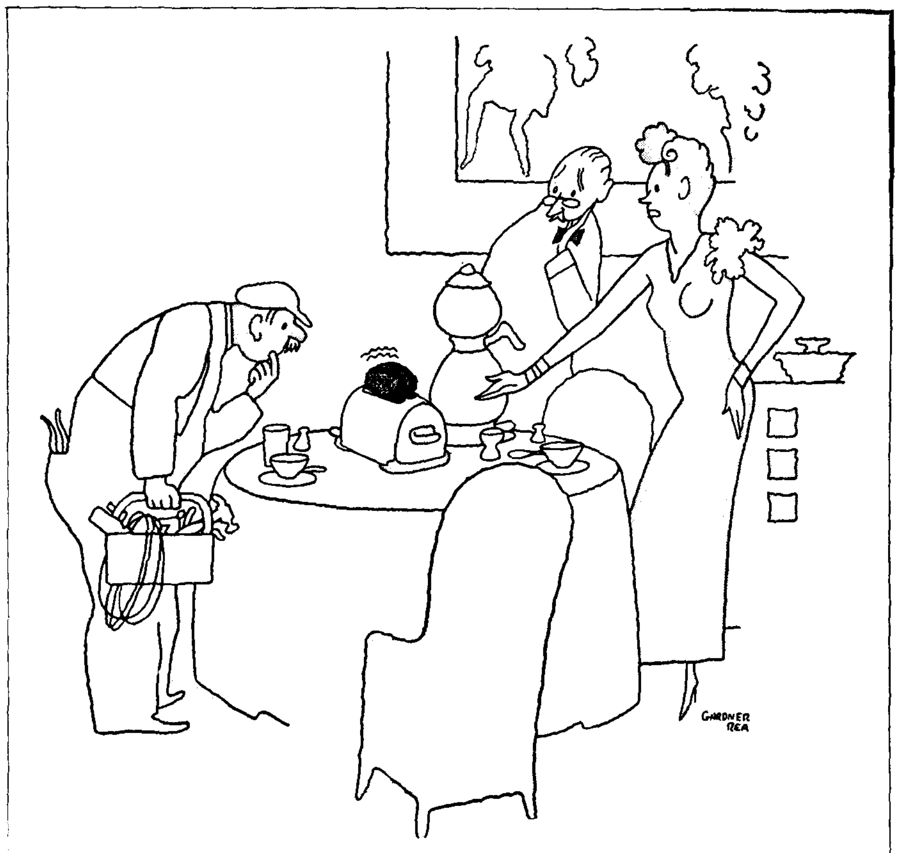
The Penalty of Boredom

Brazil, every American and Englishman there agrees, could get out of most of her troubles by dispensing with her elaborate war plant. Despite her chronic insolvency she maintains army, navy and air forces out of all proportion to her size. She is spending more millions on mechanizing her army, increasing her air force, buying half a dozen ocean-going submarines from Italy, a fleet of destroyers from England.

A South American dictator has to live with the Frankenstein monster of a constantly expanding military force. If he economizes, army and navy get sore and are likely to join an insurrection. If he lavishes money on them, he builds them up to a point where they feel their oats and start a revolution anyway.

The basic cause of all revolutions is boredom and the Brazilians, a mild and essentially polite race, have a long record of curing the ho-hums with a spot of insurrection every so often.

But up to now the Man with the Screwdriver has succeeded in keeping them at work, exciting them with nationalistic ideals, getting a lot of needed things done in a hurry and providing the people with enough pageantry to keep them contented.



"And then when we reach for it, it just grabs it back!"

GARDNER REA

4 Facts You Should Know about Vitamins and Fresh Yeast

Read why the New High-Vitamin Yeast gives more complete results than vitamins alone . . . how the "booster action" of the yeast itself can *help the body use the vitamins more fully*

1 **EXTRA VITAMINS**—more than you get in many ordinary meals—are needed by great numbers of people, studies indicate.

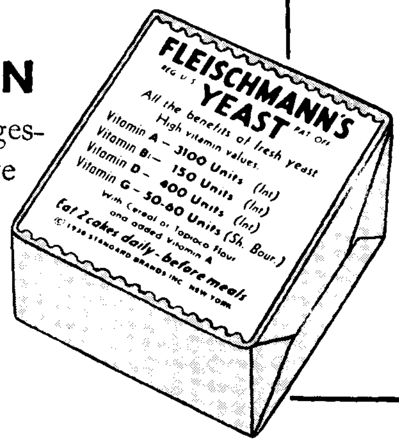
If you have severe colds that "hang on," you very likely need more of the "cold-fighting" Vitamin A.

If you are nervous and have poor digestion, it often shows more "nerve" Vitamin B is needed. Plenty of D—the "bone" vitamin—is needed at all times for the body's proper use of the calcium and phosphorus in your food—an essential for sound bones and teeth.

Tiring easily, too early aging may show a shortage of the "vitality" Vitamin G.

2 **SLOW DIGESTION** may cut down the body's assimilation of vitamins eaten—prevent you from getting as much good from the vitamins you eat as you should.

3 **THE NEW HIGH-VITAMIN YEAST** helps to stimulate slow digestion, increase the flow of digestive juices in the stomach. This better digestion helps you make fuller use of the vitamins. It "boosts" their assimilation.


FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
REG U S PAT OFF
All the benefits of fresh yeast
High vitamin values.
Vitamin A – 3100 Units (Int)
Vitamin B₁ – 150 Units (Int)
Vitamin D – 400 Units (Int)
Vitamin G – 50-60 Units (Sh. Bour.)
With Cereal or Tapioca flour and added Vitamin A
Eat 2 cakes daily - before meals
© 1938 STANDARD BRANDS INC NEW YORK

4 **YOU GET BENEFITS TWO WAYS** from Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast. It offers rich extra amounts of all 4 of the essential Vitamins A, B, D and G, *plus* the "booster" action of this fresh yeast. By stimulating slow digestion, it gives *more complete results than vitamins alone.*

Don't fail **to get the full good from vitamins. Eat your extra vitamins this *effective* way—in Fleischmann's new High-Vitamin Yeast.**

Start now to eat 2 cakes every day—plain, or in a little water or milk. Eat one cake about ½ hour before breakfast or lunch, one cake ½ hour before supper. Just have your grocer send them to you regularly.

2 cakes a day of Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast give you:

VITAMIN A—6200 Units (Int.)
VITAMIN B_1—300 Units (Int.)
VITAMIN D—800 Units (Int.)
VITAMIN G—100-120 Units (Sh. Bour.)

All the average person needs (in addition to his meals) of A, B and D—and a rich supply of the vitality vitamin G.

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The Cook Shows Off

By Rose and Bob Brown

FROM coast to coast, Lobster à la Newburg is just our dish. It's always in season, wherever there's sherry, a can of lobster and a chafing dish. But this dish was christened with rum instead of sherry and wasn't named after Newburg on the Hudson at all. It was invented during the Civil War by a fruit importer named Ben Wenberg, who hung out at Delmonico's and used to invite a group of friends to his regular table.

There he kept them in drooling suspense while he shot his glossy white cuffs and laid just three ounces of sweet butter in the elegant silver chafing dish before him, then stirred a teaspoon of flour into a little water, seasoned it with salt and cayenne, poured this in with a pint of boiled milk and let everything simmer while he spooned it smooth.

When the sauce was smooth Wenberg would pull back the alcohol flame to lower the heat and let things cool while he beat up three egg yolks and deftly tucked them in, along with just half a gill of antediluvian rum he brought back specially from West Indian voyages. In this elixir he would warm up tidbits of boiled lobster meat carefully extracted from the shell by an attentive corps of waiters. When it was all one steamy, creamy froth—Wenberg served it. Delmonico named this dish Lobster à la Wenberg after its creator and put it at the head of his bill of fare. But he and Wenberg had a falling out, so the dish was made anonymous by reversing the first three letters of that now hated name, giving us the Lobster Newburg that fathered kitchenless cooking and zoomed right into society during the Gay Nineties.

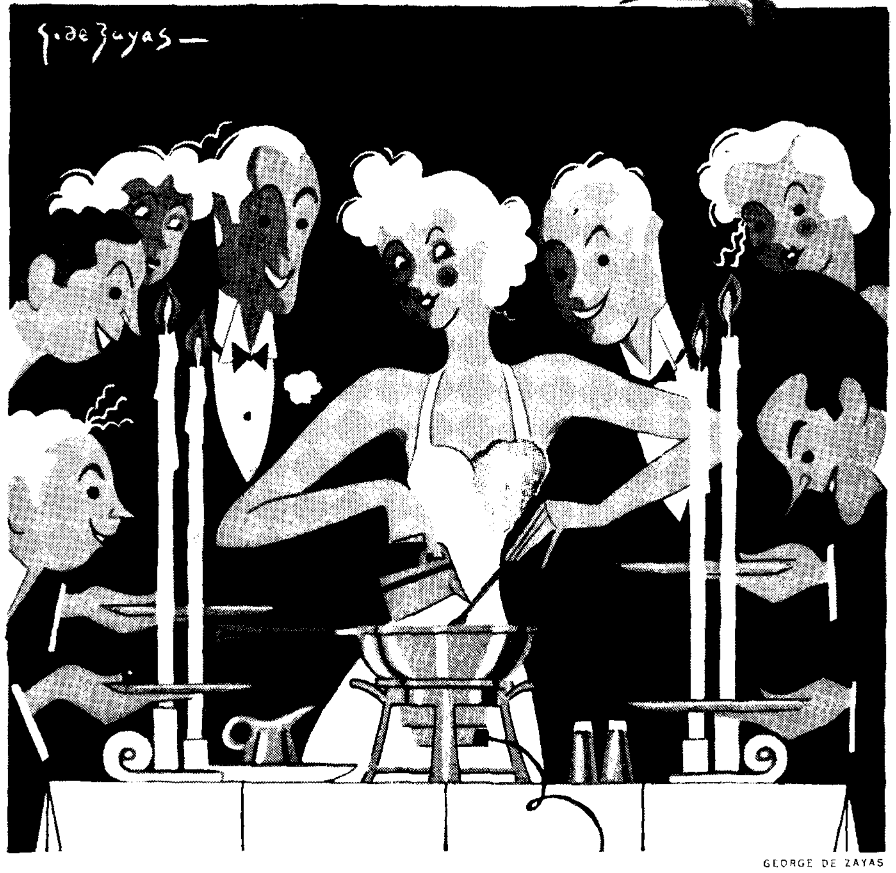
Soon another top-of-the-table triumph, Chicken à la King, was born. Its original name was Chicken à la Keene. But we'll get to that later, after establishing our claim that right here and now, by aid of a whole battery of super chafing dishes, electric roasters, toasters, automatic coffeepots and such, painless cooking has come right into the dining room to stay.

Last winter everybody took an agile hand at informal buffet entertaining and around-the-toaster snacking parties, but this season there's much more scope —for we're cooking the whole meal, for two or for ten, right on the mahogany and every one of us is getting a chance to show off his own culinary quirks and deft ingenuity in public.

The shyest guest feels instantly at home and doesn't have to worry about any culinary *faux pas* at a feast where he takes a hand in getting the meal as well as in eating it.

Even a novice who can scarcely boil water soon learns to toss off poppy-seed waffles by making the batter according to easy directions on the package, then heating two heaping tablespoons of poppy seed and giving that extra touch by mixing them into the batter with two added tablespoons of milk to expand the special popcorny crispness that makes this waffle mighty nice.

Let's push aside the centerpiece and put any kind of a table cooker in its place, or draw it close on a side table, so we can take an active hand in sizzling a small steak. While the guests are toying with your cheese-and-pickle appetizers and the cranberry-juice cocktail, snap on the heat to get your cast-iron platter so spitting hot that when you drip a little water on to test its temperature the drops hiss and roll around like marbles. Slap on the T-bone, close down your broiler and let the meat sizzle away.



Now the hostess gets a break. She can play at her own parties, preparing meals on the table under her guests' admiring gaze

Since it takes just half the time to broil a steak in this fashion, because the metal platter cooks it on the underside while the broiler is doing its duty on top, it will soon be time to put in the mushrooms. They're standing top down in a dish, with each cup dotted with butter and seasoned with salt and pepper. Just five minutes before you figure the meat will be done, lift the broiler lid. Then dab mushrooms decoratively around the platter rim. After slapping down the cover again, to finish everything, it's all over but the applause.

Now right in the dining room we stir up savory stews and succotash, broil ducks in fireproof glass, through the lens of which we enjoy a free culinary movie —a mouth-watering ceremony, both looking in and listening in on the exciting chemistry of cooking.

In this day of glass sauce and frying pans, double boilers, casseroles, self-heating toddy mugs, electric waffle irons with that winking red eye, bakers and bean pots, there's no limit to our scope.

For Your Sunday Brunch

There's no better way to prepare a leisurely Sunday brunch than to cook it in one of these right on the table, and no better dish to start with than deviled oysters. So dip a teaspoon of perfumy powder out of a tin of Madras curry and take a saltspoon of English dry mustard, another of plain salt and the yolk of an egg, stir everything together in a bowl with a tablespoon of Italian olive oil and a grind or two of pepper. Spread this sauce over a dozen smallish oysters, put two more tablespoons of olive oil into your pan and watch until it begins to send up a curl of smoke—that's your cue to slip the oysters in and watch their edges curl into little scallops.

What you can do to a dozen clams is this: Start with a teaspoon of butter and when that is sizzling slide in your clams and dash them gently with cayenne. Let them simmer for five minutes and then treat them to a tablespoon of sherry and a teaspoonful of your favorite shellfish sauce and serve with a flock of rye wafers from the toaster.

Or try your hand at flaring kidneys and mushrooms with brandy. Half a dozen lambs' kidneys and half a pound of mushrooms will be ample. Slice the kidneys in half, remove the core and then cut them into pieces about an inch square. Let them soak half an hour in salt water—they can be soaking when the guest arrives. Rinse and drain in a strainer and then slice the mushrooms to match. Put five tablespoons of butter in your pan and when it sizzles brown slide in the kidneys and mushrooms together. Pour off the juices that seep out in the cooking, to use later. Add more butter and keep everything hissing hot until your dish is golden brown. Then pour the juices back on, heat them again, turn out the fire and float on a brimming tablespoon of brandy. Light it at once, and the moment it burns out pop the cover on and keep it there for three or four minutes to let the brandy flavor permeate the dish.

There's no end to such things—scallops and bacon sautéed in butter to make them all the more luscious—shirred eggs with chopped chives. For this last, start water bubbling in the lower bowl of your double boiler, then break four or five eggs into the upper one, stir them around, toss in a teaspoonful of chopped chives and keep stirring. At the finish dash on paprika and salt.

For a bang-up banquet, Chicken à la King is the regal thing. Here is the original recipe with Madeira wine, in which it was baptized under the name of Keene back in 1881 when J. W. Keene owned that great race horse Fox Hall. He won the Grand Prix in Paris with it and a group of English toffs staged a big blowout in his honor, the chef of the Claridge in London inventing a chef-d'oeuvre of creamed chicken breast for the occasion. The sportsman went back to New York with the recipe, and Chicken à la Keene made as big a splash as Ben Wenberg's lobster.

The recipe called for poaching a fat capon in light broth, out in the kitchen. The breast alone was used, scalloped into half-inch tidbits that were sent cold to the table for the host himself to put in the chafing dish and slowly simmer in butter seasoned with salt and pepper, along with two green peppers, parboiled, peeled and diced. When the juicy pieces of white meat were warmed through, a whole pint of cream and a wineglass of good Madeira wine were poured on, brought to the boiling point and the guests made to possess themselves with patience for a final five minutes while everything bubbled to perfection. At the finish it was garnished with sliced black pearls, as romantic chefs call those truffles that French pigs nose out around the oak trees.

Bird Dishes That Please

For a while this creamed chicken belonged outright to Keene, but Oscar Tshirky of the Waldorf began playing around with the recipe by adding a little sauce hollandaise and switching the truffles to mushrooms. This adaptation so tickled our national palate that it was re-christened in honor of a banqueting banker named King—and this royal name was so suited to the dish that it's been called Chicken à la King ever since.

Another braised bird that's simple to do is squab. Ask you butcher to prepare them as for broiling, then start the chafing dish to spluttering with butter, put the birds in and at the finish simply season with salt, pepper and chopped parsley, pouring their own juice over them for gravy and making a little bonfire on top with warmed brandy or applejack, if you like.

But for something very special make Deviled Drumsticks. All you need are preroasted chicken, turkey or duck legs from which the tendons have been drawn to make them all the more tender—any good butcher will do this without being told, but it's well to make sure of it. With a sharp knife cut slits in the drumsticks down to the bones and parallel with them, then stuff these narrow pockets with a paste made of one tablespoon each of butter, mixed English mustard (the English because it's sharpest), and Worcestershire sauce, with just half a teaspoon of curry powder and a quarter of a teaspoon of salt. These amounts are for two drumsticks. The flavor cooks all through the drumsticks as you heat them in plenty of butter.

To finish such a miniature banquet in a blaze of glory, try Peter Powell's Plum Pudding. (Peter Powell is a Parisian American who, to our mind, deserves as much credit as Ben Wenberg for thinking up this simple recipe.) Cut a fruitcake in slices and spread with orange, apricot or peach marmalade. Set the slices on a flameproof plate, and powder them well with sugar. Heat a cup, or better still, two cups of rum and pour it over the marmalade slices, light it quickly and keep the blaze going by spooning the rum over the top until the flame is out. ★★★

YOU'RE LOOKING AT 400,000 MILES OF FORD ECONOMY

In 1935, S. H. Bacon, of Los Angeles, bought a Ford V-8 Dump Truck, equipped with a third axle. In October, 1938, he reported that the truck's mileage stood at well over 400,000 miles.

"We estimate that this Ford V-8 Truck has hauled about 100,000 tons," says Mr. Bacon. "We are convinced that its operating and maintenance costs have been far below any other equipment we might have chosen. In fact, this Ford Truck has proved so satisfactory that we have since added eleven more Ford V-8s to our fleet.

"We take advantage of the Ford Engine and Parts Exchange Plan, using reconditioned Ford V-8 Engines every 65,000 miles. For our purposes this is the most economical way to keep our trucks on the road and operating efficiently at all times."

400,000 miles are a lot of miles for one truck to cover. High mileage is one of the big features of Ford Economy. The Ford V-8 Truck is built to cover more miles per day . . . deliver loads faster . . . at reduced operating and maintenance costs all along the line.

The 1939 Ford V-8 Trucks offer a new 95-hp. V-type 8-cylinder engine, in addition to the improved 85-hp. and 60-hp. V-8 engines. New hydraulic service brakes with hand brake system operating mechanically. Optional factory-installed two-speed rear axle, gear ratios, transmissions and clutches. And a host of other Ford Truck features that mean just one thing—economy.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY NOW OFFERS FORD V-8 CARS AND TRUCKS, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR AND LINCOLN MOTOR CARS

S.H. BACON MATERIAL CO.
MATERIALS
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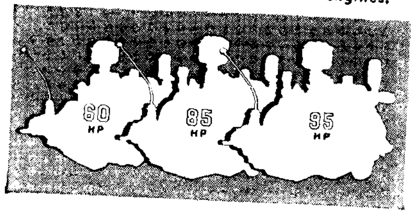
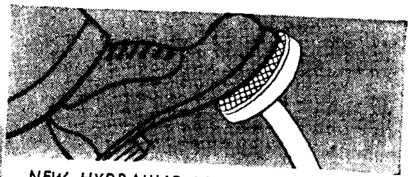
HIGHLIGHTS OF 1939 FORD V·8 TRUCKS:

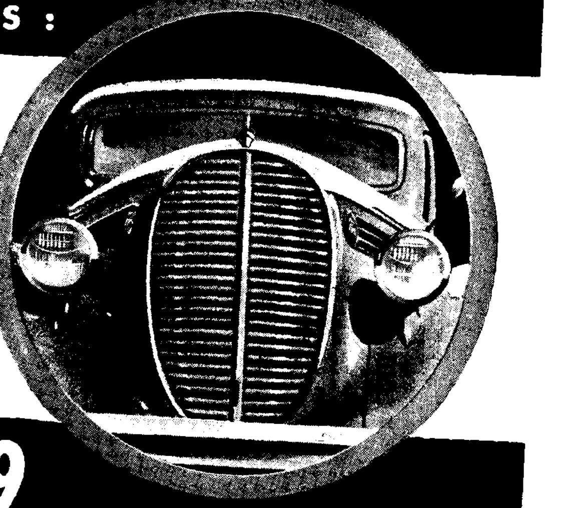
NEW 95-HORSEPOWER V-TYPE EIGHT-CYLINDER ENGINE—Ford now widens the range of power available for Ford Trucks, by offering the new 95-hp. V-8 engine in addition to the improved 85 and 60 hp. V-8 engines.





NEW HYDRAULIC BRAKES—Four-wheel hydraulic service brakes, built to Ford standards of safety, are regular equipment on all 1939 Ford Trucks. Regular and C. O. E. Trucks have completely independent hand brake system with separate, mechanically operated brakes inside rear brake drums.

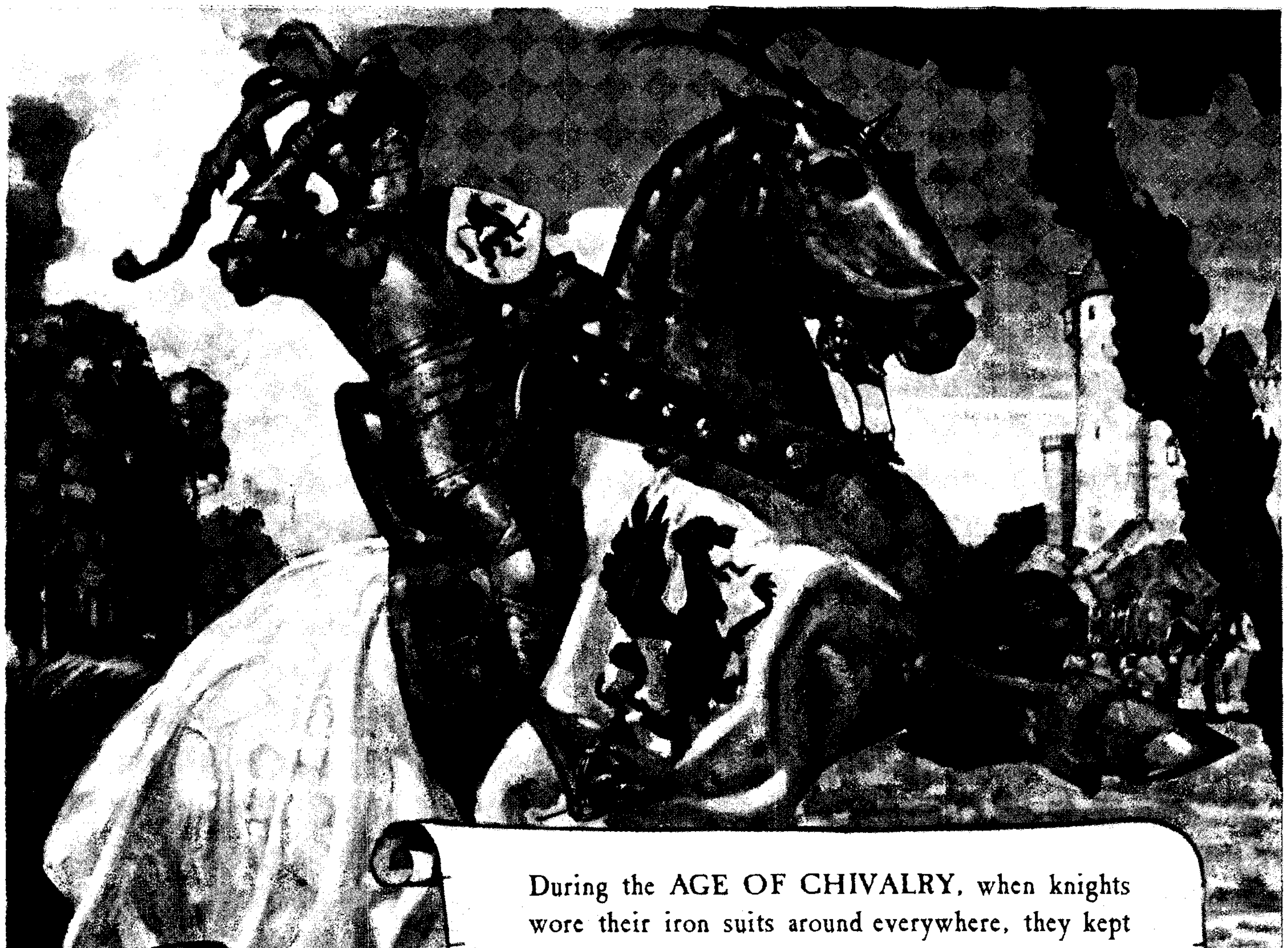
- ★ New-type piston rings for improved oil economy.
- ★ Safety and comfort of all-steel cabs, insulated, ventilated and with Safety Glass throughout.
- ★ Factory-installed two-speed rear axle available at extra cost for maximum power combined with high speeds.
- ★ Straddle-mounted driving pinion—ring gear thrust plate. Low up-keep cost.
- ★ Improved Semi-Centrifugal Clutch — low pedal pressures — with high power transmitting capacity.
- ★ Easy, dependable steering — worm-and-roller type.
- ★ Full torque-tube drive for long life and dependability.
- ★ Full-floating rear axle. High load-carrying ability and long life.
- ★ Ford Engine and Parts Exchange Plan. Saves time.



NEW FORD V·8 TRUCKS for 1939

WHY YOU TIP YOUR HAT TO A LADY

No. 10 of a series:
FACTS
BEHIND OUR
HUMAN CUSTOMS



During the AGE OF CHIVALRY, when knights wore their iron suits around everywhere, they kept their helmets on in the company of strangers. But when meeting a lady or a friendly knight, they raised the visor as a gesture of friendliness and RESPECT. This old custom is the forerunner of hat-tipping today.

• A Free Booklet describing the origin of Human Customs sent on request

Here's another custom based on fact:

The *respect* with which the GLENMORE name is regarded by those who know fine whiskey is the result of long years of honest and prideful distilling. Fine selected small grains and Kentucky's famed deep-well water, working together with the founder's original formula, produce the basic soundness of GLENMORE Kentucky Straight Bourbon.

Pour
Glenmore
. . . you get more

TURN
Glenmore
90 PROOF
ONE PINT
KENTUCKY
Straight
Bourbon
Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
Glenmore Distilleries Co.
INCORPORATED
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

Gold Label — 100 Proof
Silver Label — 90 Proof

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY, INCORPORATED
LOUISVILLE—OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

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The Glenmore Colonel...symbol of the proudest names in Kentucky whiskies. Look for him when you want the assurance of quality.

GLENMORES
KENTUCKY TAVERN
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND

The Aristocrat of Bonds
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey—
Bottled in Bond—100 Proof

GLENMORES
Tom Hardy
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

You ought to know
TOM HARDY
A Blend of Kentucky Straight Whiskies
90 Proof

GLENMORES
Mint Springs
ONE PINT

Change to **MINT SPRINGS**
and keep the change
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
90 Proof

The Pacifist

Continued from page 10

of the show. The ingénue should come out and we'll sing a song.

"You know where Bennett Raine lives?" he asked the man.

"Who don't, Lootenant? You'll hear this band or another one down there in a little while. Just head for the noise." The man laughed curiously. "Walk straight out the gate until you hit Duval Street, then go south."

Nick was conscious of his mussed white uniform as he passed the people. He had an uneasy sense that some of the middle-aged women were going to ask for his autograph. Signs in Spanish and glaring posters looked out of the entrances to movie houses, deeply recessed in Latin tradition, and less than half the babble on Duval Street was English.

THE shops gave way to houses as Nick walked to the south. The houses grew in size and suddenly the street ended near rocks that looked straight out to sea. There had been no noise of a band playing or a party.

Several cars were parked near a large house. As Nick came across the wide porch he heard the noise of voices talking across one another and the laughter of women. A Negro in a white jacket came out and Nick asked him if Bennett Raine lived there.

"He sure does, Captain. Go right on in."

Nick felt suddenly shy as he entered the large, many-windowed room. There were a dozen or more people in it, but it was not of them Nick was shy, but of his father. The conversation dropped as he entered and a big man in slacks and sport shirt looked up from mixing drinks at a low table and stared at Nick out of a brownish-red, moonlike face. Despite the scant gray hair there was a youthful, perhaps even a babyish quality to the face, as that of a man who has never quite grown up.

"Heavens, the Navy!" a woman said and another woman laughed and several of the men grinned.

Nick approached the big man. When he stood up from the low table, it was obvious he was running to fat. There was no recognition on his face, only a certain forced and playful curiosity. Nick felt young. "Father," he said in a voice too low for anyone else but his father to hear.

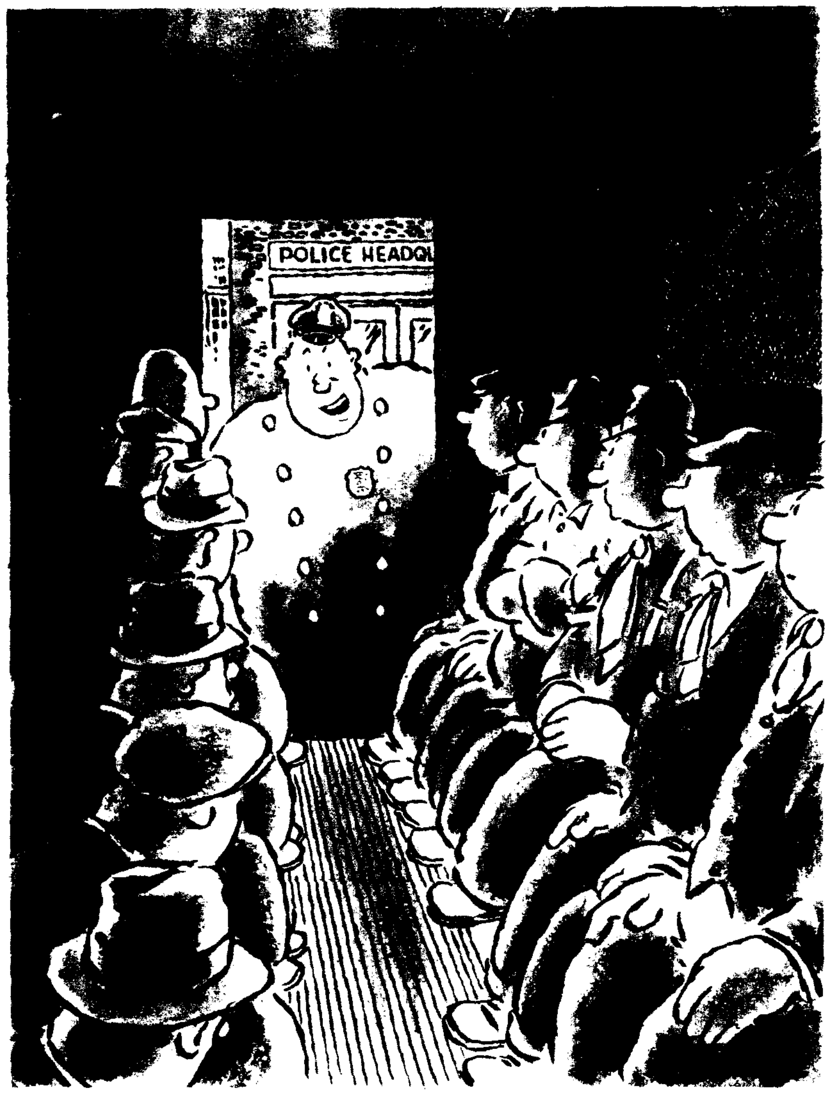
"Eh?" the big man said, his face growing bewildered.

"I'm Nick, father."

Recognition forced its way to the moonlike face and a great oath came from it. Then Bennett Raine was pumping Nick's hand and slapping his back and saying: "Well, I'll be damned. What the hell do you know!"

Bennett Raine turned to the others, who had been watching, laughter poised on their faces. "I suppose it will come as a surprise to you so-and-so's, but I have a son and this is him. Nicky, meet a bunch of the biggest bums that ever drank another man's liquor." His last words were lost in a roar of sudden laughter.

Nick wasn't sure what the laughter was for but he noticed two women. One was young, younger than himself, her features long and sensitive, a faint be-



"We're here, gentlemen"

JAY IRVING

Just won't get up until good and ready!

BRIGGS
WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

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A heap o' sleepin' in the wood....that's what makes BRIGGS Tobacco a dream of mellowness and flavor

"GOOD AND READY"...that's Briggs! *Ready* to prove its charm in your own pipe . . . and *good* enough to do it!

It is a Methuselah-like aging process that makes Briggs so special among the world's fine pipe blends. Every blue-blooded leaf of fine tobacco, selected for Briggs, is first tucked into an oaken cask to sleep, and sleep, and s-l-e-e-p. That mellowing period is months longer than the time used in aging most brands at Briggs' price . . . or, many brands at *any* price.

That long, long slumber in-the-wood is the simple magic that adds honey-smooth mildness to Briggs' rich, full flavor.

At 15 cents a tin, Briggs offers such luxurious smoking that it makes the spending of a penny more . . . or less . . . seem pretty foolish! Ask any Briggs smoker.

Spud
PRICE REDUCED

NOW!
Put down the *usual* price of popular cigarettes, and pick up *Spuds; the world's finest mentholated cigarettes.*

They're milder, *much more refreshing*... thanks to the patented Spud way of accenting and seasoning the choice Spud tobaccos.

Get that delightful Spud effect in your mouth, nose and throat. Premium quality—without premium cost—at the new low price. *Plain or Cork.*

●

THE SAME SPUD
THE SAME QUALITY

Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGA

Copr. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Louisville, Ky.

wilderment on her face. The other woman was twenty-nine or thirty. She smiled at Nick but not with her eyes. She was handsome and had a full, svelte body that appeared to wear no clothes but the thin white dress.

The laughter died gradually. "Don't pay any attention to them, Nicky," Bennett Raine was saying. Nick saw his father was pretty drunk and was making a good try at being light but that there was something his father didn't like. Perhaps his own coming, Nick couldn't help feeling.

"What do you drink, Nicky?" Bennett Raine said. "What do you drink, boy? If you're anything like me, you take Scotch—straight. Huh?"

Nick had to think about what he wanted, it was so long since he had had a drink. He had stopped drinking when he had started to learn to fly. "I'll have a Scotch and soda."

"Here—whisky-soda, boy," Bennett Raine said to a second Negro boy who had appeared.

THE talk was resuming, rising and falling, but always becoming gradually louder. "You been flying or something, huh, Nicky?" his father said.

"Up at Pensacola. I just finished the course there."

"That's good stuff." His voice slurred and Nick saw again how his father had run to fat. He supposed all big men must as they got older, especially if they had been great athletes once, as his father had been. Bennett Raine had become a legend to his son. Why his father and mother had been divorced was still vague in Nick's mind. He remembered how, as a boy in his middle teens, he had thought of reconciling his parents when he was older, but some quiet bitterness in his mother when she spoke of his father had precluded his ever speaking to her of it.

The talk rose quickly to shouting, then dropped as quickly—the talk of people becoming drunk. The older of the two women Nick had noticed was standing near by, waiting with silent impatience to be introduced. Nick turned to her, surprising her glance and again feeling embarrassed.

"Moira, oh—" Bennett Raine said. "Moira—this is my son. You never knew I had one. Or did you?" He laughed without humor. He seemed apologizing for having a son. "Nicky—this is Moira. Miss Lother."

"How are you?" the woman said. She looked at Nick with a kind of humorous appraisement, but he didn't like her eyes although the nearness of her fine body and handsome face made him uneasy.

"I'm all right," he told her. He was on the defensive without knowing how he had gotten there.

"Now, now, listen, Moira," Bennett Raine was saying with his heavy humor. "You leave Nicky alone. He's a very gentle youth, totally unlike myself. Aren't you, Nicky?"

Nick felt the blood go to his face. He didn't like something about the way his father was acting. "He's a lamb," Moira Lother said. She raised her hand and made a stroking motion, barely touching Nick's cheek. Nick saw the girl across the room watching him.

The rumba band that had been on the dock came in and people began to yell and several stood up to indicate their impatience to dance. Two of the men in the house were big and not much older than himself, Nick saw. One of them looked like Moira Lother. But they were all older than himself, Nick knew; all of them knew more. There was something he didn't like about them, about the whole thing. The legend of Bennett Raine as a great, a strong man had begun to fade in Nick's mind. Newcomers pushed through the dancers but Nick noticed only one face. It was cool, almost pale among the tanned, drink-flushed ones. Without knowing why he did so, Nick moved toward that face.

"Sit down," the girl said, speaking under the noise. "Here." She moved a little on the low seat. She looked away after Nick sat down.

One of the big young men was standing over them. "I see the Navy beat me to it," he said, "but you're going to dance with me, anyhow." He put out a hand.

"Later," the girl said.

"All right, don't forget. Don't you forget, either, Navy." He smiled heavily. "I'm Joe Lother." He swung away. He was big and not soft but he moved heavily. Nick felt his throat go suddenly dry. The glass in his hand was empty. Outside it had suddenly grown dark.

"So this is the beginning of one of Bennett Raine's parties," the girl said without looking at Nick.

"I wouldn't know," Nick said.

"You're his son?"

He nodded. "Who are you?"

"My father knew yours for a long time. Graham Burns was his name. I'm Jane Burns. My boat came in today and I came over to tell your father that dad had died."

Relief came over Nick before he knew why. "Then—you really don't belong to this bunch?"

Her head moved a little to one side when she looked at him. "Quite a homecoming for you," she said. She smiled but there was pity in it.

Something he couldn't understand, Nick knew. Something was badly wrong. He felt young again and annoyed because of the things he didn't know. Moira Lother was sitting on his father's lap and the round, babyish face had gone into a sort of blank smile, the eyes hidden in rolls of fat. Nick's throat was so dry he could hardly swallow.

"Get me a drink, son," he said to one of the houseboys. "Plain water."

"Cain't do it, Captain," the boy said with a wide grin. "When Mr. Raine he throws himself one of these parties he says no one cain't drink no plain water. Everyone got to drink whisky or gin drinks. Yes, sir."

"All right, bring me another Scotch and soda."

"WHEN did you last see your father?" Jane Burns said.

"It's all of ten years ago. I saw him only for a moment, then. He's changed."

"I've seen him occasionally during those ten years. Dad and he used to go fishing together sometimes. The last couple of years, though—" She stopped, as though considering something. "Well, we haven't seen much of him."

"Why not? He's down here every winter, isn't he?"

"Yes." Again the hesitation. "So was Moira Lother—and her brother and their friends."

A pattern began to form out of the confusion in Nick's mind. There was a fresh drink in his hand and a wind had begun to blow. The houseboys were closing windows.

Joe Lother stood over them and the drunks were noisy all around them.

"All right, Navy, you've had your fun," Joe Lother said. "Turn over." He took Jane Burns by the wrist and pulled her to her feet. She looked at Nick curiously and what might have been a faint disgust passed over her face; then she had turned to Lother and was dancing quite close to him.

Something had happened. Things without a name. But in an hour he, the young birdman, had been confused and humiliated. The look on the girl's face as she went off with Lother had finally made Nick weak.

Above the noise of the band, Bennett

Raine was roaring a bawdy song in a loud, uncertain voice. His eyes were closed, his face was shiny with sweat.

Above him, near him, Nick heard someone say: "Get the old fool now before he passes out. He'll lend you at least five hundred. But you better do it quickly, while he can still sign his name." Nick looked up and saw a man and woman speaking. They hadn't noticed Nick. He stood up. A drunk bumped against him and slid off among the dancers. Jane Burns was still with Lother but not so close to him. Her eyes passed over Nick as though he weren't there. He should go away from here, Nick thought. Go back to the air. He was seeing something and, because he was young, it was worse than death.

THE house shook from the crash as Bennett Raine rolled from his chair. He lay on the floor, his eyes shut, laughing silently, his great body quivering. The others stopped dancing and gathered about him, laughing also. Nick was outside the circle. Bennett Raine flopped over onto his stomach and began to flounder along the floor, nipping playfully at the women's ankles like a puppy. They squealed and got out of the way. They were all laughing.

Nick began to tremble. He wanted to go away. And he wanted to push through the others and pick his father up. He started to force his way to him, when he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Wait a minute, Navy." Joe Lother and his sister stood on one side of Nick, with the other big man on the left. They weren't even pretending that they were smiling, now.

"What's the matter?" Nick said. His throat was dry again and his voice sounded creaky and uncertain like a boy's.

"You better go back in your airplane and beat it," Lother said.

"My father isn't well," Nick said, "and I'm going to see to it that he gets the proper care."

" 'Isn't well,' " the other man said. "That's good. 'Isn't well.' What a laugh. But you'd better get out of here."

"Listen," Moira Lother said, coming close to Nick; "for years I've been taking care of your father when you and your mother weren't paying any attention to him. If you think you're going to horn in now and get in good with him again to get a share of the estate, you're crazy. I've given him some of the best years of my life and—"

"Don't argue with him," her brother said. He began to push Nick along. "Go on, beat it."

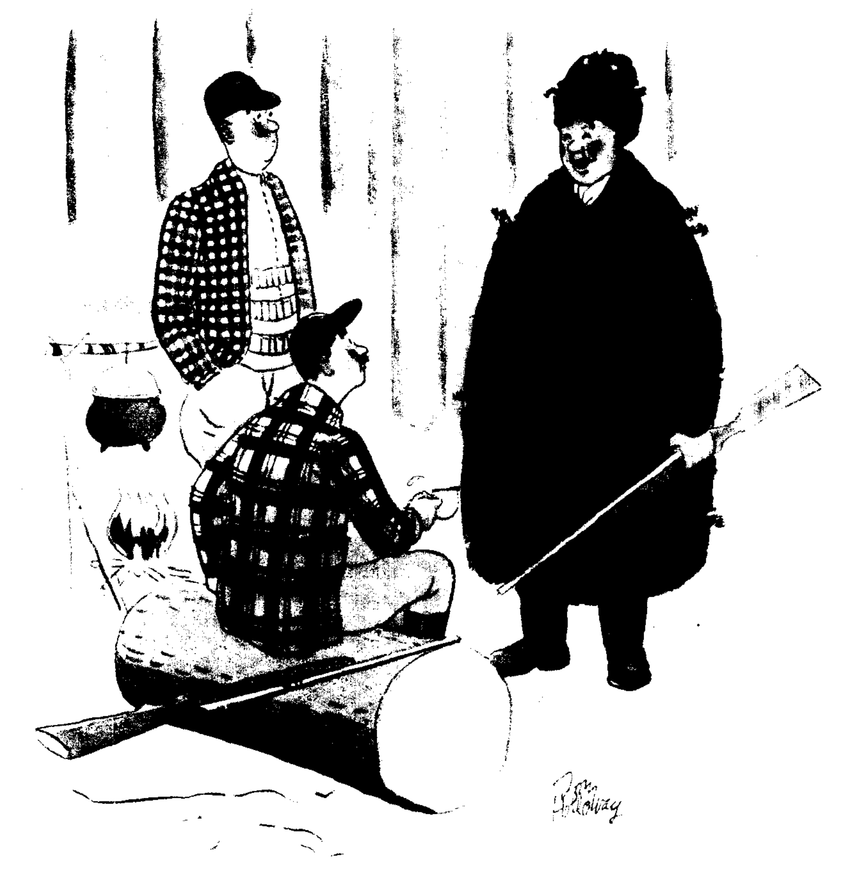
Nick saw Jane Burns' face, pale and scornful. They were still laughing at Bennett Raine on the floor. "Don't—" he said, not quite knowing what he meant or even whom he was speaking to. . . . Then someone had hit him.

"Listen—" he said, but they hit him again, from both sides. Something happened inside him and he knew suddenly that the reason he had always disliked and avoided violence was because some part of him knew what violence could make of himself.

The knowledge had come with the act. His fingers were sunk in a tough, pliant substance and when Nick could see he saw that the substance was Joe Lother's throat. There was the sound of a woman screaming and the dead sound of laughter breaking suddenly off. Under Nick, on the floor, Lother's eyes were tight shut and his mouth open and contorted. Someone was slugging hurriedly at Nick's head and shoulders and then the slugging stopped and an arm went around Nick's throat and pulled him away.

Nick fell on his back, but free. Lother was still on the floor. The other man was just getting his balance after pulling Nick away. Nick got up and went after him. When Nick hit him it was all in the same rush: Nick's right fist swinging underhand, his body leaning forward in a long half-stagger and the fist catching the big man in the pit of the stomach.

He doubled as he went over backward into the table with Bennett Raine's bottles on it, and there was the dull crunch of his body breaking the glass against



"Have I had fun! Some stupid ass has trailed me all day thinking I was a bear!"

TOM HOLLOWAY

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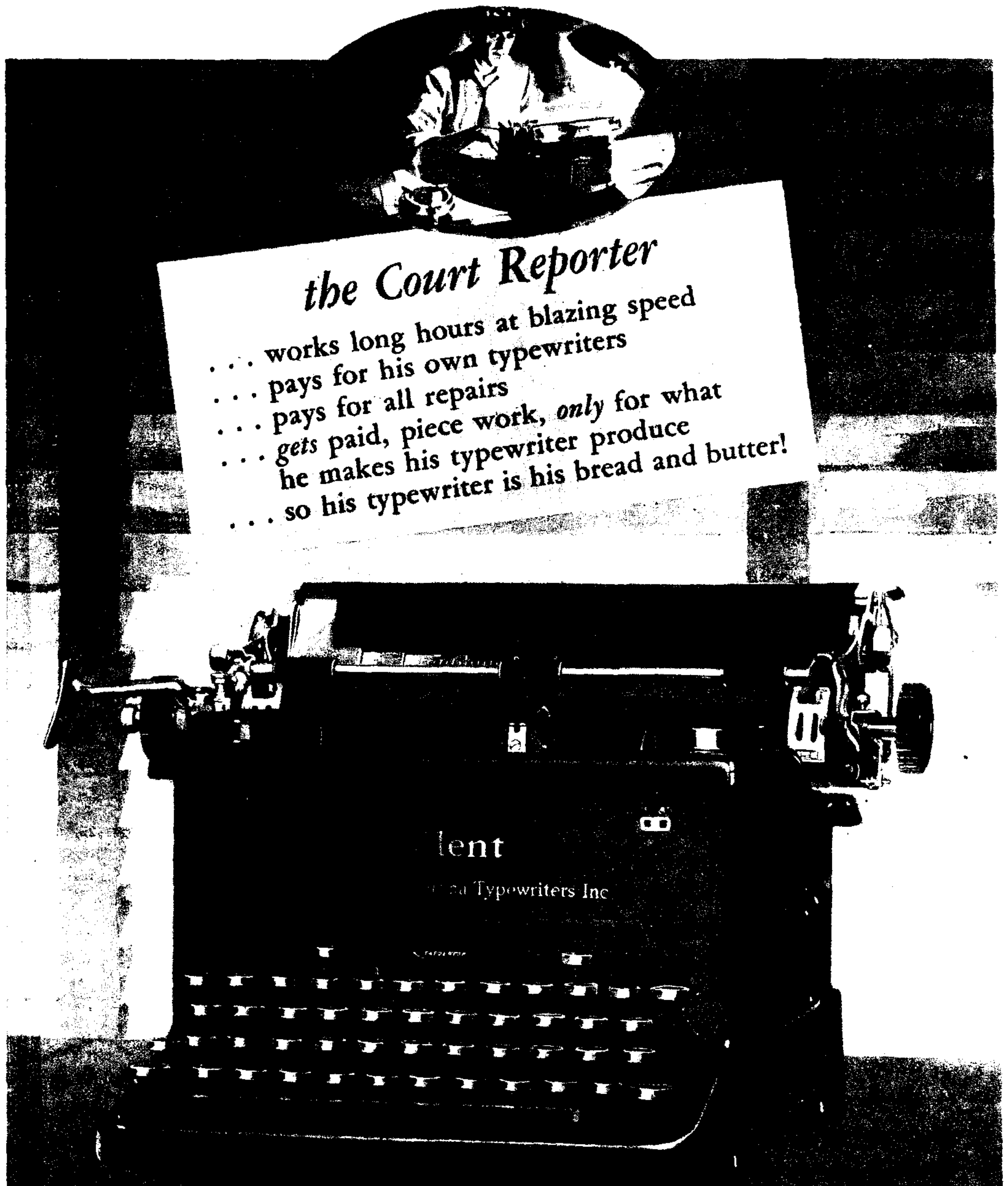

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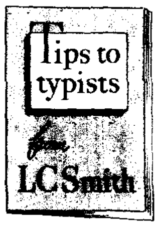

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the floor and a sudden spurt of blood. Nick saw Lother getting up but he wasn't coming at Nick. Nick went to him. He hit him with an overhand right and Lother's nose became a blob. But he didn't fall. His hands came up and hacked at Nick and then tried to draw him into a clinch. Nick pushed him away and tried to get clear for another swing, but Lother closed again and kneed at Nick's groin. Nick hit again and a little flap of raw flesh came down and covered Lother's eye. When Nick hit him a third time on the cheekbone, Lother still stood, staring stupidly at Nick. Then, quite slowly, he toppled and fell sidewise to the floor.

There was a sharp impact and pain in Nick's shoulder. When he turned Moira Lother's face was there, hating him, and a broken vase was in her hand. A drunk lurched at Nick and Nick hit him once and watched him slide down.

Moira Lother cursed at Nick. "Call the police!" she screamed. "He's drunk! He's insane!" She screamed formlessly as though to create a mood that would justify her actions. When she struck again with the vase it glanced off Nick's head, stunning him for a second. He felt the slightly warm flow of the blood and he cuffed her with the back of his hand as one might cuff a dog. She yelled sharply once and drew back, her hand to her mouth and a trickle of blood running down her chin. The vase was on the floor.

Nick stared at her, not knowing he was swaying a little. Calmness came over him like a cloak. He had never hit a woman before. It had made him quiet again.

IN THE instant of stillness that followed, there began the sound of immoderate laughter. Nick turned toward it. Bennett Raine was sitting up on the floor, his hands held to his stomach like some laughing Buddha. The rest of the room was quiet. The laughter rose to a scream, to a pitch where it had no sound. Then, although he did not appear to see, Bennett Raine pointed a finger at Joe Lother on the floor.

"Tha's good," he said, quite clearly. "Tha's wunnerful. I been waiting three years to see that. Three years to see Joe Lother get it." His laughter rose again, draining what strength was left in Nick.

Nick went over to his father. He had to overcome a strong physical repulsion to do this. He made the necessary movements that would take him to his father and he made them only by a strong, distinct effort of the will. "Father," Nick said, "you've got to get up." He put a hand on Bennett Raine's shoulder. "We'll get rid of this crowd and get you to bed."

"Get to hell away from me," Bennett Raine said. His voice slurred but some hard, almost clear quality seemed to underlie it.

"This can't go on, Father," Nick said.

"Get to hell away," his father said. "Go away. Stay away. You and your mother—a couple of troublemakers. Trying to take my girl away from me." He reached out his hands in a babyish, horribly pathetic gesture toward where Moira Lother stood, staring at Nick.

"Why don't you get out of here?" she said. "You can see your father doesn't want any part of you."

Nick looked once more at his father. He had a feeling that the man was not as drunk as he pretended to be; that he was making out he was drunk in order to do more freely certain things that, sober, he could not justify. Nick turned away.

Lother lay still. The other big man was starting to move and there were bloodstains on his clothes. Two drunks got in front of Nick. "Gotta stay here, you. Gotta stay till the police come."

Nick pushed through them, almost gently. In a way he didn't notice them. He knew only his own weariness and humiliation. "Wait, you're hurt," a voice said near him. It was Jane Burns, but Nick didn't stop. She didn't matter, either. The thing was, he kept thinking, to get back to the air, to fly again and so be clean once more.

OUTSIDE it was not as cold as he had anticipated, but the wind had a peculiar quality. Its steadiness, its strong invariability, seemed to make it one with the darkness. To fly again, Nick thought, and swayed down the street. He crossed Duval without knowing it and was on Whitehead. The lighthouse on Whitehead winked mystically with the red half of its eye. The yacht basin lay beyond it and Nick walked under the lighthouse. It rose curiously from a walled garden and, as Nick was passing, a peacock screamed once in the garden.

The wind pushed steadily as a wall across the drill field near the basin. The watchman barred Nick's way until he saw the insignia on his collar. Nick had lost his cap. He went across the field toward where the beacon on the sea wall blinked at the entrance to the basin. Nick stood on the dock as though trying to gather his thoughts. The water was quiet at his feet but he could hear the slap of waves against the sea wall.

He was going to fly, he knew. The wind seemed to increase as he moved out on the dock and, looking up, he saw no stars. A figure moved toward him in the gloom. "Everything's okeydoke, Lootenant. I'll sleep here tonight and mind the plane. I put another rope on her to keep her steady. That northern's going to blow for two days. Lucky you ain't flying tonight, huh?"

"Where can I get some gasoline?" Nick said.

"No place but the Navy Yard this time of night, Lootenant. You ain't going to *fly* tonight?"

"Why not?" Nick said in a thick voice. If he went to the yard they wouldn't let him fly. Well, that was okay. He'd fly with what gas he had left. . . .

Whether he knew clearly that he would be near death, flying on such a night and with so little gas, is hard to say. He did know clearly that he wanted to fly. Flight, the aloneness of flying, had become a necessity to him. The earth had become unclean.

"Listen, Lootenant—"

"Yes?"

"I put the tarpaulin over the cockpit. I'll take it off, Lootenant, if you say so, but I won't like to do it. Say, you ain't hurt, Lootenant? You're bleeding."

"I know," Nick said. "Get that tarpaulin off." The man's—a stranger's—solicitude for him affected Nick strongly. He watched the man move gingerly about the plane, the wind wailing in the struts. The wind got under the tarpaulin as it was loosened and blew it on the dock at Nick's feet.

A light figure moved in the darkness and Nick turned, wondering if they had been foolish enough to tell the police. Jane Burns' face was close to him in the darkness. The wind blew the long, fine hair and the eyes were dark and wide in the pale face. "You mustn't," she said. The wind blew her words back into her mouth, making them faint.

"Mustn't what?"

"Fly. You're going to fly."

"How did you know?"

SHE hesitated, her face disturbed. "I know. I know what you are, what you're like. You've seen a terrible thing. And I know how you must feel about flying. How some few people feel about it. It will clean you, I know. But tonight it will also kill you. Please don't fly tonight."

He stared at her. She's terribly lovely, he thought, but he said: "You're so smart." I'm talking like a kid, he thought. "Why don't you go back to Lother. He'll take care of you. As long as my father is alive and probably after, too, Lother'll have enough to take care of you. Go away."

He turned from her but she caught his arm in both her hands. "You mustn't! It's crazy! What I did before—I did because I—I really liked you. I didn't like to see you take what you took from Lother. It was—it was really good to see you fight. Please don't fly—not now. I'll do anything for you if you won't fly tonight. I know it's been terrible."

Nick turned toward her. Her face had tears on it. "What difference does it make?" he said thickly.

"I—I like you a lot. I love you."

Some part of him rebelled. The coldly logical part, the part that abhorred violence, that had tried to give reason to all his actions, said that no one could love another person after knowing him only a few hours.

"You're—awfully good," he heard himself say. What he meant was doubtful, but something had broken in him.

"All set, Lootenant," the man said, scrambling onto the dock.

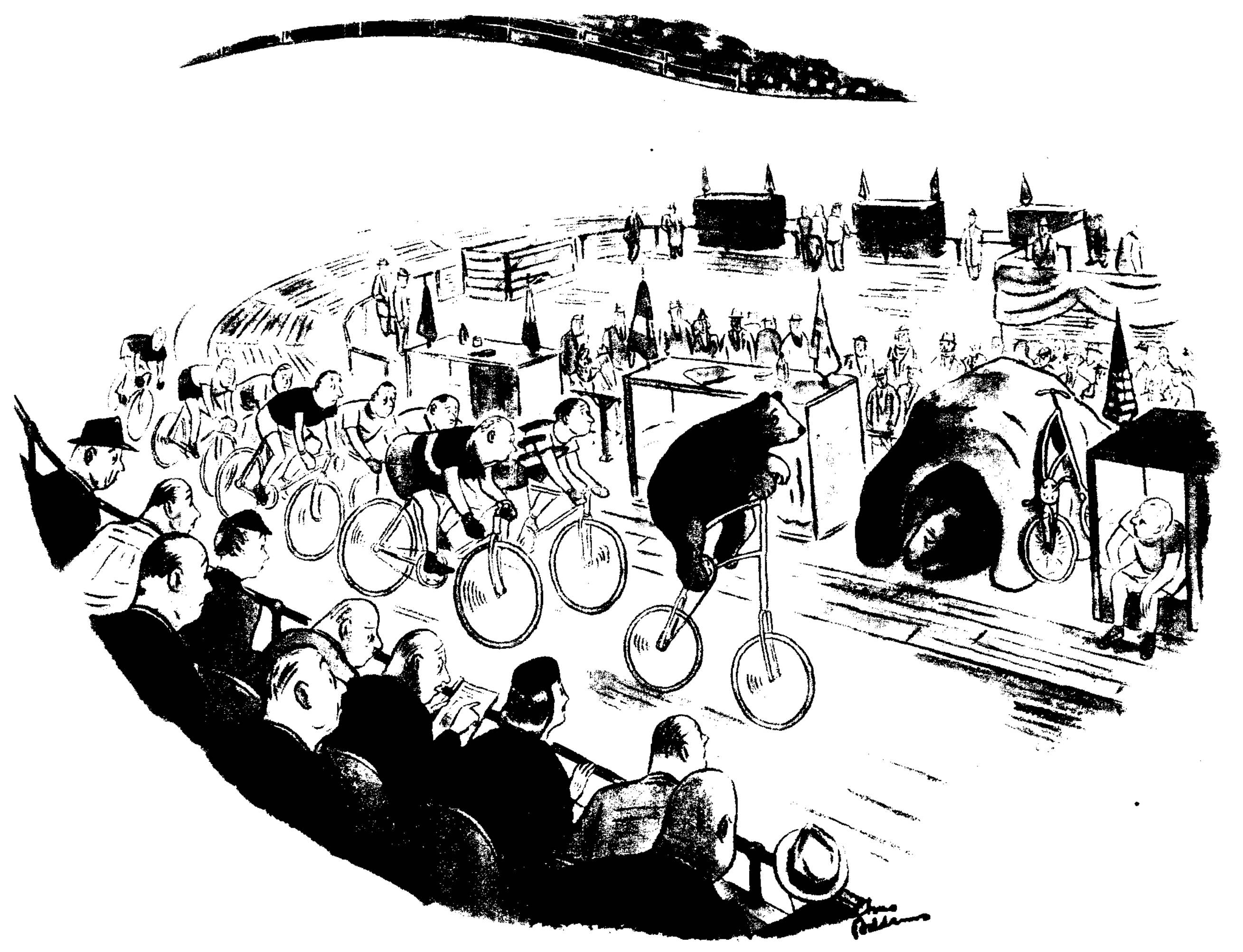
"Put it on again—please," Nick said. He let her take his arm and gently pull him away. It felt good to have someone concerned for you. They walked along the inner wall, past the moored yachts.

"This is Dad's old boat," she said. A white bulk rose a little above them and they went up a brief gangplank. A man in rough clothes and an old woman were on deck.

"Are you all right, Jane?"

"Yes, Aunty. This is an old friend of Dad's. Ensign Raine. If we could eat in a little while. And we'll need hot water and some bandages. In a little while."

She led Nick into a small room where a fire of cannel coal in a little stove shed the only light. She closed the door and drew Nick to her. In the warmth, feeling her hands on his face, Nick Raine almost cried.



"They're listed on the program simply as the 'Rocky Mountain Team'"

CHAS. ADDAMS

The Resounding Skies

Continued from page 23

arm. He started her gently toward the spot where he had left his mule. He heard a crackling in the thicket behind him, and turned. Adolf von Graulitz broke through into the clearing.

"Hello, Herr von Graulitz," Muriel said.

"How do you do?" Herr von Graulitz bowed twice from the waist, once for Muriel, once for Lane.

LANE could almost hear his heels click. He nodded casually as he wondered how the man could have come through the undergrowth without marring his spotless attire with so much as a stray leaf or a drop of perspiration. Adolf von Graulitz looked ready to step out on the parade grounds to review the troops. There was nothing actually military in his dress except his cavalry boots and the polished leather revolver holster, yet something in his manner, perhaps the slight angle at which his elbows stood out from his slim waist, made Lane picture a gleaming metal spike atop his khaki sun helmet.

"How do you do?" Graulitz repeated. "You are shooting alligators?"

"No," said Lane. "Are you?"

"I thought I heard shooting," said Graulitz.

"So did I," said Lane, eying the German's holster.

"No doubt it is someone farther on," said Graulitz. "But I am disturbing a little romance, am I not? You will pardon me. I came only to see your overseer, Mr. Hind. I will go my way."

"You could have saved yourself a walk," said Lane, "by landing your dugout right behind Hind's farmhouse."

"Yes, yes, I know," said Graulitz absently. "But I saw people on the bank. I thought perhaps it was Mr. Hind. I will go now."

"I'll go with you, Herr von Graulitz," said Muriel, with an anxious side glance at Lane. "Will you come, Walter?"

"No, thanks. I've got to look at some new planting in the next section."

"See you tomorrow, then, Walter."

"I'll be there."

Lane watched the two go. He followed at a short distance, waiting until Muriel had got on her mule and started down a grassy tramline. Then he came back and retraced the trail he thought Adolf von Graulitz had taken in walking up from where he had beached his *cayuca*. He searched the undergrowth, thinking he might find an empty cartridge, but it was a hopeless quest. Anyhow, he rather thought the shot had been fired from a rifle.

When he got back to the farmhouse, nearly an hour later, Pinky Hind was sitting on the veranda in a pair of bright red trousers that had been given to him, he said, by an Indian lady in Campeche. Lane went directly to Hind's room, opened a closet in which he knew the overseer kept his .30-caliber single-shot rifle.

Lane opened the breech, looked through the barrel. The bore was bright, as though it had been cleaned very recently. And yet Pinky Hind had been in the tropics long enough to know the value of keeping sperm oil in the barrel and a plug of grease in the muzzle. There was no use asking him about it, however. The cantankerous little redhead would insist that the best way to keep rust out of a rifle barrel was to shoot it out. . . .

THE perpetual trident of worry that creased the forehead of Division Manager Dave Perry grew deeper on payday. Payday alone wasn't responsible; that was a periodic worry one got used to after a while, like prickly heat. Nothing had ever happened to the armored pay car that went scooting along the fringes of the jungle with the brown soldiers flanking the paymaster on the rear platform, and the fortune in currency in the little safe inside. And as for the brown-skinned hordes of roaring, whooping fruit cutters who swept into the port on payday night, full of fight and *guaro*, singing Spanish songs and swinging machetes (made in Connecticut), spoiling for a good chopping match with anyone, preferably a Jamaican or a Beliziano—well, a man could stay indoors until the monthly riot had subsided.

On this particular payday, Perry's frown was deepened by three separate but connected events: a ship was due, Mr. Gerald Stilton was coming down from the Capital, and the trouble with the German coffee planters across the river in Liberica was coming to a head. The ship, the Bonaca, was not calling for bananas—cutting, stacking and loading fruit was out of the question on payday—the Bonaca was merely making a special stop at Puerto Musa to deliver one hundred thousand dollars in currency from the New Orleans office of the Caribbean Fruit Co. The hundred thousand was bringing Mr. Stilton to the coast from his unofficial legation in the highlands, and Mr. Stilton's visit would undoubtedly bring into the open the smoldering hostility of the coffee planters.

OFFICIALLY, Gerald W. Stilton was the Caribbean Fruit Co.'s agent in the Capital—a thirty-thousand-dollar-a-year man in an office that sold five or six thousand dollars' worth of steamship tickets annually. Unofficially, he was an ambassador without portfolio. Suave, urbane, powerful, he was consulted by the American Minister and the local politicos alike. An infantry officer during the war, he was often called "Captain" to his face. Behind his back he was more frequently, and not too affectionately, called "The Big Cheese." He was respected and admired more than he was loved. In striped trousers and top hat, with a flower in the lapel of his morning coat, he was persona grata at the President's Palace. And when matters of fruit company concessions were discussed, taxes fixed, or new export duties (on bananas, naturally) proposed by a needy treasury, it was soft-spoken Gerald Stilton who arranged terms by private and personal treaty.

For years things had run smoothly. Export duties on bananas had never exceeded one cent a bunch, agricultural materials came to the fruit company free of tariff, and there were options for the asking on new land that the company might need for increased plantations or a new railway yard. Government officials were very friendly to Mr. Stilton because he was a gentleman and represented a rich and generous company that poured five million dollars a year into the country in wages and taxes, taking out nothing but a lot of bananas. Besides, there was an old legend current about how Mr. Stilton, singlehanded, had once engineered a violent change in government in a neighboring republic that did not fully appreciate the benefits of allowing jungles to be converted into banana land. So Mr. Stilton had always had his own way—until a year ago.

A year ago there had arrived in Puerto Musa—or rather at Liberica, a scant five miles up the coast, just across the river, where the German coffee steamers lay offshore and loaded cargo and passen-

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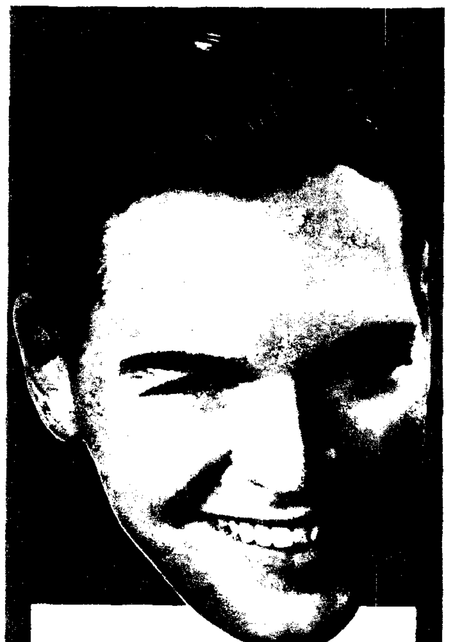

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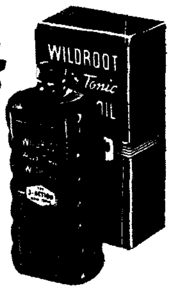

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gers from lighters—a gentleman by the name of Adolf von Graulitz. The new arrival was at times as suave and urbane as Mr. Stilton; these were times when he was radiating the charm of his Bavarian mother. At other times he was as blunt and domineering as his swaggering Prussian father. And at all times he was obviously bad medicine for the Caribbean Fruit Co.

There had long been antagonism between the German coffee men and the American banana growers, but it was confined to such minor matters as the Germans floating their coffee down the Rio Sangre to avoid paying freight charges to the banana company's railway, and the banana company consequently refusing to allow the German ships to use the fruit company dock. With the arrival of von Graulitz, however, the matter grew more serious.

Von Graulitz was nominally the head of the coffee growers' association. Actually he was regarded as an emissary of the Fuehrer, the embodiment of the Fatherland's avowed policy to offer protection and inspiration to Germans abroad. That he was gratuitously offering inspiration—and perhaps more—to certain high officials in the Capital who were friendly to the idea of a totalitarian state was more than probable. At least he had discovered land options that the fruit company had allowed to lapse and was making definite movements to take them over. There were whispered but persistent rumors that these water-front lands would make a fine new coffee-shipping port—unless, of course, the fruit company should abandon Puerto Musa under confiscatory taxation measures that a new government in the Capital might conceivably enact. In which case, naturally, Puerto Musa would become the coffee port.

Among the possible slips between the coffee cup and the lip there was Mr. Gerald Stilton and there was the hundred thousand dollars coming down on the Bonaca. Dave Perry, as he went to meet the evening train from the Capital, was fairly certain that the hundred thousand would somehow insure a retroactive exercise of the lapsed option on the water-front lands at Liberica. Just how, Perry did not know, but, knowing Mr. Stilton and knowing that the hundred thousand was in currency instead of a bank draft, he was confident that it would find its way, however improperly, into the proper hands. He was not surprised, therefore, to see the dapper, white-haired, young-faced Mr. Stilton get off the train with a swart, fat, neckless man in a rumpled pongee suit.

"PERRY," said Mr. Stilton, "this is His Excellency Señor Manzana, the new Minister of the Interior."

"*'Egre,*" mumbled His Excellency. He had a stringy black mustache that curled around the ends of his mouth like a pair of calipers measuring the thickness of his lips.

"My house is at the disposition of His Excellency," said Perry.

"Thank you, no," said Mr. Stilton. "The Bonaca is in port. His Excellency will stay aboard the ship."

"The Bonaca sails at ten tonight."

"Then we will postpone the sailing. His Excellency has never slept aboard a ship before, and he is eager for the experience. I suggest the B suite. Will you arrange it, Perry?"

"Yes, of course."

"Did the Bonaca bring a parcel for me, Perry?"

"The skipper brought it ashore half an hour ago," Perry said. "It's locked in my safe."

"Did he confirm my radiogram to the chief steward?"

"Yes, Mr. Stilton. The dinner will be at seven."

"His Excellency has never eaten aboard ship before," said Stilton. "That's why I had the Bonaca put in here. She has a good French chef."

"About that parcel, Mr. Stilton—"

"That can wait until morning," said Mr. Stilton with a casual wave of his Tobago cane.

"Yes, of course." Dave Perry's frown deepened again. He would be much happier when the hundred thousand was no longer in his safe. He knew, however, that business was not transacted so simply in Latin America. Even the purchase of a five-cent package of cigarettes entailed a certain amount of punctilio, and it would take a proportionate amount of ceremonious bowing before a hundred-thousand-dollar deal could be concluded. The fact that the financial arrangements might not be strictly honest called for even greater delicacy. In the States, where official corruption is crassly efficient, such matters may be carried on on a larger scale; but in Latin America they were kept on a higher plane. There would be nothing so crude as the mere exchange of a small black bag. Even for an *opéra-bouffe* politician from the highlands, a man who had never been aboard a steamship, there must be at least a banquet.

AND a banquet there was—the best that the chef of the Bonaca could turn out. Aside from Perry and Mr. Stilton, there were a round half-dozen local dignitaries invited to break melba toast with His Excellency the Minister of the Interior. The captain of the Bonaca was there as nominal host. There was smart and ambitious Coronel José Blanco, the comandante, as ranking representative of the Republic at Puerto Musa; Bill Roland, the limp and lanky U. S. vice-consul; Henry Alcott, the company accountant; Ed Bannister, the port superintendent; and Dr. Leopold Janvier, the bearded chief surgeon of the fruit-company hospital. The division engineer and the superintendent of agriculture were in the *bosque,* working on a flood-control project, but their wives were there.

Mrs. Alcott was there, too, looking somewhat tacky in the dinner gown she had made herself from the iridescent green taffeta she had bought at the company commissary; and plain, motherly Mrs. Bannister; and dark, flashing Señora Blanco, easily the most charming woman present. Mrs. Janvier, the doctor's wife, was not there; she was never invited when other company wives were present; they doubted whether she was legally Mrs. Janvier at all; besides, she had sung in music halls before the doctor met her in Guatemala City.

His Excellency the Minister of the Interior seemed to be enjoying the shipboard function, although he did not say so. He expressed himself exclusively in grunts, monosyllables, a gesture of his pudgy hands bright with many rings, and, after the sixth champagne cocktail, an occasional eructation. Dave Perry could not help contrasting this gross, ignorant politico with the slim, cultured, military-looking comandante. He thought he caught a gleam of contemptuous amusement in the keen dark eyes of the young comandante when His Excellency appropriated the caviar from the steward who passed it to him first, lifted the hollow block of ice to his own plate, and scooped up the last of the lustrous gray pellets with the serving spoon. It was at this moment that Adolf von Graulitz arrived.

Von Graulitz did not merely come into the dining saloon; he made an entrance. He paused on the staircase, one hand on the gilded balustrade, waiting for the moment of crashing silence to tell him he was the focus of shocked eyes. Then he slipped off his waterproof cape, raindrops glistening on the white silk, and gave it a slight flourish to display the scarlet lining as he handed it to a steward. With one precise movement he gave a tug of adjustment to the front of his white serge dinner jacket. The miniature medals jingled faintly on his left breast.

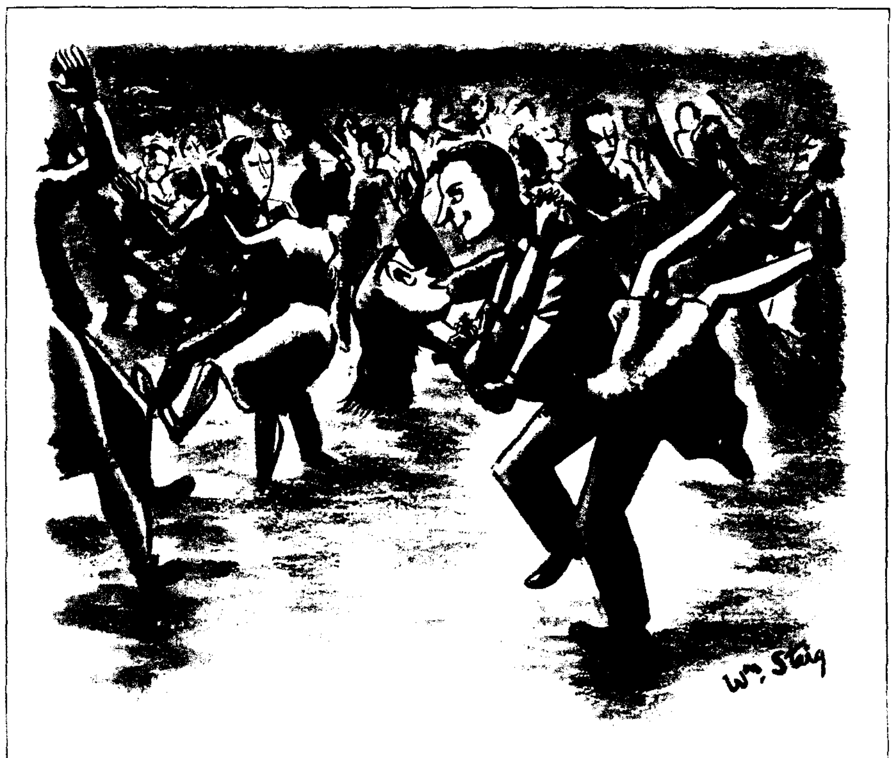
"I am afraid I am a trifle late, gentlemen," he said. "My motor launch broke down."

The thick, hostile silence that absorbed his words did not bother him in the least. His bearing was supremely self-confident, his egg-shaped head held high at an arrogant angle, as though he were surveying the dinner party through a nonexistent monocle. Slowly, elegantly, he descended another step.

AT LAST Dave Perry arose to break the silence, the color deepening beneath the tan of his rugged face.

"You're not late, Graulitz," he said. "You're early—about fifty years early. This is a private party, Graulitz, and you're not invited."

"Don't be ridiculous, Mr. Perry," said the German. He spoke with an accent that was mostly Oxford, with just a trace of Teutonic intonation in his long vowel



"You dance divinely!" WILLIAM STEIG

sounds, particularly the o's. His lips, pursed as if in eternal preparation for an umlaut, tightened into a superior smile. "Don't be ridiculous," he repeated. "This is my party, Perry. You're preparing the tar and feathers for *me*—before you ride me out of the country on a rail. Don't you want your victim present?"

"If I ever want you," snapped Perry, "I'll send for you."

"Now, Mr. Perry." Adolf von Graulitz came down the staircase, approached the table, pulled up a chair and sat down next to the division manager. "Why go on dissimulating?" he pursued. "I know perfectly well why Mr. Stilton is here tonight—with Señor Manzana. I know that very shortly it will be revealed that the Caribbean Fruit Co. owns some recently discovered rights to the Rio Sangre delta, and that your dredgers, pile drivers and work barges will clog the mouth of the river—particularly on days when our coffee lighters might otherwise get through to load a German ship anchored off Liberica. You're trying to put a noose about the neck of the coffee planters of this country, Perry. But you won't succeed, I warn you."

"Save your ultimatums," said Perry. "This isn't Austria."

"It's useless to talk to you, Perry. But Mr. Stilton knows that unless he comes to an agreement with me—"

"He will have to deal with the Third Reich, I suppose," Perry interrupted.

For an instant von Graulitz's brazen urbanity deserted him. His pale blue eyes flashed, his close-cropped hair seemed to bristle, his bland voice became guttural with annoyance, as he shouted: "Why must you make politics of a commercial quarrel, Perry? Because you misunderstand the new Germany, you impute insidious purposes to everything we do. We are no more imperialists than you are—you with your dollar diplomacy and banana empire. We are only coffee diplomatists. . . ."

"Oh, sure. I know all that," Perry said. "I know there's nothing political about those herds of young hotheads that parade around the Capital with swastikas on their arms. Or in the short propaganda that comes over the short waves from Berlin every night—in Spanish. Or it wouldn't be political if the swastika boys in the Capital should somehow get possession of a few thousand Mauser rifles or machine guns that might come in—by mistake, of course—on a coffee boat some day. Or it wouldn't be political—"

"WAIT a minute, Perry," Gerald Stilton broke in at last. "I think perhaps Herr von Graulitz and I might have a word together—privately."

"I was certain that Mr. Stilton would want to talk this matter over sensibly," said von Graulitz, with a bow that was as smug as it was condescending. "In fact, I anticipated the interview. I brought a case of Rhine wine with me from Liberica and I took the liberty of asking your man at the Musa Club to chill the bottles. It is Schloss Johannisberger 1921. Shall we conduct our discussion over a glass of hock, Mr. Stilton?"

Mr. Stilton looked at His Excellency. The Minister of the Interior had been paying scant attention to the altercation. He had been too busy with his sole Marguery.

"*Permiso, Excelencia?*" said Mr. Stilton.

"*Porque no?*" replied His Excellency, helping himself to more *endives Bechamel au gratin.*

Mr. Stilton got up. "You will excuse me, ladies? This is an unfortunate interruption, but I know you will understand its importance. Look after His Excellency, Perry. I'll rejoin you later."

When the two men left, the dinner party quietly died. For long periods there was no sound except the polite clink of cutlery on porcelain, or the appreciative smacking of His Excellency's lips. When the coffee cups were brought on, Perry looked at his watch, leaned across the table to the accountant, and said: "Alcott, I think you and I ought to go see what's keeping Mr. Stilton. Bannister, see that the ladies get home. You'll find my car on the siding in case it's raining. Dr. Janvier, you keep an eye on His Excellency; he's getting a little red in the face. Come on, Alcott."

Perry and the accountant walked rapidly down the dock.

When they got to the Musa Club, the bartender said that Mr. Stilton and von Graulitz had left together a few minutes before, and that the German was going back to Liberica.

"I'm going to walk down to the small-boat landing," Perry said, as he came out the door. "You stick around here, Alcott, in case I miss Mr. Stilton on the way."

IN TEN minutes Perry came back up the walk—alone. Alcott was standing outside the club, smoking a cigarette.

"Graulitz's launch shoved off twenty minutes ago," Perry said. "A fisherman saw Mr. Stilton come down to the landing and turn around and walk away."

"He hasn't come by here," Alcott said.

"Funny I missed him," Perry mused. "He must have come back by way of the power plant, instead of the comandancia."

"Maybe he went up to your house," Alcott suggested.

Bannister, the port superintendent, strolled up, having brought the ladies from the ship. He said, "There's nobody at your house, Mr. Perry. I just came by there, and it was dark."

Mr. Stilton hadn't returned to the ship, either, according to the dinner guests who began to arrive from the dock—all but His Excellency. Dr. Janvier reported that His Excellency had gone to bed; that he always took a siesta after eating.

"Damned funny," said Perry.

For a moment nobody said anything. A chorus of tropical frogs made strange counterpoint in the croton hedge.

Suddenly Dr. Janvier pointed.

"Look, Mr. Perry!" he exclaimed. "There is light in your office."

Four men in slickers sat back to back on the hard seat that ran lengthwise on Cecil Holliday's gasoline car. The Indian motor boy clung on precariously behind, huddling close to the engine box to keep out of the hot, pounding rain that sloshed off the flat top. Walter Lane was in front with Holliday, who held the throttle. Hind and a neighboring overseer were the other passengers.

It was nearly dark when they reached Puerto Musa.

Lane watched Hind disappear into the smoke-blue interior of the Cantina de los Dos Tecolotes, where the payday dice game was in progress. He heard Holliday say: "But we will stop farther down for a spot of something bracing, if you don't mind."

Lane didn't mind, so they went into a bar with the name of *Mi Sueno.* It was less dingy than some of the others.

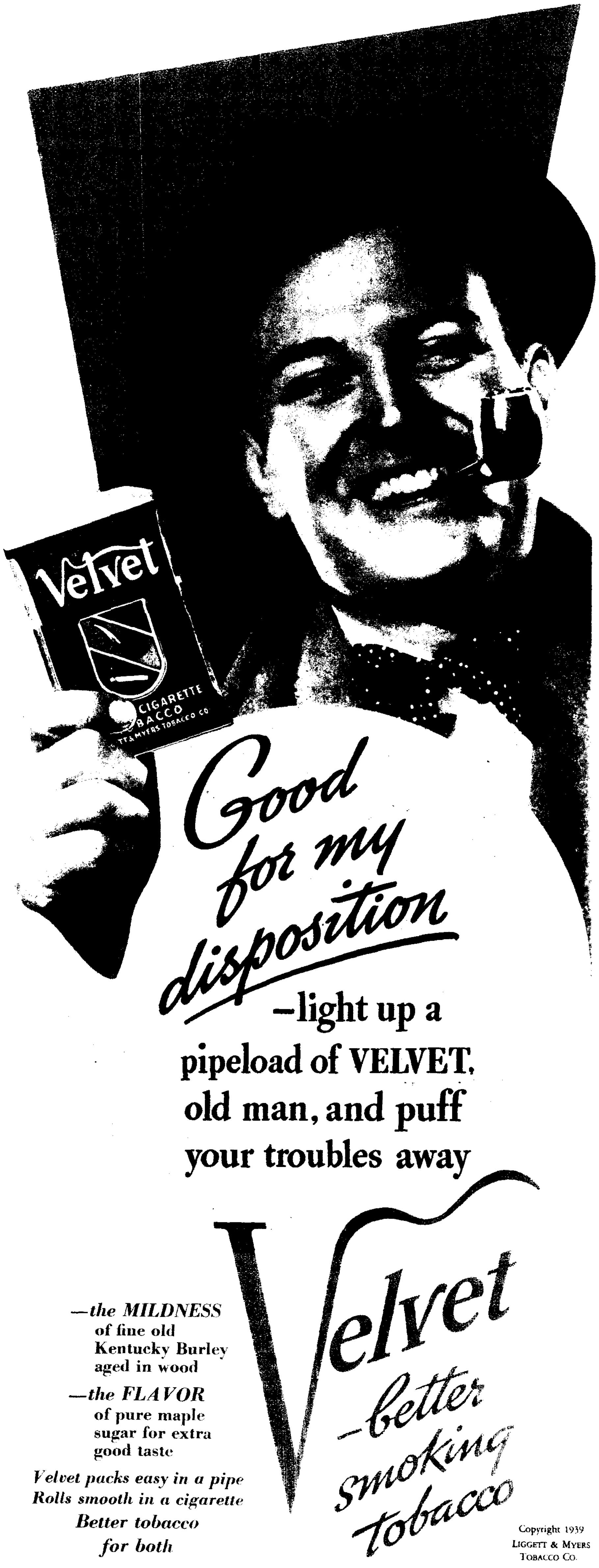
At the bar, Holliday apologized to Lane as he poured himself a tremendous slug of whisky.

"You don't mind if I get a bit bottled tonight, do you, Lane?" he said. "I'm not really offensive when I'm bottled, and I do need a bracer before going to the Hen House."

"The Hen House?"

"That's Muriel Monroe's name for the chummery of the non-wives. When I go there I like to be gay without growing too sentimental, without remembering—Well, finish your drink and let's get going."

When Muriel greeted them at the



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Good for my disposition
—light up a pipeload of VELVET, old man, and puff your troubles away
—the MILDNESS of fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood
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Velvet packs easy in a pipe
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Lucky Lapp!

The Lapp maiden lives in the icy north—yet she is luckier than we. Chewing rough, primitive foods keeps her teeth strong and healthy. *We* eat soft, civilized foods—give our teeth too little hard, healthful chewing.

"CHEW DENTYNE!" SAY DENTISTS

Thousands of dentists throughout the country advise Dentyne, the "chewier" gum—it offers the vigorous chewing exercise your teeth *need.* Vitalizes gums and mouth tissues, and cleanses mouth and teeth by increasing the flow of saliva. A real aid to healthier mouth—stronger tissues, whiter teeth!

TASTE THAT LUSCIOUS FLAVOR! You'll *want* to get the Dentyne daily health habit when you taste its spicy, rich flavor! Long-lasting, delicious! Slip the neatly flat package (exclusive Dentyne feature) into your pocket or purse—an ever-handy treat!

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

door, Lane thought he understood Holliday's desire to cloak his sensibilities with an alcoholic indifference. She was as lovely as a cloud of apple blossoms as she came toward them in a sweeping mist of voile. The hand she gave was warm and disarmingly friendly.

Considering that a scant week ago he had been No. 212 and that the living room was already bulging with young men, Lane thought that Muriel was being surprisingly attentive to him. She kept a firm but caressing grip of his hand as she led him around to be introduced.

"This is Walter Lane, everybody. Walter, this is Nita Fenwick. . . ."

"Hi, pal," said Nita languidly. She was a slim, dark girl with world-weary crescents under smoky gray eyes that didn't seem to open all the way. Her slinky gown was as scarlet as hibiscus. The spicy scent of musk clung to the fingers she held out to Lane with exquisite fatigue.

"And Fay."

"How do you do?" Fay was pert and freckled. She had a nice smile but no great flair for personal adornment.

"And Della."

An incipient giggle hovered on Della's lips. She was plump and pretty in an impersonal, vacuous way.

"Whose little secretaries are you?" Lane asked.

"They're community property," volunteered Nita. Her flip repartee didn't quite match her drawl.

"And this is Katherine."

Lane thought Katherine had the build of a lady discus thrower. She was older than the other four and seemed conscious of the fact. The company had imported her as schoolteacher for the children of Puerto Musa division.

Lane didn't remember the names of most of the men. There were half a dozen semiarticulate overseers from neighboring farms, two wisecracking clerks from the commissary, a young engineer just back from running a new telephone line through the jungle and who still wore his insectproof curly red beard, and a radio operator from the company wireless station, an angular young man named Bob Neptune.

WHEN the assembled masculinity had been rendered articulate by food and drink, Della tried to get dance music on the radio, but without success. There were speeches from Guatemala and Tegucigalpa, a play from Mexico, atrocious studio orchestras at Baranquilla and Medellin, and folk songs from Havana. The stations from the States were lost in a roar of static.

"Bob, you promised to fix our radio and you never did," said Della.

"Nothing's wrong with the set," the radio operator replied. "It's just interference."

"Where does the interference come from, Neptune?" Walter Lane tried not to seem too interested.

"Different places," said the radio man. "Never seems to come from the same direction. I don't know what's responsible, but then I never gave it much thought. It don't bother any of the commercial wave lengths that we work."

"I'll play the piano if you want to dance," said Katherine.

The tropics had not been kind to the felts of the small upright in the Hen House, and it had a tone not unlike a clavichord. Katherine played with more energy than sense of rhythm. Her fox trots all sounded like Schubert's *Marche Militaire* performed for the morning calisthenics of the 2-B grade.

Della came over and sat on the arm of Cecil Holliday's chair. Her giggle had been loosened considerably by the last highball. She said: "Muriel said I should never ask you to play the piano, but I know you can play better than Katherine. We can't dance to her music. Will you play if I kiss you?"

Holliday turned red, then deathly pale. He got up, crossed the room, poured himself half a tumbler of whisky, drank it neat, then came back and sat down without a word. He kept his maimed right hand in his pocket.

The silence settled on the room like a wet blanket. Even Della's giggle succumbed to the general embarrassment.

Muriel Monroe tried to relieve the strange tension. She said:

"Nobody wants to dance, Della. Let's all go swimming."

"Not me," drawled Nita. "It's raining. I might get wet."

"The rain's stopped and there's a moon. Don't you swim, Walter?"

"Like a fish," Lane said. "Like a Bismarck herring."

THEY found a pair of trunks for Lane, and a few minutes later he was walking through the dim tracery of palm shadows on moonlight. A bath towel was draped over his left shoulder. Muriel Monroe, wrapped in a thin dressing gown as a protection against sand flies, was walking very close to him. She carried a bag under her arm. Two other couples, Bob Neptune and the engineer were some distance ahead. They had nearly reached the beach when Muriel stopped suddenly.

She put one hand on Lane's bare shoulder, looked up at him with what he thought in the dark was a gently mocking expression, and began to laugh softly.

"You know, you're really not such a sinister and crafty person," she said.

"Sorry to disappoint," Lane said. "Am I supposed to be sinister and crafty?"

"Some people think you are. But you're really quite naïve and trusting."

"Thanks. How do you know?"

"Well, you scarcely know any of those people at the Hen House tonight. And yet you went off and left your wallet and passport behind—at the mercy of anybody with light fingers."

"How do you know I had a wallet and passport with me?"

"Because I retrieved them for you," the girl said. "I've got them in my bag."

"You're a slick worker," Lane said. "Did you find the information you were looking for?"

"I haven't even glanced at them," the girl replied.

"Why did you take them, then?"

"Because it seemed imprudent of you to leave them. After all, there *is* something mysterious about you, Walt. And I can't help thinking about poor Bill Bossert, and his passports . . ."

"What about Bossert?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe I've been reading too many of these action-story magazines that all the boys down here dote on. But I somehow imagined that maybe you were an old friend of Bill Bossert's, come down to investigate his death, maybe to avenge him if there was anything wrong. . . ."

"Was there anything wrong?"

"I suppose not. I'm imagining things."

"Then what do we do with my passport? Take it swimming with us?"

"No, but we can stop by the office. I can put it in Mr. Perry's safe."

"Can you get in all right?"

"I have my keys."

"In the safe, I mean."

"Oh. Yes, I know the combination."

The moon made a luminous cross shining through the screened window of the division manager's deserted office. Muriel knelt directly in front of the safe. Her long robe, billowing out over the floor, and her bathing cap took on unfamiliar outlines in the moonlit gloom. Lane had the incongruous thought that they made the girl look like a medieval nun at prayer.

"Where's the light switch?" he asked.

"I don't need the light," Muriel said. "Besides, you're not supposed to watch me dial the combination."

"Are you the only one who knows it besides Perry?"

"Mr. Alcott knows it, too."

"What would happen if you were all three engulfed in a tidal wave?"

"There's a sealed copy of the combination in Mr. Alcott's safe," the girl said. "Turn your back, Walter."

"I won't look, don't worry. I'll wait for you outside."

Muriel put the passport in the safe and was a little surprised to see that Lane had actually gone. She went out to look for him, but he wasn't in front of the office building. She called, "Walter!" She called him twice more before he appeared out of the shadows.

"Where were you?" she asked.

"Inside."

"I thought you were going to wait outside."

"I was detained. I saw something through the side window that interested me. I was watching a man trying to climb through the hedge. He seemed to be having a little trouble with his legs. It took him three tries."

"A drunk!" said Muriel. "The port's full of them tonight."

"This particular drunk had a familiar air about him."

"What of it?" said Muriel. "Let's swim."

The sharkproofed part of the beach was not very large. A line of tall palings ran fifty yards into the water, then doubled back like three sides of a square. Half a dozen swimmers were splashing in the enclosure. The beads of spray turned to pearls in the faint moonlight. Lane could see the lights of the Bonaca beyond the close-set stakes of the shark fence.

MURIEL swam very well, Lane observed, as he dove in after the girl. He told her so, after he had come up sputtering, a few yards behind her.

"Bet you can't catch me," she challenged.

"Bet I can."

And he did—after a breathless, overhand chase. He cornered her against the shark fence, a little too easily, he thought, although they were both blowing hard when he scooped her up in his arms. She was a lovely armful, he mused. The moonlight shone on her wet cheeks, and there were stars in her eyes as she looked up at him—expectantly, he thought. She lowered her eyes—modestly?—then raised them again. Unless his early education had been entirely false, she wanted to be kissed. He was about to comply, when she said suddenly:

"Walt, what's that on your chest?"

"Oh, that," Lane said. "Well, I was born in the West. And you know how it is out there where men are men and the spaces are open wide. They brand all us colts."

"What's your brand, Walt?"

"Lazy Bar F-L-Y."

Muriel laughed. "That was Bill Bossert's ranch, too, wasn't it, Walt?"

"Was it?"

"He had the same brand as you."

Lane dropped her. She went under without taking her hands from his shoulders. Bright threads of phosphorescence bubbled up to follow the curves of her body as she submerged, clothing her with exciting outlines of shimmering beads. She came up again slowly, without swallowing water, without losing the vein of her conversation. She said:

"You did know Bill Bossert, didn't you, Walt?"

"What difference could that possibly make to you?"

"Well, you know how people are down here. They think you've been sent down from the north—to snoop."

(To be continued next week)

Strange Honeymoon

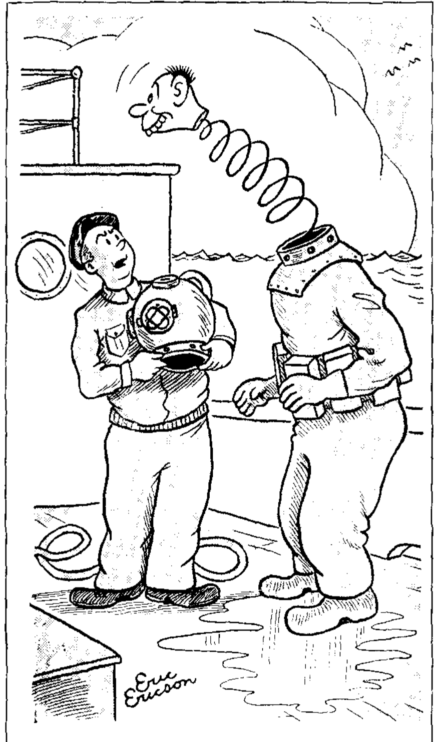
Continued from page 15

to switch on the corner light that she preferred. She was feeling particularly inadequate this night, particularly unhappy. She had succeeded in her task of keeping Alan from discovering that she knew anything, but, by the same token, she had not succeeded in breaking down his reserve. She had hated to see him struggling so hard with brittle words when she could detect the worry behind his eyes.

She moved back into the hall, still maintaining her false gaiety. She said, with simulated brightness, "Won't you come into my parlor . . . ?" Then, sharply: "Alan! What's the matter?"

He was standing stiffly, eyes focused on the newspaper. She said again: "What's the matter?"

He lowered the paper and the gaze that he turned on her was frightening. His voice was grave. He said, "Come in here, Judith."



"Play, play, play—that's all you think of!"

ERIC ERICSON

She followed, and seated herself beside him on the couch. He held out the paper and said, "Look."

There it was: grimly sensational, appallingly real. Together, they read it. Together, they struggled to make themselves know that it could be true:

ANGEL FREMONT MURDERED

BLOND BEAUTY, EX-FOLLIES GIRL,
FOUND DEAD IN OWN APARTMENT

No Clue to Murderer

Sprawled on the floor of her simple East Side apartment, the body of beautiful Angel Fremont, famous model and ex-Follies girl, and a famous figure in New York's night-club life, was found early last night with a bullet through the heart.

The body was discovered by a delivery boy who, finding the door unlocked, entered the apartment after failing to receive an answer to his knock. He called the superintendent who, in turn, telephoned the police.

The police state that while they have no clue to the identity of the murderer, they expect to make an early arrest. No gun was found, and the positive statement was made that it could not have been suicide.

Angel Fremont was considered one of the most beautiful of New York's night-life girls. Statuesque, vividly blond, widely known and liked, Miss Fremont was a picturesque figure. Early information was that she had probably been killed about five o'clock in the afternoon, the body having been discovered about eight.

She was lying on the floor, clad in her underwear and a negligee. Death must have been instantaneous, as the bullet entered—

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)

There was more on page six: much more. And there were pictures: startling pictures of Angel as she had been—as showgirl and as model, as she had appeared once in a gay mood at the Tunisia. And more than ghastly, a view of the body sprawled grotesquely on the floor of her apartment. It was that last picture that prevented Judith and Alan from reading any more just then; it made the thing too vivid, too believable.

They were silent for a long time, and then Judith impulsively put her hand over Alan's. She said, softly, "Poor Angel." And then, quite simply and naturally, "Poor Alan."

HE STARED at her for a moment with eyes that seemed to look through and beyond her. In them she could read shock and horror and disbelief. She knew that he was struggling to accept a truth that could not be true. She came close to him and he put his arms around her, but it was the gesture of a man who must cling to something. He said, "I don't believe it. . . ."

Judith was thinking, "He must have loved her very much . . ." and she thought it generously, as though that were the most natural thing in the world. Then, almost in direct answer to her unspoken thought, Alan said, "Being with Angel was *different*. She was so alive . . . so happy . . ."

Judith moved even closer. He was still clinging to her hand. She was trying desperately to help him think clearly. She said, "We've got to be sane about it, Alan."

"I can't think at all," he answered. "I can only feel."

"I understand." Judith's lips were dry. "But maybe if we just talked . . . maybe that would help both of us."

"I suppose so." He made a little gesture of weariness. "Yes . . . you're right, Judith. You're always right."

"I'm just as shocked as you are, Alan. I was fond of Angel . . . and maybe I understood her even better than you did." Judith's voice was scarcely more than a whisper. "I believe you need me right now, don't you, Alan?"

He broke then. Not much, but enough to let her know that he did need her, and to make her happy because of it. They were nearer to each other by reason of this incredible tragedy.

But she was thinking more clearly than he was, and she knew that he mustn't be allowed to sit there numbly, and so she asked, "When did you see her last, Alan?"

"Last night," he answered dully.

"Did she seem . . . well, afraid—about anything?"

His mind flashed back twenty-four hours. He said, "No. Not afraid. But it was odd . . ."

Judith was patient and gentle and understanding. She questioned him quietly, so that he might think more clearly. "What was odd, Alan?"

"I'll lose my job if I don't get some sleep!"

Do you dread the coming of bedtime and the torment of being unable to sleep? Tonight, decide that you won't face another morning with a weary body and jumpy nerves. There's a way that thousands, who could not sleep, have successfully tried—it's simply this . . .

Just before retiring you drink a cupful of delicious Horlick's Malted Milk, hot. Sip it slowly. Notice how you begin to feel soothed and relaxed all over—even a little drowsy, perhaps, before you've finished the drink . . .

Now climb into bed and adjust yourself comfortably. The hot Horlick's is already giving your stomach just enough light digestible food to help calm your usually wakeful brain. Very likely, without trying, you'll go easily, peacefully, soundly to sleep.

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Many a girl or woman who has been thin almost to the point of scrawniness, gives grateful credit to Horlick's Malted Milk for an enviable new attractiveness of figure. Men, as well as women, who are underweight and run down often add pounds of firm new weight by drinking refreshing Horlick's several times a day.

Children as well as grown-ups thrive on Horlick's, for over half a century the great American food-drink for all ages. Plain or chocolate flavored. Also in compact tablets—nourishing and delicious—to eat like candy. Horlick's is potent in full-cream milk, extracted nutriments of wheat and malted barley; with minerals good for teeth and bones, and natural vitamins as well as proteins required for growth. Horlick's is produced to meet a need and not a price—and yet, so rich is it in food content that you'll find using it economical. Insist on Horlick's because Horlick's is made to strict laboratory standards of purity. It is not a mere mechanical mixture but is pre-cooked in vacuum at low temperatures.

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MALTED MILK
THE GREAT AMERICAN FOOD-DRINK FOR ALL AGES

HORLICK'S *THE ORIGINAL MALTED MILK*

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Is your boy timid, afraid to venture out on his own? Is he as important among his fellows as he would like...and *you* would like him to be? If he doesn't *stand* out, it may be because his energy doesn't *hold* out. And that's where COCOMALT comes in...strong!

More Pep for More Push

COCOMALT is an *energizing* food drink... high in energy, low in fat. Every glassful, mixed with milk, gives your child 44 minutes of energy for a fast game like hockey.

Get COCOMALT in *your* home today! Sold by grocery and drug stores everywhere. Enjoy it with meals, in mid-afternoon, before going to bed. Living is more fun when you're not short of energy! Let COCOMALT help you enjoy life *more!*

Fathers! **Every glass of COCOMALT with milk gives youngsters** *forty-four* **minutes of ENERGY* for hockey.**

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FORTIFIED WITH VITAMIN D
IRON, CALCIUM, PHOSPHORUS

DRINK IT HOT or COLD!

Energy by the glassful

A PROTECTIVE FOOD DRINK

COCOMALT supplies *energy*. It's a *protective food drink*. It supplies essentials that may be lacking in the daily diet, including calcium, phosphorus, Vitamin D and iron. 3 glasses a day take care of the average person's minimum requirements of all these.

**The measurements of energy used in this advertisement have been estimated by applying the energy value of Cocomalt to the energy expenditures of various occupations as covered in "The Foundations of Nutrition" by Dr. Mary Swartz Rose, authoritative textbook in this field.*

"She told me that she—well, that she was very fond of me."

Judith said gravely, "I've known that for a long time."

"Maybe I have, too. A man is never sure about that sort of thing. And what happened last night is hard to explain. You see, she wasn't talking about marriage—or anything like that. She was sort of joking, like she always did. I felt embarrassed, and . . . it isn't possible for you to understand, Judith. I felt awfully close to her."

"Of course. But aside from what you've just told me . . . did there seem to be anything on her mind? Any particular worry?"

"No. Angel wasn't the worrying sort. Not about herself, anyway. I suppose she always knew that there was a day coming when she wouldn't be so young and so beautiful . . . but she never talked about it."

Judith knew what Alan was thinking; what he was fearing. She glanced at the newspaper again and said, "It wasn't suicide. That's the one thing the police seem positive about."

Alan said abruptly, "I'd better be going."

"Going? Where?"

"To see Gene Lyons."

"Why?"

"No reason why, except that it's natural. *They were very close . . .*" He paused suddenly, and looked at Judith. "Gene was with her this afternoon. At her apartment."

"What makes you think that?"

"Angel telephoned him last night. He said he'd be there. Maybe he can tell me something. Anyway, I want to see him. This thing will knock him for a loop."

She nodded. "I suppose so." Her eyes were on Alan's averted face. She rose and said quietly, "Going to Gene's apartment?"

"Yes."

"Hadn't you better telephone first?"

"No. I'd have to say things on the phone if I did. I'd rather be there with him."

"I understand." She moved toward the hall. "I'll drive you over."

"Don't bother. I'll hop a cab."

"I'm running this, Alan. I'm not only going to take you over, but I'm going to bring you back."

He put his hands on her shoulders and looked down gratefully into her eyes. He said, "Thanks, Judith. You understand a heap, don't you?"

SHE took the wheel and headed downtown. They parked half a block from the ten-story apartment building where Gene Lyons lived. Judith said, "Shall I go up with you?"

"No. I'd rather see him alone. You drive back home."

"I'll wait," she said positively. "I wouldn't trust you to keep your word about coming back."

"Don't worry," he said, and she knew that he meant it. "Don't worry, Judith—I need you tonight."

He walked away. She could see him moving toward the entrance to the apartment building, a half block west of where she was parked on the one-way street. . . .

Alan entered the elevator and said, "Five, please." The boy nodded and the car sped silently upward. Alan got out, walked to an oak-paneled door on which the letter C had been inscribed. The hall was quiet and deserted. The buzzer sounded sharply.

There was a brief pause. Then the door opened and Alan was face to face with Gene Lyons.

Gene looked startled. He said, "What do you want?"

His manner was far from cordial, and Alan said, "I want to talk to you."

"Sorry, I'm busy."

Impelled by an instinct that he himself could not understand, Alan shoved past the larger man. He crossed the small foyer in three steps. He was aware of Gene's tall figure at his heels, of Gene's hand on his arm, of Gene's voice, saying harshly, "What the hell do you want?"

And then Alan was in the living room. Gene was standing beside him, but Alan was not conscious of Gene. Not any more.

There was another man in that living room. A big, broad, hulking figure, which hoisted itself from the wing chair.

Another man in that room. A man whom Alan knew.

The man was Joe Carter.

FOR several moments Alan stood motionless. He knew that he ought to be thinking, but his brain refused to function. He could only feel.

It was too sudden, too startling, too weirdly impossible to be grasped in a moment. Emotions crowded in on him: relief, amazement, incredulity. He thought, "That's Joe Carter—the man I killed," and then he thought, "That's absurd. He can't be here. He's dead."

There were so many things to think about in this tremendous moment, so many notions to readjust. There was a jumble of thoughts, a warning to himself to think clearly. And out of all the welter of conflicting emotions, one forced itself to the front and remained there; one idea, one exhilarating fact:

"I'm not a murderer," Alan thought. "I never killed anybody."

Just that one amazing fact. A bit of Alan's confidence returned; the fear that had gripped him for a week commenced to disappear, because it had been based on a loathing of what he had done.

Joe Carter was alive. He was here: big and dangerous as ever. But Alan knew then that no threat of Joe Carter, alive, could ever be comparable to the threat of Joe Carter, dead.

There was silence in that room, a silence that was brief and grim. It was a silence that gave Alan a chance to think, and to begin to grasp the significance of this impossible thing; not to understand it all at once, because it was too startling.

Alan noticed things. He noticed that Joe Carter's coat was off, that he had been lounging in his shirt sleeves, that there was a half-smoked cigar on the ash tray beside his chair. He knew then that Gene Lyons had been spending a social hour with Joe Carter, and that they were on friendly terms.

They stood together now, facing him: two big men, of equal height, but with Carter's shoulders markedly broader than those of Gene Lyons. It was the same old Joe Carter, rough and brutish. But it wasn't the same Gene Lyons. Gene's lithe body was taut; his eyes were cold. His voice, when he spoke, was flat and toneless.

He said, "Well, what do you think about it?"

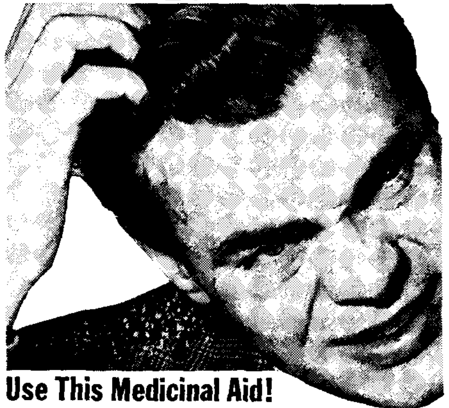
Alan looked at Gene, and then again at Joe Carter. And to his own amazement, he laughed. He said, "I think it's the funniest thing I've ever run across."

Joe Carter said, "It ain't so funny," and Gene broke in with, "Keep your lip buttoned, Joe. I'll handle the kid."

Alan realized that he should be afraid. But for the moment he wasn't. Perhaps because he had so long been afraid of what he thought had happened; perhaps because his relief at this discovery was stronger than any new emotion could possibly be.

He was beginning to take a clinical curiosity in the scene. He glanced at Carter's head and saw that the hair had been shaved in one spot, and that the man still wore a patch of adhesive. The potentialities of the situation were beginning to impress him, but they hadn't

Itching, Dandruff



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yet impacted with full force. He felt a reaction that bordered on hysteria.

Gene's close-clipped words broke in sharply. "Have you figured it out yet?"

"I'm figuring. It takes time."

Gene said, "You're in a hell of a spot."

"Yes." Alan was very calm about it. "That's one point I'll give you right on."

His coolness seemed to annoy Gene, and to disturb Carter. The big man growled, "He's playin' smart—"

"I'm just happy, Carter, because you aren't dead."

"Whatcha tryin' to do—kid me?"

"Sure. I'm just a little village cutup." Alan discovered that he wasn't afraid any more; that he was suddenly thinking coolly and clearly. He was still smiling when he turned his attention back to Gene Lyons. He said, "You're smart, Gene. You had me completely fooled."

GENE shrugged that one off, and Alan asked, "What was the big idea?"

"Can't you figure it out?"

"Ye-e-es . . . I suppose so. It's a pity I spoiled things by barging in this way."

"You haven't spoiled anything."

"You wouldn't be trying to scare me, would you?"

"If you haven't got sense enough to be scared now, you're dumber than I thought."

Carter said, "What the hell are we waitin' for, Gene?"

"I'm thinking."

"So am I," said Alan, and he wasn't smiling. "It all begins to tie up. Especially what happened this afternoon."

Gene's face flushed. He asked, "What about this afternoon?"

"Angel Fremont."

"Yeah . . . ?"

"Yes. That's what brought me here: because you had been her best friend. Looking you up seemed to be the logical thing to do. Or don't you know what I'm talking about?"

"You might as well say it."

"You were at Angel's this afternoon?"

"I'm still listening."

Alan continued calmly, "You killed her because she knew too much."

If he had expected Gene to deny the accusation, he was disappointed. The other man merely said coldly, "That ought to spell something."

"What?"

"That your own health isn't likely to remain so good."

Alan nodded. He had been thinking exactly that, and the idea wasn't pleasant.

It was simple enough to reconstruct the whole thing, now that they'd given him time to think. He was pleased that he hadn't gone soft in this crisis. He was looking at himself—and at them—objectively. Later, he knew, he'd be plenty frightened. But now the thing was too incredibly bizarre. Queer how he hadn't been able to think for a few minutes, and how coherent his thoughts were now.

The Joe Carter thing; that unquestionably had given Gene his idea. Carter twice had attempted to kill Alan. He was on the skids. And so Gene had conceived this little plan. Alan thought aloud. He said, "It *was* clever, Gene."

"What?"

"The way you handled the fight outside the Tunisia. You and Carter really socked each other. I suppose that's what fooled me so completely. I imagine, though, that the wallop from my cane was harder than you expected, wasn't it, Joe?"

"Smart guy!" growled Carter.

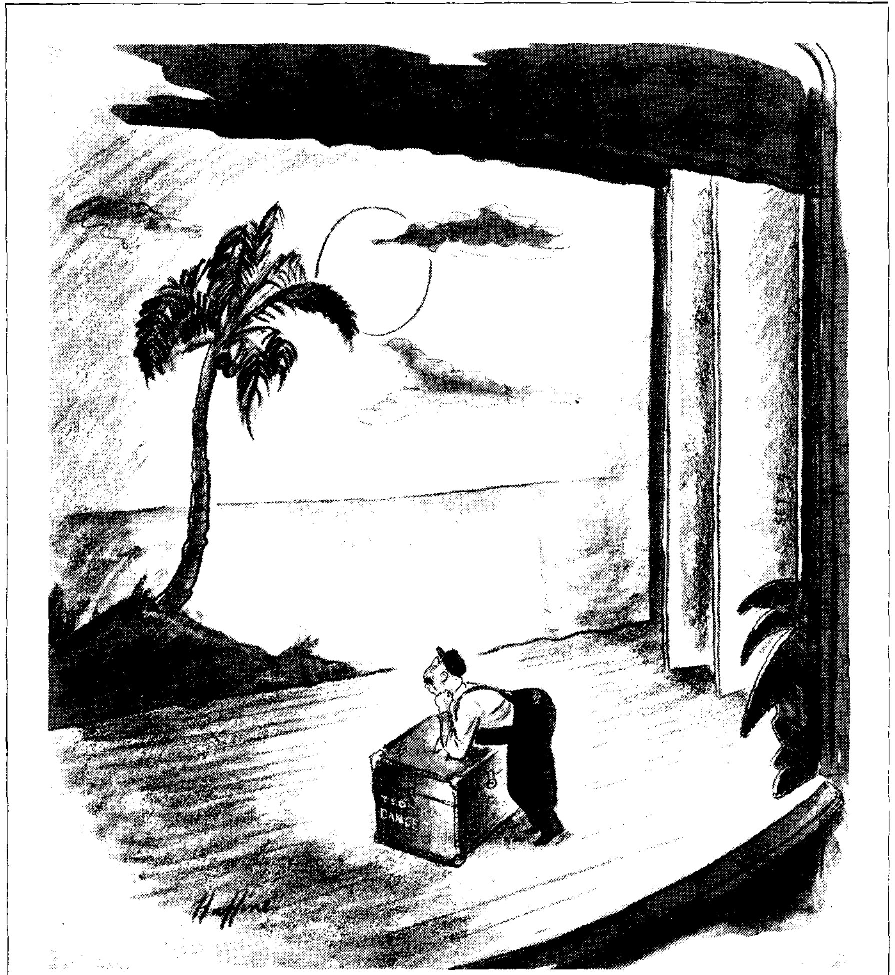
"Not so smart. But I'm learning. If I hadn't swung the cane, you'd probably have dropped from a punch and hit your head on the curb. It was neatly planned, and little Rollo, here, fell right in, keeping my mouth shut for the sake of my good friend Gene. It's funny, no foolin'."

Carter said to Gene, "Is he dumb, or just plain ignorant?"

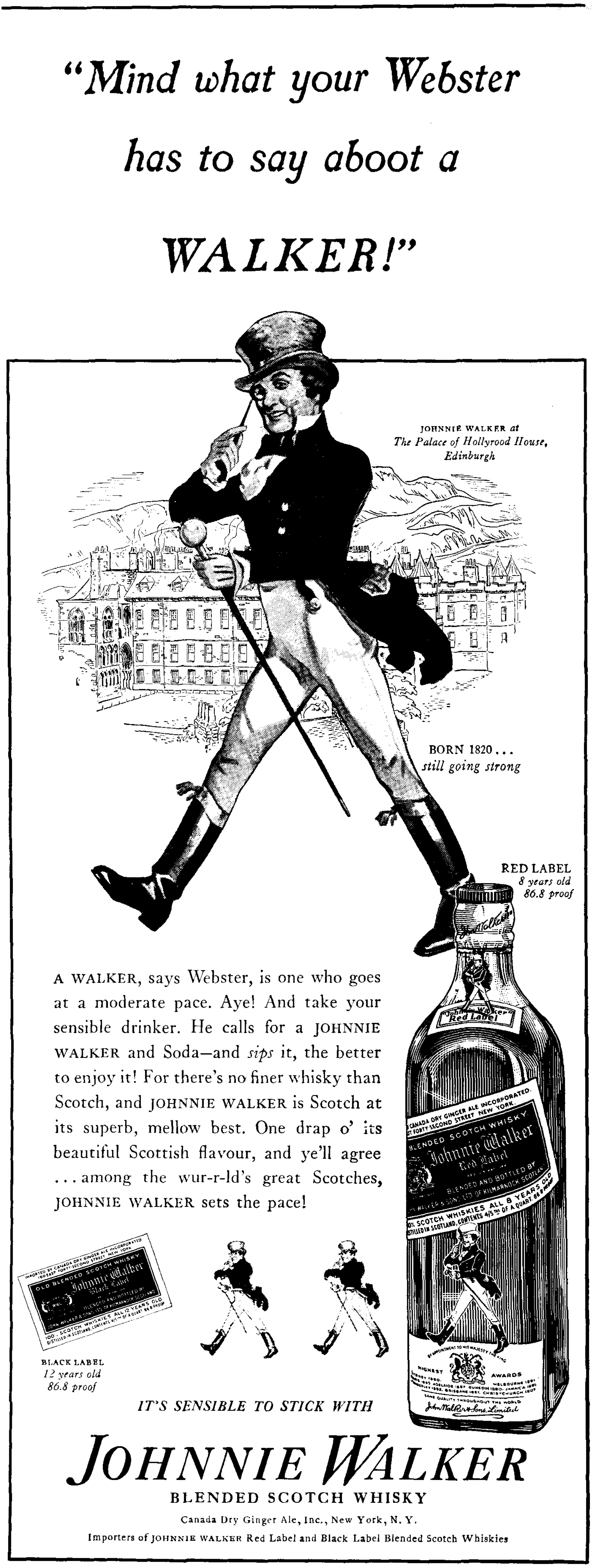
"Neither," answered Alan. "Just sensible—at last. And if you expect me to play scared, let me ask you: Where would it get me? I'll be frightened later, I presume."

"No. You won't have time."

Alan spoke to Lyons again: "The one thing that gets me worst is Angel. I told



"Boy, what a night for a romance!" D. HUFFINE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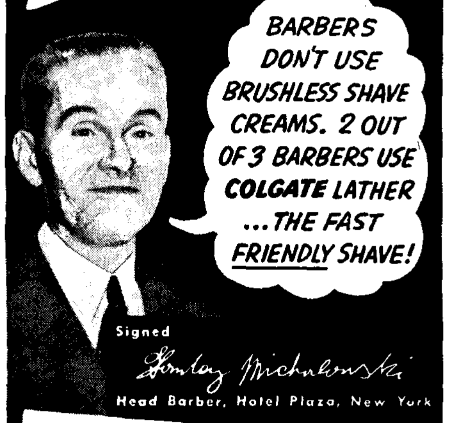
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her my setup last night, and I know now that she added two and two and made a million. I suppose she knew she was taking a chance in talking to you. That cuts pretty deep, Gene—because she was doing it for me. It wasn't her fight . ." His lips were tight for a moment. "What a rotten thing to do!"

Gene asked, "What do you think *you're* going to get?"

Alan didn't answer. He had been wondering that, too; and the answer was so logical, so inevitable, that it didn't even invite argument.

It wasn't a pretty situation. He was with Joe Carter, whose career he had wrecked, and who twice had tried to kill him. He was with Gene Lyons, who had murdered Angel Fremont. Without doubt, the original Lyons-Carter alliance had been predicated on the idea of blackmail, but even that seemed out of the question now. Gene couldn't very well afford to let Alan live. Alan knew too much about the manner of Angel's death.

THE young man was interested in his own reactions. He knew what he was facing, and that there was nothing he could do about it. Yet, strangely enough, the very inevitability of it kept him from being too frightened. Here there was no doubt, no uncertainty. There were regret and resignation, but no fear.

Joe Carter asked, "What comes now, Gene?"

Lyons said, "Not here—that's a cinch. Too messy."

"We'll take him out to Jules' place, huh?"

"Not a bad idea. Where's Chuck?"

"Down the block. I told him to wait."

Chuck! Alan remembered. That was the taxi driver who had been with him the night he thought he had killed Joe Carter. So Chuck was in on it, too.

Gene spoke to Alan. "I guess you've begun to grab the idea, haven't you?"

"Probably."

"You're going to get it, and you can have it any time you want."

"Thoughtful of you."

"We're going to walk you down the service steps, and into a taxi, and I know what you're thinking."

"You know everything, don't you, Gene?"

"You're figuring you'll make a break. Well, that's okay with us, but it'll be curtains for you pronto. Maybe we'd have to jump for it, but there wouldn't be a chance of you getting away. One . . ." Alan knew he was referring to Angel. "One or two, it don't matter much. You savvy?"

"I'm beginning to understand."

"Climb into Chuck's cab, sweet and nice, and you've got at least a few hours more to figure a way out. And I think you'll play that way. A smart lad like you takes all the time that's offered."

"I'll be good," said Alan. "Maybe."

"It don't matter a damn whether you are or not."

"What are we waitin' for?" inquired Joe Carter logically. "It's near eleven."

"Got your gun?"

"You know I got my gun."

Gene Lyons shrugged into a light raincoat, slipped a revolver into the right pocket and put on his hat. Joe Carter donned coat and hat also, and he, too, put a revolver in the outside pocket of his coat. Gene spoke to Alan:

"We walk down the service steps. We go through the lobby. If you figure we ain't serious, you can make your break there. But I'm telling you—"

"You're repeating yourself."

"Quit cracking wise. If you try anything funny, you get yours right there. You probably get it later anyway. The only real difference is that by not trying to pull anything on the way out, you give yourself a few hours extra to dope out something."

"Charming candor."

"What the hell is this mug talkin' about?" inquired Carter.

"Nothing," smiled Alan. "Let's go."

The fireproofed service stairway was deserted. All the way down Alan was thinking fast. Perhaps there would be many people in the lobby. Perhaps as they stepped outside, there'd be a policeman. There was always a chance, and now that there was, his nerves were tight.

But just before they reached the lobby floor, Gene halted. He said, "I'll go ahead, Joe. I'll get Chuck out front with his motor running and the door open. When the lobby's empty and there's no cop in sight, I'll tip you off. Then if this guy gets funny, you let him have it, and we'll have a plenty good chance to get away without even being seen."

Alan's heart sank. He might have known that Gene wouldn't take unnecessary chances. Well, it was just another one of those things . . . a postponement of the inevitable.

He waited behind the steel fire door with Joe Carter. The man's right hand was in his coat pocket. Alan knew that it held a gun and that Joe would take a keen delight in using it.

The seconds ticked by. Then the steel door opened and Gene said: "All clear. I even sent the elevator boy upstairs. C'mon."

Alan walked between them, stiffly alert. The tiny lobby was empty, the street outside deserted. No chance for a break, no possibility that a sudden move on his part would deter either man from shooting.

He hesitated at the cab and they shoved him inside. Carter slammed the door, Chuck released the clutch pedal and the taxi jumped ahead.

A new thought came to Alan.

Judith! Judith had parked a half block away to wait for him.

He turned his head and looked through the rear window.

He saw Judith's lights go on, saw her car nose out into the street.

He thought, with sudden real fear, "This is really bad. Judith is following us."

GENE LYONS and Joe Carter were mockingly attentive. They forced Alan to sit between them, and Gene suggested ironically that he relax and enjoy himself.

And Alan actually did relax physically. He knew that he had an hour or two of grace, though he had no delusions concerning the immediate future. Cold logic informed him that these men had no other alternative than to put him out of the way; he simply knew too much. He knew about Angel's death and their conspiracy and even about Chuck, who was driving this taxi, and about bright, moon-faced little Dr. Morgan.

Queer, reflected Alan, as they drove across the Queensboro bridge, and he caught—over his shoulder—the glow of Manhattan; queer how calm one could be on the threshold of great adventure. Folks back yonder, millions of 'em, proceeding placidly or gaily or unhappily, according to circumstances. Theaters would be emptying soon, night clubs would be filling, bartenders would be busy and orchestras would labor heroically to set merrymakers to dancing. The Tunisia would be crowded, and the hat-check girl would wonder where he was, and why Gene wasn't there . . . and she'd probably miss Angel, too. She'd be discussing Angel—all the Tunisia staff would. They'd pass the newspapers around and speculate about things, and remember how gorgeous she was, and they'd be horrified . . . and in forty-eight hours they'd forget all about it.

They'd probably forget about him, too. In a week or two they'd be saying, "Remember that nice guy, that Alan

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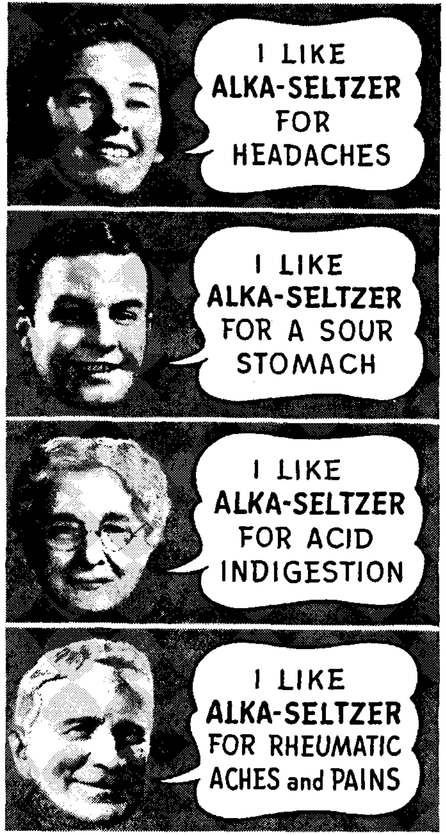
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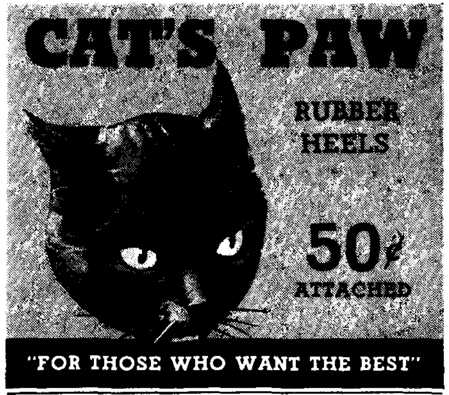

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Hughes? Wonder where he's keepin' himself these days?" And down at the Missing Persons Bureau he'd be a name on a list, and MacDonald & Gruber would offer a reward, and Alan felt sure that no one would ever collect the reward "for information" because he figured that Gene Lyons was pretty smart.

Alan wondered why he wasn't more frightened. Perhaps, he reflected, it was because he couldn't quite believe it. That was absurd, naturally, but that was the way he felt. It was only when he reminded himself that it was real, that he was being transported to somewhere on Long Island by two men who were desperate—it was only then that he felt cold inside.

He wondered whether any of the folks in the hundreds of passing cars glanced into his taxi. He wondered what they would think if they knew what was happening. And then he knew what they'd think: they simply wouldn't believe. New Yorkers never did. Not until after it was over, anyway. "Things like that don't really happen," most of them would say, "it's just a lotta bunk."

Through the streets of a smaller city, with Joe Carter's powerful form shoved against him, and Joe Carter's hoarse voice warning, "Don't figure you can start anything. I'm tellin' you."

THEN the buildings were farther and farther apart, and Chuck called back from the driver's seat: "Jules' place?"

"Yeah. And take it slow and careful, Chuck. We don't want to get picked up by a highway cop."

"Okay, Chief."

Alan spoke in a calmly conversational tone. He asked, "What's next on the program, Gene?"

"What do you think?"

"Well . . . maybe I should ask *how*—and *when*."

"Maybe you should keep your mouth shut."

"I figure I'll have plenty of time to do that."

Carter growled, "Lay off actin' like you ain't scared. You don't fool anybody."

"Yes, I do. I'm fooling myself."

"The guy's nuts," snapped Joe crossly, and let it go at that.

They rolled smoothly along a broad concrete highway. The May night was quiet, and agreeably warm. Joe Carter twisted in his seat and stared back through the rear-view window. He said, "Hey, Gene—lookit: I think Chuck better step on 'er."

"Why?"

"I gotta hunch we're being follered." The big man's professional suavity was deserting him, and he was resorting to the more simple and graphic vernacular. "Car's been right on our tail since we started across the bridge."

Gene smiled thinly and said, "That's fine."

"Whadaya mean: fine?"

"I mean I want that car to follow us."

"Now, wait a minute, Chief . . ."

"You know who's in that car, Joe?"

"No. An' I don't give a damn."

"Oh, yes, you do." Gene chuckled. "It's Mrs. Alan Hughes."

"This lug's wife?"

"Your mind works like lightning, Joe."

Alan sat rigid. He had been afraid of this. He had seen Judith swing out from the curb after them, had hoped that they had lost her in the bridge traffic. He could see the twin paths cut into the night by her headlights.

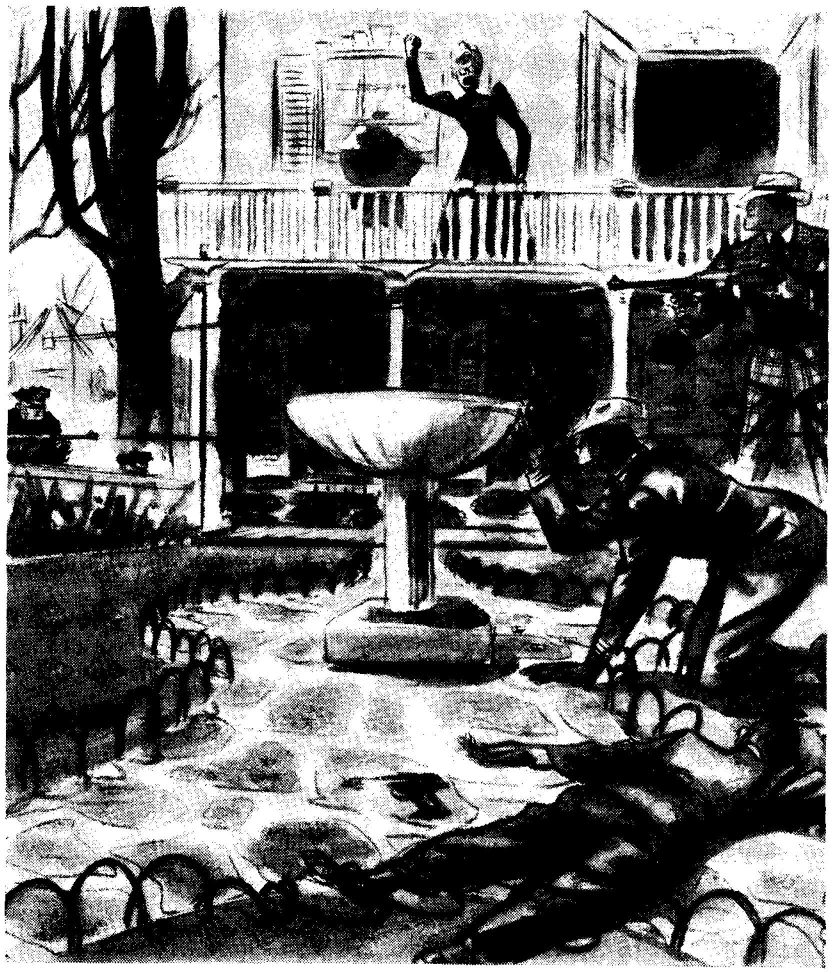
"What's it mean?" inquired Joe.

"I'm figuring that out right now," responded Gene.

Alan faced this new problem squarely. Fear for himself vanished utterly under the impact of fear for her.

He guessed why she was following: Because she had suspected something wrong when he left the apartment house with Gene Lyons and had not even waved to her, nor given any sign. Unfortunately, she didn't know Joe Carter—had never seen him—or she might have guessed the whole thing. And she was under the delusion that Gene and Alan were close friends. And so, skeptical perhaps, but certainly unsuspicious, she was following at a discreet distance.

The more Alan thought about Judith,



"You boys stop playing in my garden!" JOHN RUGE

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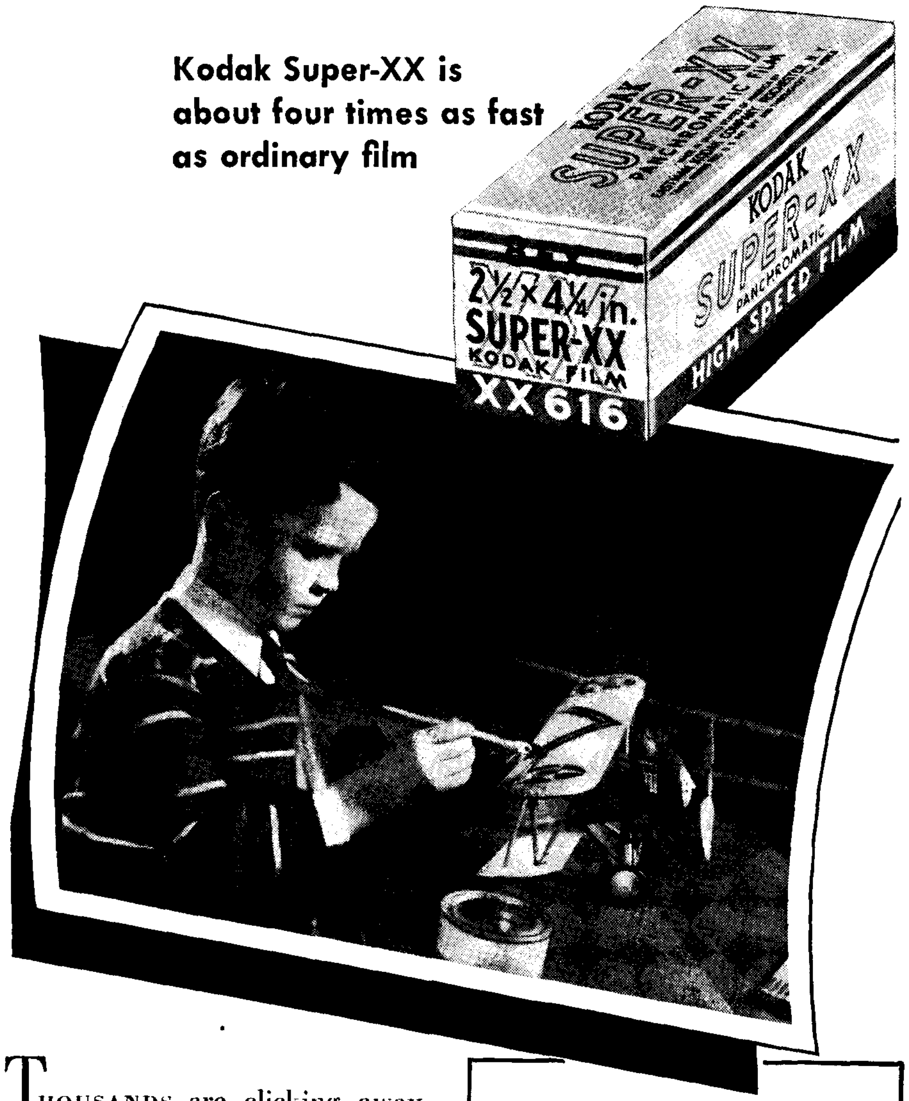

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"Just as I insist on a basketball player wearing 'warm-up' pants on the sidelines, I counsel him to protect his legs at all times, to keep them lively and agile. Jockey Longs are excellent protection for any man's legs—and they're smooth and stylish, too. The Jockey support feature is worth everything to a man's health and comfort."

● Jockey Longs will "tune up" those "hothouse legs" of yours. Buttonless Y-Front construction. Mild, restful support. No bulking or bind. No-gap front opening. Contoured shirts to match. It isn't Jockey unless it carries the Jockey label. At good dealers everywhere. Or write.

JOCKEY LONGS
Two-piece underwear —priced per garment
Cotton, lt. wt. 75c up
Cotton, hvy. wt. $1 up
Wool mixtures $1.25 up
Jockey Short, 50c up
FOR CHILDREN:
Jockey Jr., in sizes down to 6 yrs.

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Tell Your Worries "Goodbye"!

HAVE you often sat with pencil in hand, figuring columns of numbers—never quite able to make your income cover the amount owed? Have you longed for pretty clothes, for extra little trips, for the good times that everybody wants?

Then here is your answer—now you can tell your money worries "Goodbye"! For here in the Pin Money Club for over 30 years girls and women have been earning money they need—money earned in their spare moments.

Wouldn't you welcome this money-making plan too? Then send for our free booklet, "*An Adventure in Dollars and Cents,*" this very day. Just address your card or a letter to

Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club
Department 80, Collier's Weekly
250 Park Avenue, New York, New York

VITAMIN A

TRADE MARK

Smith Brothers Cough Drops (Black or Menthol, 5¢) are the only drops containing Vitamin A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold infections.

the more acutely worried he became. Crazy schemes flashed through his mind, each to be dissipated by cold logic. He thought of making a desperate effort to escape. That, he knew, would mark the end for him—but it would warn Judith. Then that idea, too, had to be pitched into the discard. He knew what Judith would do if he suddenly leaped from the car and was shot down. She'd drive straight to the spot, and then she'd know things that Gene Lyons and Joe Carter could not permit anyone to know—and to live.

As though in answer to Alan's unspoken thoughts, Gene said, "It won't get you anywhere, Alan. You better just sit tight."

Joe Carter was uncomfortable. He said, "What's it get us—lettin' her foller?"

"I can use her," explained Gene calmly. "She's crazy in love with our young friend here."

GENE had spoken so confidently: not as though he might be giving information, but simply in the manner of stating an obvious fact. For a moment Alan forgot Judith's peril and his own danger. He heard Joe Carter asking, "You mean she'll play ball our way?"

"Sure. She'll go to town for him. And she owns the heavy jack."

Again that assurance in Gene's voice. Alan was figuring, "That's ridiculous. Judith isn't in love with me. Why, she—" And then he began to think back on their odd relationship; he remembered little incidents, trifling gestures, false gaiety and moments of inexplicable strain, and he found himself thinking, "It can't be so! She isn't!" And the more he thought, the more he realized that perhaps Gene had spoken the truth.

Another sharp, startling readjustment, another possibility to be analyzed, another factor to be reckoned. And yet, above all this calculation, Alan found himself experiencing a definite and exciting warmth. He found himself thinking, "If I've been that stupid . . . maybe I've been blind about myself, too."

Odd that he shouldn't have suspected—*until now*—that Judith was alive and vital and desirable. He had played their matrimonial game so strictly according to the rules that no other idea had occurred to him. Yet, looking back now on things—he knew that he had worked toward one end: to prove himself to Judith. He had thought his slant was, "I'll show her." He knew now that it had been, "I want to show her."

He said to himself, "I think I'm in love with her." He thought, after another few moments, "I'm sure I am."

And then, several seconds later, he thought: "This is a hell of a time to find it out."

He was strangely happy for a few minutes, as though this discovery was more important than the grim actuality of the situation. Then he heard Joe say, "There's Jules' place."

Chuck had swerved to the right of the road, and was slowing down. Through the mirror, Alan saw that Judith was slowing down, too. Gene Lyons said, "Back of the stand, Chuck."

They swung from the highway, and Alan caught a glimpse of a small structure, over the portals of which hung a sign:

JULES' PLACE
HOT FRANKS — HAMBURGERS — COFFEE

The lights were on inside, but the taxi didn't stop there. It circled the hamburger stand, and paused in the deep shadows at the rear.

"Out!" snapped Gene, and shoved Alan from the car. His arm was caught by Joe Carter's powerful fingers, and he was propelled toward the black shadow that bulked before them against a background of trees.

It wasn't much of a place: a rather decrepit two-story frame house, architecturally unimaginative, and sadly in need of paint and repair. It was located directly behind the refreshment stand, and perhaps a hundred yards back from the highway. A nice, discreet, innocent-looking place, reflected Alan—the last house in the world to arouse the suspicions of any passing motorist or highway patrol. Just an old frame house, on a brick foundation. He noticed the storm door on the side, and the tiny, rectangular window through which coal would be delivered before the arrival of winter.

A long, lanky, gangling figure appeared out of the gloom, and a drawling, nasal voice inquired, "That you, Gene?"

"Yeah. Get back and act natural. Somebody's probably going to drop in on you. A dame. Say nothing, and take a long time to say it."

"Well, that'll be easy." Jules slouched away, and Alan saw him disappear into the refreshment shed.

Carter kept a tight grip on Alan's arm. It was, in fact, an exceedingly painful grip.

Alan heard the sharp click of a light switch, and he blinked into the sudden glare. Funny how hard it was to accustom oneself instantly to light. Then he looked around the room.

It was a plain room, poorly furnished and incredibly untidy. The ancient furniture—some golden oak, some of indeterminate wood and shabby, red plush upholstery—was not prepossessing. There was an old table with a cracked marble top; a new, small, gleaming radio strangely out of place in the general dinginess of the room; a horsehair sofa, a mirror hanging crookedly on the wall. Beyond the room there was another room, now shrouded in darkness, which Alan presumed was the kitchen.

Gene said, motioning to the horsehair sofa, "You sit there, Alan. And see that he stays there, Joe."

"You said it, Chief."

"What about me?" inquired Chuck.

"Stick around for a while. When I'm through with you, you'll drive back to New York. Don't pick up any other fares when you get there. I may need you for an alibi. Take two or three blind runs around the city with your flag down, so the meter will add up."

"How will you get back?"

"Jules' car."

GENE gave Alan an amused glance and walked outside, closing the door behind him. He traversed the distance between house and refreshment stand at a leisurely pace, and walked inside in time to hear Jules proclaiming, "Yes'm, we use the best meat in our hamburgers. You want onions on yours?"

"No, thanks . . ." She turned to find Gene Lyons smiling down at her: suave, courteous and unruffled.

He said, "How do you do?"

Her composure matched his. "Nicely, thank you."

Gene said, "Alan's inside the house yonder."

"Yes, I know."

"I know you know. Won't you join us?"

"Certainly." She rose and followed. He opened the front door of the house, and held it for her to pass through.

She saw Alan seated on the sofa, alongside a huge man whom she did not know. She tried not to show the sudden terror that gripped her at the sight of a gun in the big man's hand. She did, however, see Alan's warm smile, and she smiled at him in return.

She heard Gene Lyons' pleasant voice. "Have a seat, Mrs. Hughes." He held a chair for her, and then moved his hand in a comprehensive gesture. "Well," he said, "Here we are. Just one big, happy family."

(To be continued next week)

Oregon Strikes Back

Continued from page 13

injunction, and the Oregon anti-injunction act and all other legislation in conflict are automatically erased from the statute books.

Never has any law so aroused the wrath of the leaders of labor, a wrath intensified by the fact that the mandate came not from congressmen or legislators, on whom political retribution might be visited, but from approximately 300,000 duly qualified American voters. "Had such a law been in effect throughout the years there could never have been a labor union," complains the A.F.L. Yet these strong words voice supreme gratification compared to the violent protests of the C.I.O., which regards the law as the opening wedge for Hitlerism and also as "putting back Oregon 200 years in labor relations," a date that considerably precedes the time Lewis and Clark paddled down the broad Columbia.

Regulation with a Vengeance

And, strangely enough, all the dissatisfaction over what has happened stems not from the councils of labor. The Portland Oregonian, the traditionally Republican newspaper of the state, thinks the law contains "vengeful provisions restrictive of the rights of workers as American citizens." Charles A. Sprague, the 51-year-old country-town newspaper editor who has just restored the Republican party to power in the Oregon capital and who as governor must enforce the new law, is afraid the lengthy list of restraints may shackle labor unions in what he regards as "legitimate endeavors." And all through the Oregon timber region conservative politicians and conservative newspapers, few of them ever before distinguished for solicitude for labor, have expressed the possibility that the law may stifle the unions rather than regulate them.

How, then, did this proposition become the people's will in the state that for three decades has been looked upon as a testing ground for liberal reforms—the state that introduced the initiative and referendum to the Western Hemisphere, that was the haven for Populists and single-taxers and all sorts of other political insurgents, and that once led the nation in reforms protecting industrial workers from exploitation? What happened?

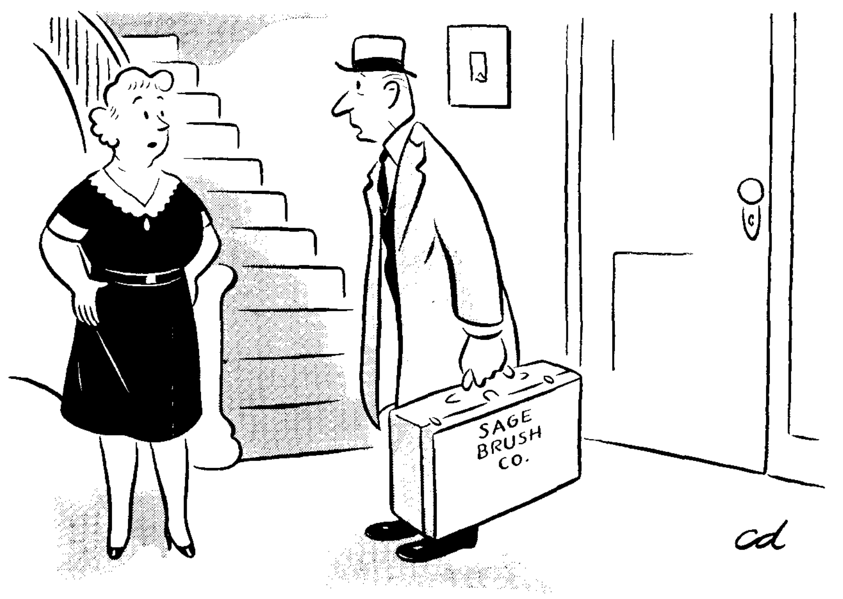
Back of that vote in Oregon, election day, lurk four years of strikes, racketeering beat-ups, bombings, closed sawmills, silent factories, deserted wharves, idle men, pitched battles among opposing union factions, and deals between union bosses and businessmen to maintain high prices at the expense of the consuming public. The story of the adoption of this law controlling organized labor is the story of labor union tyranny that resulted in heavy votes for the scheme *even in localities populated overwhelmingly by working people.* It also is the story of the most extraordinary "farm" organization in America—a "farm" organization promoted and financed by such backwoods rustics as utility lawyers, Chamber of Commerce secretaries, lumber company owners, furniture dealers, department-store superintendents and hotel proprietors.

The process of turning one of America's most progressive states into the first American state to put a strait jacket on the labor unions began in 1934. That was not only the year of the maritime strike that closed up every major port on the Pacific Coast from the Golden Gate to the Canadian line. It also was the year Dave Beck of Seattle, A.F.L. generalissimo in the Far West, appointed Harry Dail to rule the Teamsters' Union in Oregon. Dail, in turn, conferred this sovereignty on Al Rosser, who proceeded to become the dominant figure in the state's labor arena—and perhaps other arenas as well.

The Rule of the Baseball Bat

Four years later the Oregon attorney-general's office, while Rosser sat in a backwoods jail under a 12-year penitentiary sentence for arson in connection with the burning of a $90,000 lumber yard, announced that then, in 1934, began "a premeditated cold-blooded plan of action on the part of self-appointed racketeering union officials to establish themselves as dictators over the labor, economic, political and industrial destinies of Oregon."

But the attorney-general's office and the state penitentiary seemed a long way off when the burly, dome-headed Rosser, just installed in his new domain, bought for the corner of his office a 10-foot baseball bat that might have been swung by the mythical backwoods giant,



"I'll have to call my boss for instructions. I never got inside before"

CHON DAY

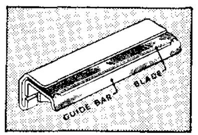
THANK YOU

You're fast making the Schick Injector the most popular razor in the country

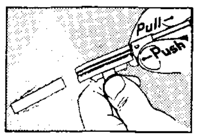
America is fast swinging over to the Schick Injector Razor. *Already,* more than 2,000,000 men have switched to its quicker, closer, more *comfortable* shave—every day *new thousands* are joining the Schick Injector parade!

Why this growing popularity? Simply that men have discovered an *easier* way to shave than they ever knew before. A razor with a new and properly designed guide bar that controls the "flow" of the skin ahead of the blade, for a close, yet *comfortable* shave. A razor that saves minutes every morning because it changes blades *automatically.* Features that can't be found in *any other* razor at *any price!*

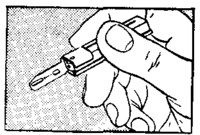
These Features have sold this razor to more than 2,000,000 men



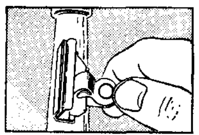
Solid Guide Bar . . . Designed to flatten and s-t-r-e-t-c-h the skin taut ahead of the blade edge. No "teeth" to rake ridges that often get nicked and scraped.



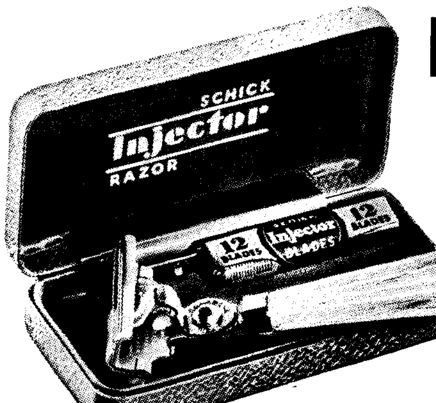
Instant Blade Change . . . A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *automatically!* Nothing to take apart. Nothing to reassemble.



Blades are Sealed in Oil . . . Blade edges are actually suspended in space . . . sealed in a bath of oil in metal cartridge. No paper covering to dull their edges.



Quick Cleaning . . . No need to take this razor apart for cleaning. A swish under the faucet does the trick. No "teeth" to clog up. No wiping necessary.



REDUCED PRICE!

Now only $1.00 *Including a Cartridge of 12 Schick Blades*

THE "POPULARITY" KIT

Volume makes value! This low price is the result of a record demand. Exactly the same razor that sold in the De Luxe Kit for $2.00 last year. Pigskin grain case with cartridge of 12 blades. Your dealer has it now.

● This guarantee is stamped into every box. Did you ever hear of a razor that was guaranteed for twenty years! Could there be any broader evidence of the manufacturer's confidence in this product?

TWENTY YEAR GUARANTEE (1939)

This Schick Injector Razor is intended to give at least 20 years shaving service to the purchaser. If it gets out of order within that time, no matter what the cause may be, it will be reconditioned or replaced free of charge when returned to:

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY · BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
also NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO
(*Same Prices Now Prevail in Canada*)

Cut YOUR AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE Costs!

Dollars are dollars these days. It's up to you to save wherever you can. And one place to save money is on your AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE.

ALLSTATE Automobile Insurance, by and large, costs you substantially less money. And you can get it on easy TIME PAYMENTS, if you choose.

Quick, friendly settlements. No hemming and hawing ... under the terms and conditions of your ALLSTATE policy, you are FULLY protected.

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Make of Car__________ Type of Body__________
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Car Cost Me__________ *Purchased* New or Used__________
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Participating policies written at standard rates in Louisiana, New Hampshire, New York, Oklahoma, Texas and Virginia

COUGHS, TICKLE
Huskiness Due to Colds

MEDICATED BATH GIVES QUICK RELIEF

Tormented with throat huskiness, dryness, coughs due to colds? Let a Vicks Cough Drop dissolve naturally in your mouth. It bathes tender throat tissues with medica*tion for 12 to 15 minutes*, and *comforting relief* comes fast. Vicks are really medicated . . . *medicated* with the throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub . . . famous for relieving discomforts due to colds.

MEDICATED
VICKS COUGH DROPS

BEAUTY SECRET
OF SOME
OF NEW YORK'S
LOVELIEST
MODELS

Models who must daily face truth revealing cameras are far too smart to ever let constipation result in dull eyes, headaches and the aggravation of blemished skin.

They consider it wise *not to let the second day pass* and how smart they are to rely on a *purely vegetable* laxative like Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, used so successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating his patients for constipation.

Olive Tablets are harmless—they contain no harsh drugs. They ALSO (important) help stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods. Test Olive Tablets TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

Paul Bunyan. On the bat was painted "The Club of Local 162."

Rosser and the teamsters were in a strategic position to wield great power. Trucking is the key to industry, especially in an outpost region of vast distances like Oregon. A hotel or bakery or lumberyard might resist its own employees, but the teamsters—never! No industry could survive without transportation. Rosser was able to determine which plants should and should not be unionized, and which businesses should and should not be allowed to function. The other unions squirmed under this halter, but kept silent. To protest was to lose the support of the teamsters; and to lose the support of the teamsters was to leave a union as stalled as a streetcar without a trolley.

All Rosser had to do in defense of his authority was maintain a picket line through which no deliveries could pass. Once he decided a certain plant, factory or mill should be without trucking, the order had to be absolute. Strong measures were taken to make sure this was so. Among the equipment of the Teamsters' Union was an arsenal of tear gas. In a downtown Portland building, the union rented a gymnasium. There at irregular intervals an assortment of prize fighters and other athletes prepared themselves for duty on the picket line. In periods of labor trouble, they would report at Rosser's office and be given buttons indicating their dues as "members" of the Teamsters' Union had been paid. Then they would be assigned to a picket patrol. Braving one of Rosser's picket lines became a hazard compared to climbing Mount Hood in the dead of winter or swimming over the spillway of Bonneville Dam.

Business Takes a Beating

But these activities became mere subsidiary functions as Rosser extended his realm. Part of the contract between the truck drivers and Oregon bakeries was that the bakeries had to get "adequate prices" for their goods. The teamsters pledged themselves to help maintain such prices—and did. This feudal overlordship of business was not confined to bakeries. A big brewery insisted on charging $8.75 instead of $9.10 for a half keg of beer. The brewery hired union men, paid union wages and followed union regulations—but its drivers were beaten and its trucks bombed. Beer parlors and honky-tonks that bought the cheaper brew were invaded by large individuals with no regard for the sanctity of plate-glass windows and other furnishings. Portland laundry owners got the teamsters to clamp down on laundries that obstinately refused to "stabilize" prices. A laundry with a price list 10 per cent below the prevailing prices had its wage scale for truck drivers hiked up 20 per cent above that of the other laundries. When the laundryman knocked off the 10 per cent discount, the Teamsters' Union got rid of the 20 per cent boost.

The consuming public of Oregon, who paid the prices for doughnuts and rye bread and beer and wet wash, watched these proceedings in silence—a silence that later turned out to be an ominous one for Rosser and his henchmen, who by this time were known around the state as "goons." The name was taken from a popular cartoon strip in which the "goon" was a weird and frightful monster from another planet.

But the "goons" proved to be very much of the earth in the spring of 1937, when the big split came between the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. The lumberjacks, with their tempestuous I.W.W. background, were a setup for the C.I.O. They deserted the A.F.L. whole camps at a time. Mill after mill in Oregon voted a C.I.O. preference. The position of the A.F.L. was desperate. It could not afford to lose the big industry of the Pacific Northwest. It slapped a boycott on the products of the C.I.O. mills. A.F.L. carpenters would not drive nails into this lumber and the teamsters would not truck it. The lumber industry folded up. Sawmills were as deserted as the forest fastnesses surrounding them. Donkey engines and logging locomotives rusted in the rains. The state lost $9,211,000 worth of business in a few months. Thousands of lumberjacks were thrown out of work—so many, in fact, that Mr. John D. Biggers' federal unemployment census late in 1937 showed hinterland Oregon third among the states in the proportion of its people without jobs. The census found Oregon, a predominantly rural and woodland area, with a greater percentage of idle men than even such manufacturing states as Michigan and Illinois.

The "goon squad" helped make the boycott effective. Obstreperous C.I.O. lumberjacks got pummeled on numerous occasions, and dissenting A.F.L. members received similar treatment.

In all the welter of violence and intimidation and lengthened relief rolls in Oregon, the C.I.O. failed to demonstrate much astuteness. It had an opportunity to get public favor on its side, but Harry Bridges rushed into the tall timber country and after hurling recriminations all over the territory blurted out:

"We take the stand that we as workers have nothing in common with the employers. We are in a class struggle, and we subscribe to the belief that if the employer is not in business his products will still be necessary and we still will be providing them when there is no employing class. We frankly believe that day is coming."

A gasp shook the countryside. Bridges was the boss of all the C.I.O. unionists on the Coast. Could these grim words represent his goal? Sympathy for the harassed timber workers speedily vanished, a course hastened when Bridges, an alien himself, made Harold Pritchett of British Columbia, another alien, leader of the lumberjacks. The public of Oregon was confronted by a hard choice. It saw on one side Al Rosser, never elected by any union, ruling the A.F.L. with his fierce "goon squad," and on the other, two men not American citizens, one of them openly advocating the class struggle.

And still the lumber camps in the Columbia Basin district stayed shut. The Portland School Board faced the problem of loggers' children actually coming to school hungry. Rosser ordered the "goons" to shoulder baseball bats and display their powers of persuasion to the men at the mills, and elections conducted by both the National Labor Relations Board and the state of Oregon failed to lift the boycott and get the industry back to normal. The jurisdictional fight had turned the lumber business into a no man's land.

Then early this year the police moved in on Rosser.

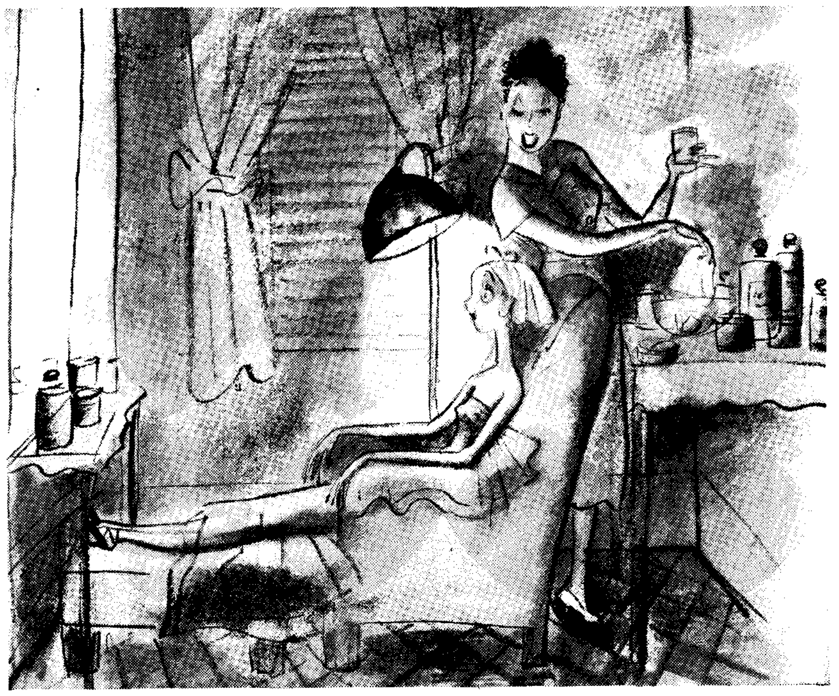
One hundred and twenty "goons" were arrested, 65 of whom pleaded guilty and 11 were convicted. The crimes ranged from arson to assault and battery. Twelve of the 27 members of the executive committee of Local No. 162 of the Teamsters' Union were among those corralled. Rosser himself went before a jury in a little country town and was jolted with a 12-year sentence for his part in the burning of a lumber yard involved in a labor mix-up. Numerous rank-and-file unionists testified that they had been compelled to do just as Rosser dictated. "I was a figurehead for Rosser," said Henry Swift, the president of Local 162. "I never knew what became of union money at all."

The "Farmers" Take a Hand

Ralph E. Moody, assistant attorney-general of Oregon, reported on the funds of the Teamsters' Union. An audit of the 1937 books revealed $42,434 in unexplained expenditures. About $6,000 of this went to Rosser. Another $750 disbursement was made out to Dave Beck, and $1,550 was paid George Stroup, who prepared mimeographed bulletins claiming that all Rosser's enemies, including Republican newspapers, New Deal politicians and local clergymen, were subject to Bolshevik domination.

With Rosser in handcuffs and the "goons" also locked up, an A.F.L. union not affiliated with the teamsters resolved "in favor of complete removal of racketeering and gangsterism from the labor movement, and that we further go on record in favor of the expulsion from the labor movement of any union member found guilty of 'goon squad' activities." The resolution got wide support from other labor unions.

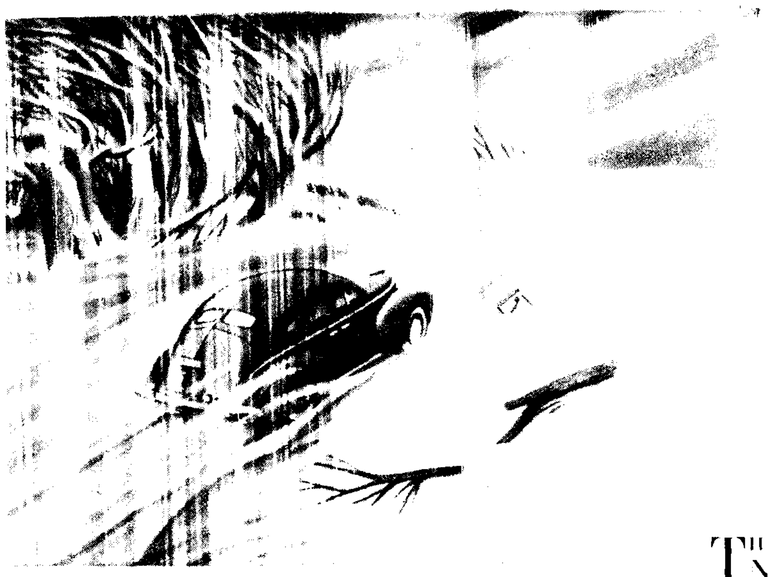
Two weeks later initiative petitions



"Look up our shop in Palm Beach; you can continue your sun-lamp treatments there" BARBARA SHERMUND

WHO-O-ISH

and it's Gone!



LEAVE YOUR OVERCOAT at home! With the new, automatic "Weather Eye"*, the exclusive Nash Conditioned Air System for winter driving pours in fresh air . . . warmed to living-room comfort. No drafts. No dust. Ends danger of windshield fogging.

POWER TO CONQUER...deepest mud or steepest hill. Talk about "pick-up"—even lowest priced models flash from 15 to 50 MPH in 13 seconds in ***high*** gear, on the road.

THERE ought to be a sign hanging on every Nash steering wheel: PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE!

For these long, sleek lines, taut and power-packed as a bow-string . . . the forward flow of the hood . . . are no false disguise.

Here's power that takes the measure of the best of them . . . power that makes this tremendous car as nimble as a prancing colt.

We warn you—you can't depend on the usual signs of speed. The road-rumble—the whine of wind—the jiggle up front . . . you're not conscious of seeing, hearing, or feeling them. (It's the smoothest, quietest ride you ever experienced.)

So keep an eye on the speedometer. Go easy 'til you get the touch of the throttle . . . the lightning speed of a new kind of gear-shift* . . . and the magical ease of an Automatic Fourth Speed Forward*.

Then—for the surprise of the year—spin that little dial in front. Suddenly, it's summer! The Nash "Weather Eye"* gives you fresh, warm air "made to order"—kept *even* despite capricious weather outside.

And there's more to marvel at! A *bed* in your car for weekend trips. A new, wider windshield. A safety "No-Rol"* for hills! New, easier steering. Gloriously wide, deep seats—level rear floors—and luxury your wife will fall in love with.

But—quick!—we'd better tell you the price. For that's headline news too.

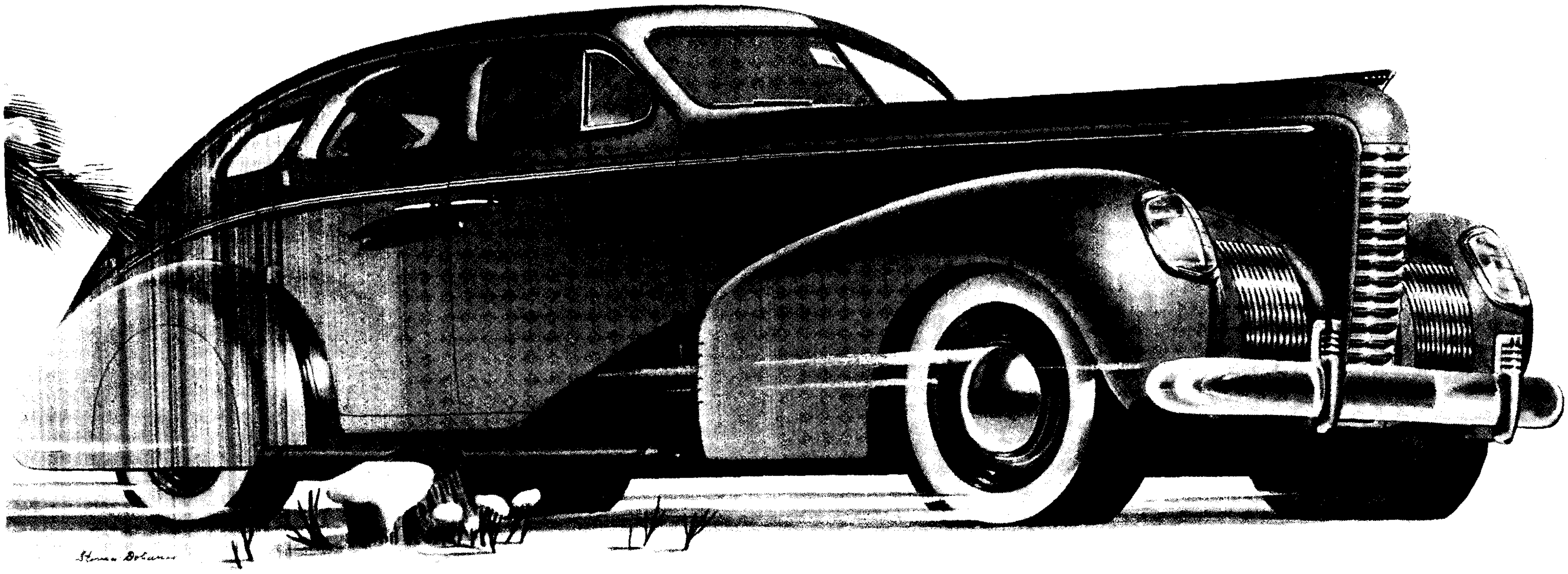
There are ten models, with 99 horsepower, *now priced right next to the lowest!* And their new economy beats even last year's performance by 10%!

So why put it off? Beg, borrow, or buy a Nash—but *drive it today.*

More than 1,800 Nash dealers offer service from Maine to California. NASH MOTORS DIVISION, Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Mich.

Four Series of Great Cars, 22 Models . . . 10 Priced Next to the lowest . . . Delivered at Factory, as low as $770. Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included. **$770**

*(*Optional Equipment—Slight Extra Charge)*



Car illustrated . . . 4-Door Sedan, 117-inch wheelbase . . . $840 delivered at Factory . . . Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included . . . White Sidewall Tires and Rear Wheel-Shields are optional at Extra Cost.

It's that New NASH
THE CAR EVERYBODY LIKES

A "GLIDING" SPEED . . . the Automatic Fourth Speed Forward* puts silent wings on your Nash . . . saves up to 20% on gas. New soundproofing and wind-foiling design reduce road noise to a record low.

PRIZE OF THE SEASON!
The noble Sailfish is a prize
That brings a glow to anglers' eyes;
And Calvert brings this prize to you:
A blend that's smooth and mellow, too!

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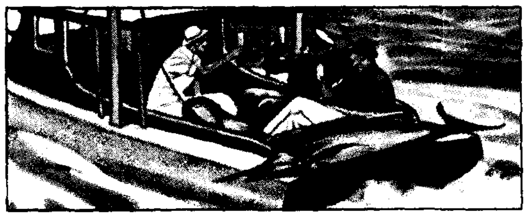
NO DOUBT, YOU TOO, have noticed it . . . a definite, modern trend toward lighter, *blended* whiskies . . . *better* whiskies.



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providing for the control of organized labor by law appeared on the streets and roadways of Oregon. More than 27,000 signatures were secured, and the proposal went on the ballot.

The official sponsor of the law was an organization called the Associated Farmers of Oregon. It, in turn, had the backing of two or three smaller groups, all avowed rural organizations. The scheme was presented to the voters as the brain child of outraged farmers, whose crops had rotted in the fields because of strikes in the shipping and trucking industries and became known as "The Farmers' Measure."

Not much was known about the Associated Farmers, except that the organization seemed generously financed, that it had been badly beaten when it tried to elect one of its members master of the Oregon Grange and that its only platform was hostility to labor unions.

Gradually a few additional circumstances became evident. The "farmer" in charge of the Associated Farmers' headquarters turned out to be W. W. Knight, attorney for the Industrial Relations Association. The "farmer" soliciting finances for the Associated Farmers turned out to be George Baker, a former mayor of Portland who was almost recalled and now represents the Oregon Manufacturers' Association. The "farmers" contributing to the Associated Farmers turned out to do their tilling and harvesting in corporation law offices and similar fields. Baker went on the radio and pleaded for passage of the law in behalf of "65,000 farmers," but the automobile dealer paying for his speech admitted carelessly, "It is no secret that businessmen of Oregon are actively supporting this bill and providing most of the money for the campaign."

A Successful Smoke Screen

To make a long story short, business and industry in Oregon had tried to defeat Mr. Roosevelt in 1936 by pointing in horrified tones to the labor situation. They had gotten overwhelmingly trounced for their pains. This time they adopted a different technique. They operated behind a camouflage of "farmers." Practically all business enthusiastically promoted the law. A few plants had been satisfied with Rosser's price-fixing arrangements, but now Rosser was in jail and they looked with terror at the possible ascendancy of Bridges and the C.I.O. And although some blunders were made, such as mailing out the Associated Farmers' leaflets from downtown Portland when the organization was supposed to originate in such rural areas as Hood River and Heppner, the public thought right up to election day that the law really was a farm product.

Some of that illusion has since been dispelled. The campaign expense accounts published by the secretary of state allegedly show that the farmers spent $32,440.65 in support of the law. Of this amount, $32,336 came from the Oregon Business Council. This left the staggering sum of $104.65 apparently contributed by farmers.

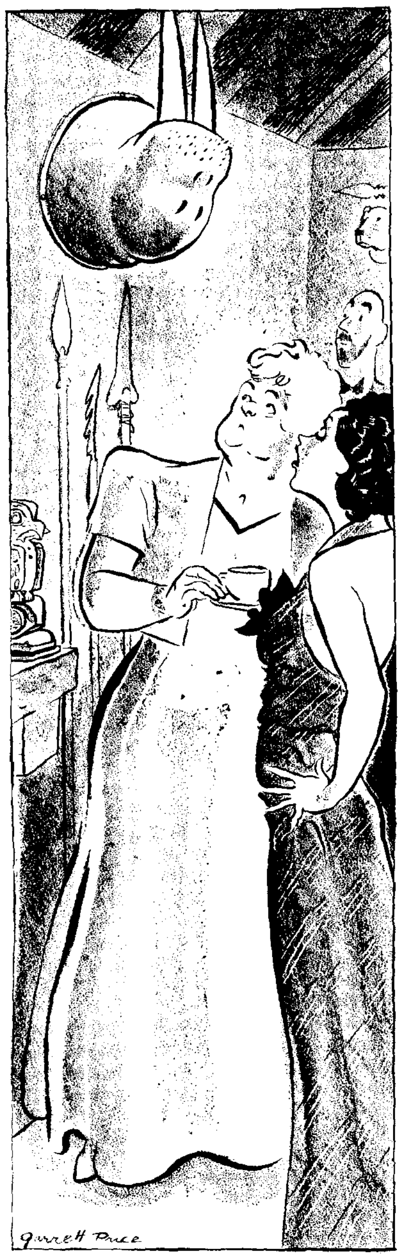
But no matter who financed the promotion of the law, the people were in a mood to vote for it. The slogan of the Associated Farmers, "Clean Up This Labor Mess!" found the electorate of Oregon in a responsive mood. For four years the newspaper headlines had been jammed with tales of labor strife. For the last eight months Rosser and his "goons" had paraded their guilt in court. And when that did not make news, Bridges and Pritchett got into the papers with their continual squabbles with the immigration authorities.

So the scheme passed—the first time an American electorate ever had voted for governmental regulation and control of organized labor. A majority of the people favored the law even in industrial Multnomah County, with the bulk of its population workers and their families.

It is significant that parallel although less drastic antiunion initiatives were rejected at the same election in the near-by states of Washington and California. There the "goon" issue had never been so critical as in Oregon, and in those states the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. combined forces against the measures. The two factions in Oregon, split wide apart by the battle in the lumber camps, continued their quarrel during the campaign, even going to the extent of militantly opposing each other's candidates for the legislature.

And now the voters of Oregon have given a mandate to regulate the labor movement. What will be the result? As these words are written, a meat market in Portland has demanded that a picket line surrounding it be dispelled because no labor dispute exists as defined by the new law. Probably the demand will be granted. Similar situations are sure to follow.

The legal luminaries of both the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. are itching to get the law into court. They are certain it conflicts not only with the national and state constitutions but also with such federal statutes as the Wagner Act and the Norris-LaGuardia anti-injunction law. This sort of relief, however, is probably obtainable only at the court of last resort—the Supreme Court of the United States. Local courts are always reluctant to nullify laws adopted by the electorate; after all, state judges are elected. In 1935 the Oregon Supreme Court upheld an initiative scheme directed against religious schools; the Supreme Court of the United States later came to the rescue.



"Before we turned it upside down, people kept bumping their heads"

GARRETT PRICE

There is one fact on which William Green and John L. Lewis unanimously agree: the peril that the new law in Oregon constitutes to organized labor. They are determined that the appeal of the law shall not be bungled. Green has assigned the general counsel of his organization, Joseph Padway, to direct the legal maneuvers against the measure. Lewis has the C.I.O. attorneys standing by to assist. It is a situation in which the leaders of labor are taking no chances.

Business all over the country is also watching developments. What if the law really ends labor disputes? That, plus the ballyhooed cheap power at Bonneville Dam, might make Oregon the industrial mecca of the nation. Some of the more dispassionate among these observers are hinting the state legislature now should modify the antiunion law. Several business periodicals in Oregon have advocated the same thing. They are afraid the present law is so severe it may thwart its own purpose. The people, these men believe, voted against labor racketeering and violence and internal warfare, and not against legitimate, progressive unionism.

Signs of Rebellion

If the new law should destroy bona fide labor bargaining groups, as William Green has said may happen, the pendulum of opinion might swing swiftly in the opposite direction. Already there has been some public muttering over the revelation that the so-called outraged "farmers" and their subsidiary outfits had a grand total of $40,404 to spend promoting the law, as contrasted with only $10,059 that could be raised by the labor unions to oppose it. More money financed "The Farmers' Measure" than was spent by both the Republican and Democratic parties in the state to back their candidates for governor.

Another feature of labor's mobilization against the law is a demand that the LaFollette committee investigate the Associated Farmers of Oregon. The A.F.L. charges that a complete list of the financial contributors to the Associated Farmers will reveal the organization as "a front for big business and labor-hating industrialists."

The fact that the Oregon Business Council poured in virtually all the money that filled the coffers of the Associated Farmers has pretty well dispelled the notion that the organization is in any sense a rural one. But what Howard L. Shoemaker, its president, does contend is that a lot of rural people are in sympathy with its policies. Oregon has 36 counties; 33 of them gave majority votes to the labor law. Most of these counties are agricultural areas.

And some of those counties are timber regions. A trudge through some of these districts shows that even where a sawmill hand voted against the law, in many instances his wife voted for it. Oregon's constant succession of strikes and labor wars has meant no pay checks at home—and no pay checks at home means misery, and plenty of it.

And so the commonwealth that first elected United States senators by direct vote and that long ago pointed the path to liberal industrial reforms starts out on America's first attempt at regulation and control of organized labor.

"Gosh!" groans George H. Brown. "To think this could have happened in Oregon."

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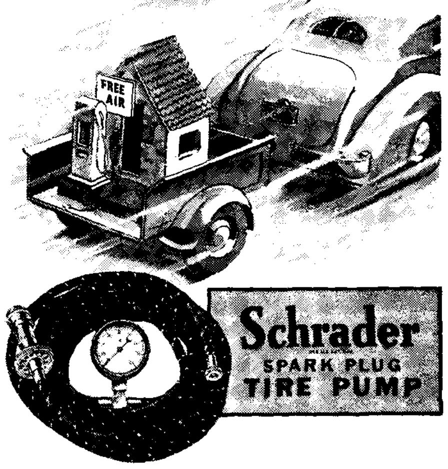

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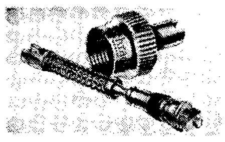

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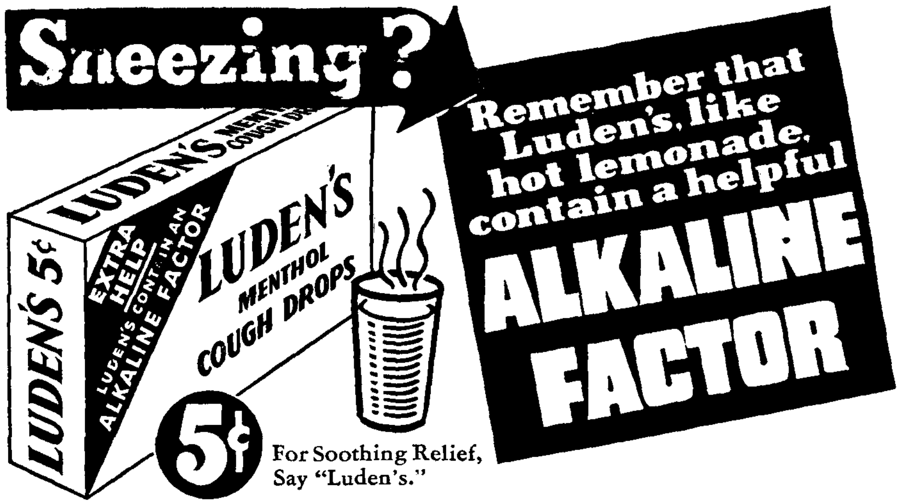
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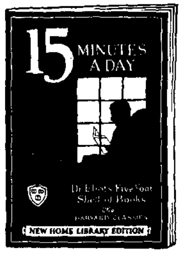

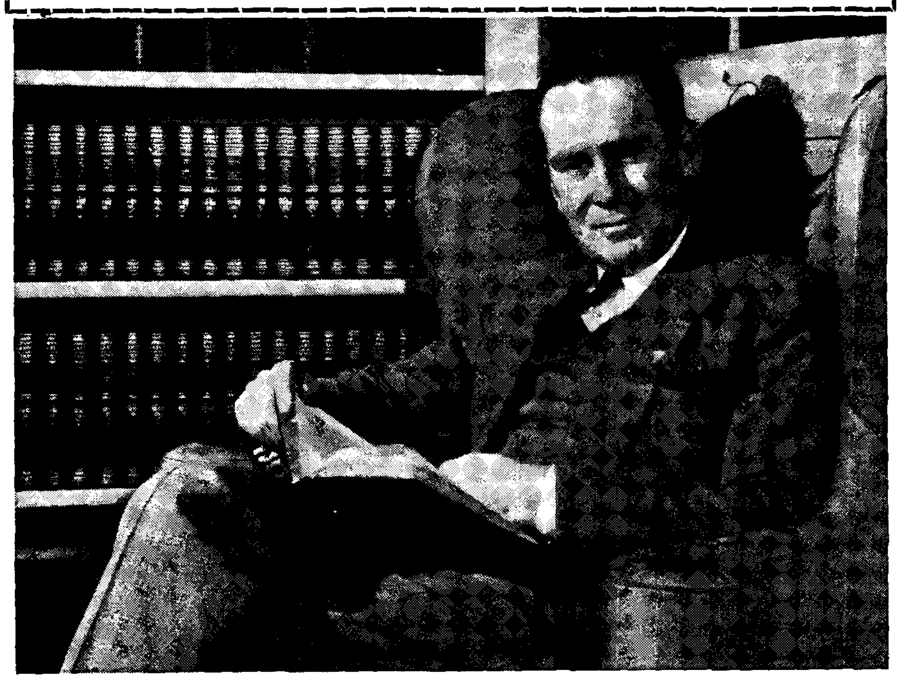

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Career Girl

Continued from page 11

by telling him she was born on the Island of Jersey, Al being soft to the point of lard over his homeland, but it was only when she showed her legs and acting ability in The Barker that Hollywood showed an interest. With her in that play were Walter Huston and Norman Foster, the latter her husband for many years, but so no longer. She is now married to Dr. Joel Pressman, who captured her attention while jabbing her about the cheekbones in defiance of sinus.

Her first motion picture was The Lady Lies, and she was almost floored for good by one entitled Maid of Salem, which she insisted on doing and now regrets. Another painful experience was over Four Frightened People, made by the great DeMille. The picture was to be shot in Hawaii and DeMille started off ahead, preceded by hundreds and thousands of genuflecting assistants. Just as he was coming down the gangplank he was handed a cable saying that Miss Colbert was being taken to the hospital for an appendectomy. Mr. DeMille called for his apoplexy medicine. When the vapors cleared and he had stopped jerking and bucking, he sent her a cable, roundly excoriating her for her perfidy. The crust of her having appendicitis at a time like this!

Practically frightened back to health, Colbert left on the boat three weeks later. While recuperating she had little or nothing to do: merely swing on vines, hang around all day in a leopard skin, tramp through jungles five or ten miles a day, take a bath in a mountain waterfall and keep tarantulas out of her underthings. However, it was going to be the greatest picture ever made, so it was worth it. After DeMille had submitted her to every possible discomfort the island afforded, he brought the picture back to Hollywood and took a look at it. Immediately he decided to call it Five Frightened People. He was the fifth.

A Sample of DeMille Genius

Colbert in truth has had some of her most perilous times with Old Cecil. In making Cleopatra she told him at the start that she would never be able to do the asp scene. "I can't stand the filthy things!" she cried. "I can't touch them!" DeMille meditated, pondered, letting the suspense pile up. Claudette almost had nervous prostration wondering what he was going to do—and what she would do when he did it. This went on for days and then weeks as the picture progressed and nothing was said about the death scene. Finally they reached it. DeMille planted her on the throne. The cameras were set up, the lights adjusted. He peered at her penetratingly through finders, colorscopes and frames made out of his hands with thumbs together and palms outward. Then he walked up to her with a six-foot California king snake wrapped about his forearm. Claudette fell back, clutched the chair and, when she found her voice, screamed.

"NO!" she cried, terrified. "I can't!"

"Then will you take this one?" he asked, and produced from behind him a baby snake about six inches long. Claudette gulped, looked at it.

"Why, yes," she said, taking it in her hands. She began to pet it. "Why, this one's only a baby," she said.

DeMille backed away.

"Okay," he said. "Camera!"

That's how it goes in the film industry and Colbert has been through it all. Last summer she had her first vacation in years and took "Jack," her name for Dr. Pressman, back to Europe with her. Their trip carried them as far as Athens and from there they decided to fly to Budapest. Walking across the flying field to the ship, Claudette stubbed her toe on a horseshoe. Just what a horseshoe was doing on an airport is not clear but it gave them a bit of confidence when they looked at the decrepit plane in which they were to fly. The honeymooners got in, the motor coughed a few times and, to the amazement of all hands, started. The ship began taxiing across the field and all seemed well. Then the tail fell off! Literally. Rudders, elevators and other aeronautical impediments were strewn all over the place. That should have cured the passengers but Claudette still had hold of that horseshoe, so they climbed into another plane and were off. They flew and flew and flew. Like the air mail they flew through rain and snow and fog, etc., until Colbert and her favorite doctor thought they'd never come down. But at last the city lay below them and the Athenian ship made a smooth landing. Attendants rushed up and began talking in a language that they didn't understand. Very queer. Obviously the pilot of the Athens-Budapest line should know a few words of Hungarian. But it was all explained quite easily. They had landed in Bucharest instead of Budapest.

Restless Young Lady

Colbert is French and thrifty and a bit worried about the future. Practically all she owns are a few annuities and a house that cost her $200,000.

"Ask me why I built it," she says bitterly, "and I'll poke your eye out."

She is full of all sorts of vague and impractical ideas about the future, deciding at one moment to open a doughnut shop and at another to be a movie director. So long as she is on top in Hollywood, she is not yearning for the stage, still remembering her appearance in Washington when the critics didn't like a play she was in.

"The Marionette Man was bad," read the criticism, "but Colbert was worse."

The lady in question has what the press agents at Paramount refer to as "an exquisitely molded" figure, stands five feet, four and one-half in her shoes, and weighs 108 pounds. Nothing she can do seems to get it beyond that point so she eats like a python and has none of the worries of an expanding ingénue. She insists that the way to get along is to have a superiority complex and work hard, but will admit almost as readily that nobody in Hollywood has been luckier than Colbert.

She is really a simple gal, with no pretense or side and a good sense of humor. On their European trip, Claudette and the doc left Therese, the maid, behind in Paris. When they returned, the apartment was filled with flowers.

"Ah, admirers!" cried Claudette, proudly. The husband was not so sure, being busily engaged at reading the cards that had come with the posies.

"Probably admirers," he admitted, "but you'll have a battle about it. These things all came for Therese."

That's the way it always is with movie stars—heartbreaks, disappointments. It makes them humble and Claudette, when pressed, will admit that she agrees with something Fredric March said when they were making Sign of the Cross. They were about to throw Mr. March to the lions.

"You're not afraid, are you, Freddie?" asked Mr. DeMille anxiously.

"Not at all," answered Freddie. "I understand they don't like ham."

Bright Side Out

Continued from page 16

He can't draw a cartoon on a piece of flat paper, and expect to follow it up there. So he does the whole thing right on the job. Working in wet plaster like Bourdelle (but white, to be polychromed afterward with rubber paint), he cuts his figures, deepening the relief as he goes up, to stand out on the receding surface, making the upper areas just enough bigger to look right from below, shaping the whole thing true as he goes along. How can he do it? Well, that's where mechanical ability ends and art begins.

And still they're at it, trying new tricks to startle you. Henry Billings, mysterious about his polaroid light; something about now you see it, now you don't. Durenceau taking pure metal colors, cadmium red, cobalt blue, right through the spectrum he is painting on the Metals Building. Hildreth Meiere, watching workmen set her glass mosaic into marble terrazzo. Mortellito carving and lacquering linoleum. Helmholz Junker encountering tubes of light under a marquee and working them into his design. Eric Mose, painter, collaborating like mad with Jose Ruiz de Rivera, sculptor, on something involving a glass screen, balls of colored aluminum on an orbit of aluminum tubing, tubes of lucite, color and light. Simple, you know, and decorative. They worked it out first with wires and clay and glass tea sippers. It demonstrates something about the atom.

Two Extremes in Style

But don't worry about the meanings of these works of art, says the ever-helpful Mr. Kohn. It's the emotion a thing arouses in you, not the words you can put it into, that counts. "Why, a picture came up before the Board. I thought it was swell. I thought it was a man playing a bull fiddle. It wasn't, it was sunlight on a sheaf of wheat. But what difference does that make?"

But if you care to dabble in forms of art expression, they'll all be here for the dabbling. There's Louis Ferstadt's exhibit over on the Eighth Avenue Subway station. He calls it Intotoist painting. "You will observe," he says, fixing you with a quizzical eye, "that for the first time in the history of art there are evident the two extremes of style—classic realism at one end of the painting flowing subtly into pure abstraction at the other."

"Abstraction?" growls Arshele Gorky from the Aviation Building. "Always people talk about abstract art. What is it? I don't know. A machine maybe. An airplane—better a sphere with wings." Maybe he can't describe it, but he paints it.

The rollicking boats and trains Martha Axley has painted on the Electrical Building have the charm of a child's drawing, backed by the training of an artist put through her squares and circles in the stern tradition of the Bauhaus.

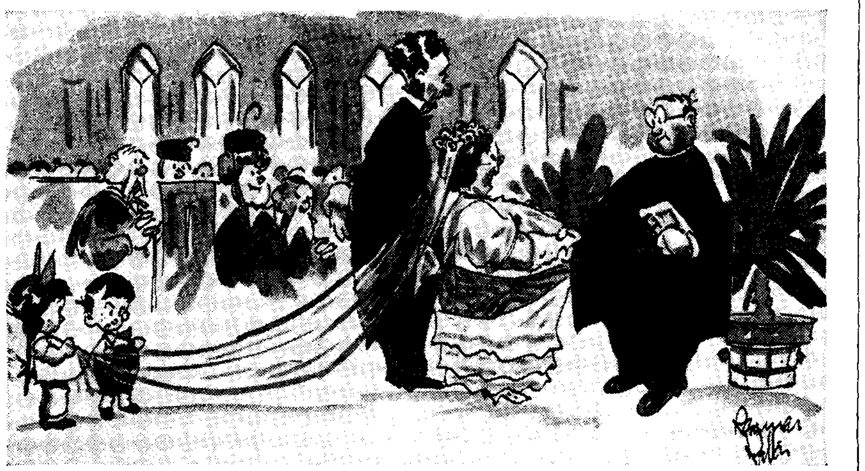
A New World of Color

But Witold Gordon may be the man you are looking for. Mr. Gordon is a very direct, logical sort of fellow. He has a food building to decorate. When he thinks of food he thinks of beefsteak and cabbage. He also thinks of vitamins because people are always talking about vitamins. So he gets up on the scaffolding, with a couple of house painters to put in a good bright, deep blue background for him, and he paints. He paints the most appealing cows and chickens and sheep you could ever wish to meet. He paints beautiful carrots and cabbages and apples, and circles for all the vitamins, and fish and oysters and milk and eggs. It is very scientific and authentic. You could sit there in the shade of one of those big trees they moved in when they made a park out of a dump heap, and work out the family menus. You could also sit there in the shade, resting your feet, and just have a good chuckle over these beguiling animals and fruits and vegetables.

While you are sitting there, in fact, all kinds of ideas will pop into your head. Decorations on buildings. Why not? Maybe the Fair is starting something. Fairs do. . . . Color. Why not more of it? Here's color all around, startling you, calming you, exciting you. Take some of it home. . . . The ladies, being ladies, will think of clothes. That blue, now, in a dress. Well, they needn't covet in vain. The Fifth Avenue department stores have already caught the idea, and windows are blooming with mural-inspired clothes in mural colors. There's Gordon cobalt, Savage green, Ciampaglia red, Axley pink, Feininger turquoise, Bourdelle red.

They'll go places and start things, these murals—including some battles, Mr. Kohn hopes.

"Get mad," is his parting word. "We don't want you to like everything here. Some of my friends hardly speak to me now. That's swell. We haven't anything average, anything that everybody's going to like, around here. All these fellows have something to say for themselves. And they don't agree. We want to stir you up. It's good for your digestion. Hope you hate a lot of it."



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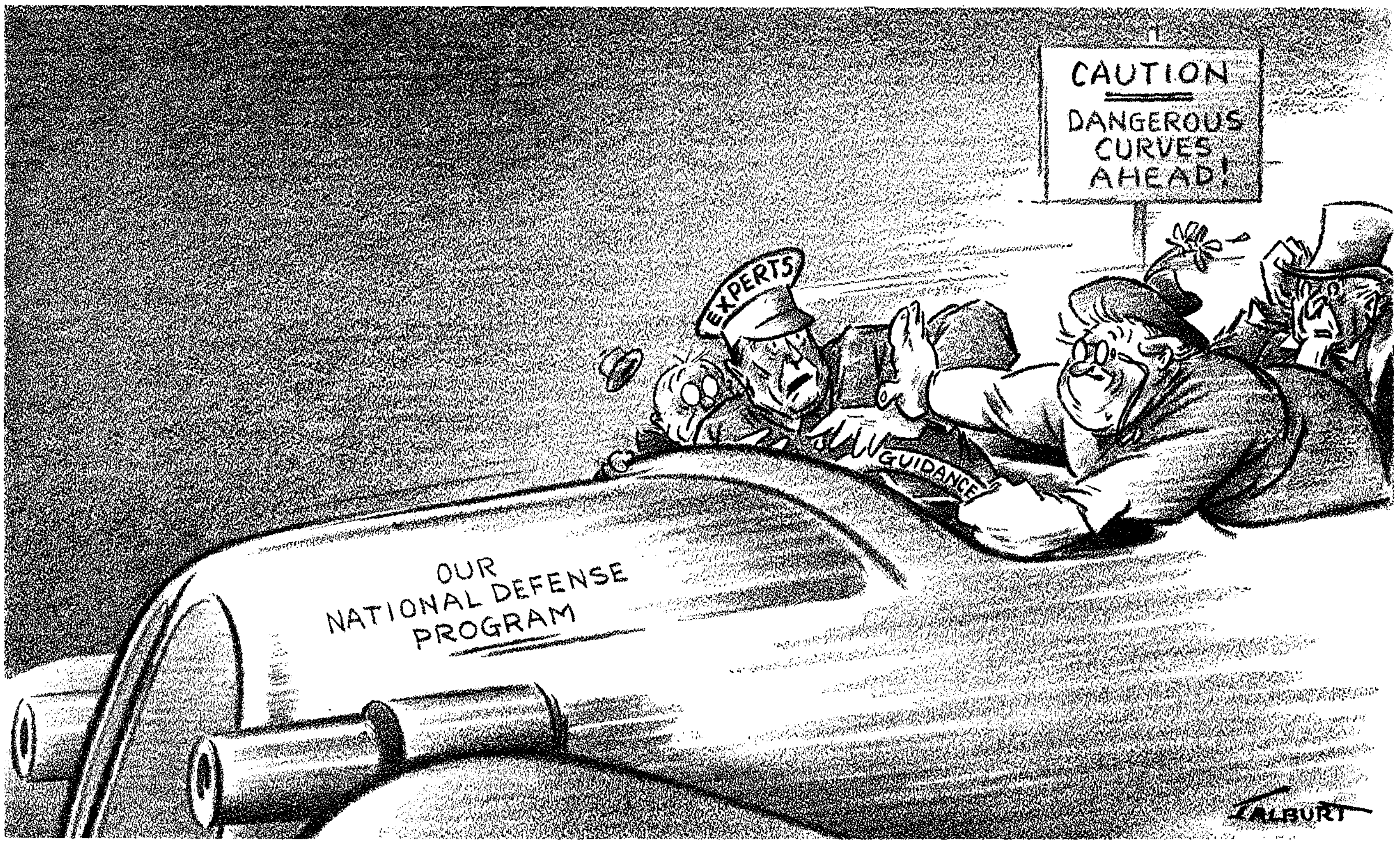


Ask the Men Who Know

MEMBERS of the Administration have been steaming up national defense talk for months. But among the last persons whose advice has been sought have been General Malin Craig and Rear Admiral William D. Leahy. General Craig is only the Chief of Staff of the Army; Admiral Leahy is nothing but the Chief of Naval Operations.

We suppose the traditional distrust of experts is back of the snooting of these officers —plus the obvious hope of the Corcoran-Hopkins-Williams big hearts to let us in for a lot of new public works and boondoggling expenditures, on the strictly phony pretext that these things build up the country and therefore are a part of national defense.

But, really, it does seem that military and naval professionals ought to have some sort of hearing. They must know a little something—wouldn't you think?—about national defense.

We spread out here a digest of the best current expert opinion on what we really need for adequate national defense in today's dictator-ridden and grabby world. It's lifted mainly from Major George Fielding Eliot's brilliant book, "The Ramparts We Watch":

AIRPLANES. We don't need and shouldn't build the 10,000 planes the Administration gives out that it wants. The proper figure is about 3,000. As Major Eliot says: "It will provide a striking force of about 1,000 planes under a single command, and capable of rapid concentration on either coast (for which additional bases must be made available). This can do all that can be done against raiding aircraft from ships. The force is markedly superior to the greatest number of carrier-borne and catapulted aircraft possessed by any naval power or conceivable combination of powers. Its losses can be made up much more rapidly by our very extensive airplane industry than can the losses of any attacking force. As to dealing with a serious attempt at invasion, the latter factor will be of great importance and will give us a superiority which will increase proportionately with the passage of time."

Planes, once built, grow obsolete in a hurry. No other nation, or combination of nations that we may have to fight, can ship enough planes close enough to our shores by airplane carriers to launch conquering air attacks on us. Planes don't conquer, anyhow. They only harass—though very severely sometimes, as in the cases of Madrid and Barcelona.

SOLDIERS. We don't need one, two, three or four million men under arms, European or Asiatic style. For various special services we do need a standing Army of some 230,000 officers and men (present strength 165,000) plus a National Guard of about the same size, both services thoroughly trained and highly mechanized.

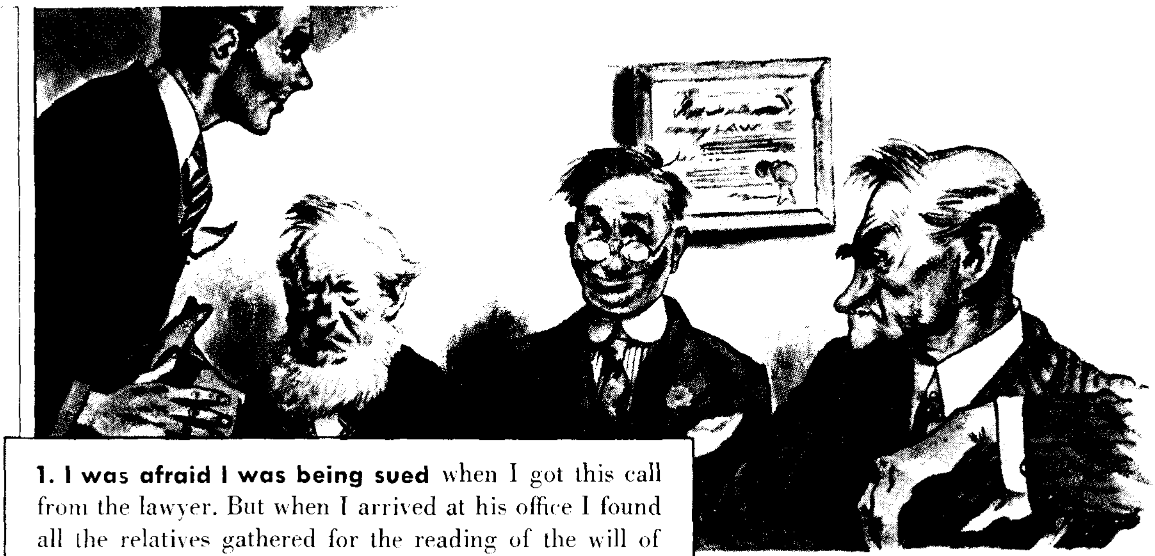
NATIONAL DEFENSE LAWS. We don't need the elaborate legislation that is now partly enacted and partly ready to shoot through Congress the moment war arrives, and that is all designed to slap a military dictatorship on every man, woman and child of us. We don't need these laws, that is, unless we are preparing for another foreign war. The politicians tell us—and we believe the vast majority of us hope—that we are arming solely to defend ourselves and maybe Central or South America.

NAVY. Here again, if we're arming purely for defense, is where we should put most of our defense money. The battle wagons (35,000 tons each, or bigger, if other nations insist), and the auxiliaries that fan outward from them in battle formation, are our best defense. With enough fighting ships, we can keep this defensive war on the sea, far away from our open cities and exposed farmhouses; can cut enemy sea communications, sink enemy aircraft carriers, checkmate enemy designs on our sea communications or raw-material sources.

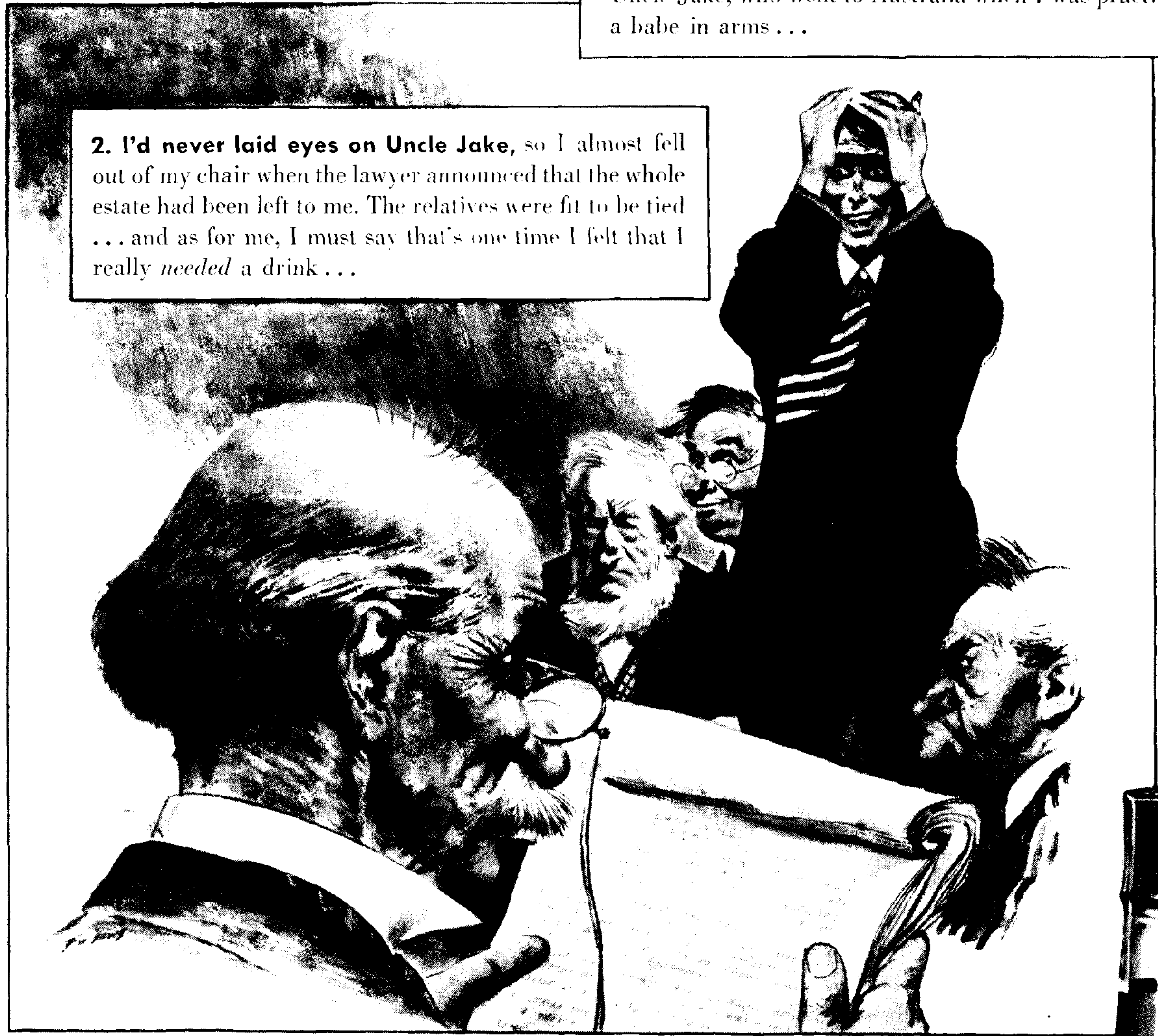
All this is mere military expert advice. It doesn't come from such authorities as inland congressmen, magazine editors or editorial writers, or other armchair tacticians, inventors, airplane makers, "liberals" who want us to keep Russia safe from Hitler, politicians panting for pork, band-wagon climbers, professional jingoes or professional pacifists.

You might clip this Collier's editorial and slip it into the mail for your congressman or favorite senator, in case either of them hasn't heard that we actually do have military and naval experts in this country. It's just conceivable that their advice may be worth something.

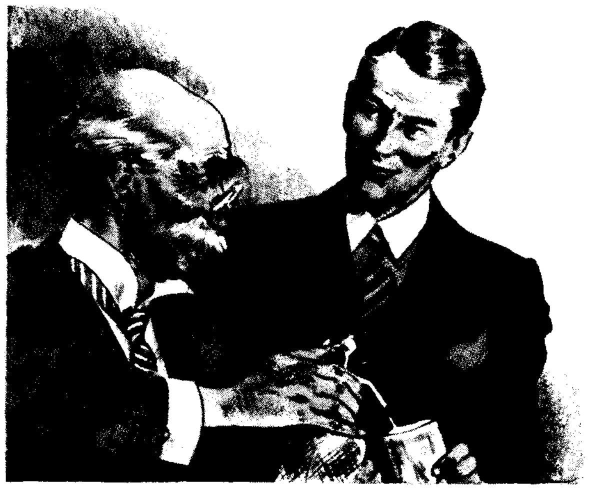
You could have floored me with a Feather!



1. I was afraid I was being sued when I got this call from the lawyer. But when I arrived at his office I found all the relatives gathered for the reading of the will of Uncle Jake, who went to Australia when I was practically a babe in arms . . .



2. I'd never laid eyes on Uncle Jake, so I almost fell out of my chair when the lawyer announced that the whole estate had been left to me. The relatives were fit to be tied . . . and as for me, I must say that's one time I felt that I really *needed* a drink . . .

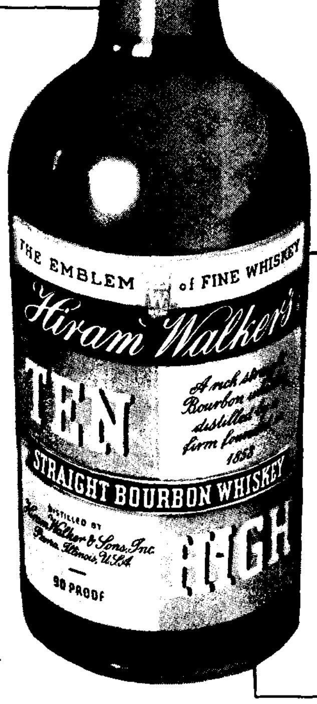


3. The lawyer was an understanding old codger. "Here, Double Your Enjoyment," he says, handing me a glass. "Thanks," I says. "I guess now I can afford rich whiskey like this." Then he flabbergasts me again! "You always could," he says. "This is TEN HIGH, the whiskey with No Rough Edges and it costs less than you think." Imagine, discovering a swell, low-priced whiskey on the day you inherit a fortune!

Why there are "NO ROUGH EDGES" in Ten High

Until you taste TEN HIGH you'll find it hard to believe that any whiskey at any price can be so rich, yet be so gloriously light in body! But here's the secret:

TEN HIGH is distilled under doubly careful control in the world's largest distillery. Nothing is left to chance—so nothing can possibly mar its perfectly balanced, light bodied flavor. Check the difference yourself *today*. Ask for TEN HIGH at your favorite bar or liquor store. It costs no more to Double Your Enjoyment of your favorite drink! 90 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.


THE EMBLEM of FINE WHISKEY
Hiram Walker's
TEN HIGH
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY Hiram Walker & Sons Inc. Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.
90 PROOF

Double your enjoyment with

TEN HIGH

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

FREE
CASH PRIZES EVERY DAY
OXYDOL

High-Test OXYDOL JINGLE JAMBOREE

$3000.00 CASH PRIZES

$1,000.00 GRAND CASH PRIZE EVERY WEEK

Eight $100.00 Cash Prizes Every Day

(JANUARY 23 to MARCH 3—*Except Saturdays and Sundays*)

Just Write A Last Line For This Jingle

Stop Searching from morning till night
For a soap that will wash clothes more bright
Throw out one and all
Get *HIGH-TEST* Oxydol

(See free entry blank in lower left-hand corner)

1939 January 1939
February 1939
1939 March 1939

HERE'S ALL

Purpose of Contest:—To Introduce More Women to the Radical New Advance in Laundry Soap—New *High-Test* OXYDOL

Here's a new kind of contest that offers fun and entertainment for the whole family—with big *weekly* and *daily* cash prizes galore!

Think of it! A grand prize of $1,000 cash EVERY WEEK—with eight additional $100.00 cash prizes EVERY DAY, for six weeks! That means you have eight chances to win $100 every 24 hours—with a $1,000 pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, every single week. (*Weekly* $1,000 prize winners will be picked from each week's group of daily $100 prize winners.)

What you do is simplicity itself. Just write a last line for the jingle shown in entry blank below. It will only take a jiffy—but may bring you as much as $1,000 in cash.

In writing your last line, remember that new *High-Test* OXYDOL represents a revolutionary new advance in laundry soap. And contains an amazing new ingredient that enables it to do these things as compared with old-fashioned bar and package soaps tested:—

(1) Washes white clothes up to 15% whiter. (2) Gives up to TWICE THE SUDS. (3) Soaks dirt loose without scrubbing or boiling in as little as 10 minutes. (4) Makes clothes last 2 to 3 times longer from the standpoint of washday wear and tear, compared to clothes washed by old-fashioned methods.... Yet is *safe as ever* for washable colors, hands.

Get busy right now! Remember there is a new contest every day (except Saturdays and Sundays) for six weeks—eight chances each day to win a brand-new $100 bill - - with a $1,000 grand prize at the end of every week in *addition!* Start now—and enter as many times as you wish!

Ask for *High-Test* OXYDOL at your dealer's. Mail your entry today! Procter & Gamble.

Hints ON WINNING!

To make up a winning last line, notice that the jingle urges women to try the new *High-Test* OXYDOL. Imagine what happens when they do. Are washdays faster and easier? Are women surprised at the extra suds? Do clothes come out whiter and brighter? *Make the last word in your last line rhyme with the last word in the first two lines.* For example:—"You'll get your clothes clean without fight".. or .."And make your whole wash a delight."

The above last lines are merely examples. You can probably think up any number of better ones in less than five minutes.

One of the best things to do is to write down all the words you can think of that rhyme with the word "bright". Words such as "light"—"kite"—"right"—etc. Then pick out the ones which seem to fit best, and build the last line around them.

And don't make the mistake of thinking your last line isn't good enough. Remember the old saying:—"Nothing ventured, nothing gained." Send your last line in *now!* Let the judges decide!

JINGLE, JINGLE, EVERYBODY'S JINGLING AND THE SWEETEST JINGLE OF ALL IS THE JINGLE OF $1000 IN YOUR POCKET

FREE ENTRY BLANK

MAIL THIS NOW! IT MAY BRING YOU $1,000 IN CASH!

Stop searching from morning till night
For a soap that will wash clothes more bright
Throw out one and all
Get *HIGH-TEST* Oxydol

(Write plainly or print the last line which you want to enter here)

OXYDOL, DEPT. M, BOX 144, Cincinnati, Ohio
Gentlemen: Here is my entry. I am also enclosing an OXYDOL box-top (or facsimile)

Name ....

Address ....

City .... *State* ....

THESE EASY RULES

1 Write plainly or print your "last line," using any number of words that you think necessary for the jingle. Write on the entry blank at left or on an ordinary sheet of writing paper. Print or write your name and address. Send no extra letters, drawings, or photographs with your entry.

2 Enclose one box-top from any size package of OXYDOL (or facsimile) with each entry. Mail to OXYDOL, Dept. M, Box 144, Cincinnati, Ohio. Please be sure to use sufficient postage.

3 There are 30 daily contests running from January 23rd through March 3, 1939, inclusive (except Saturdays and Sundays). There will be eight daily prizes of $100 each. At the end of each week, the best entry from among that week's daily prize winners will be awarded a grand prize of $1,000.

4 Entries received any time before January 23rd will be entered in the first day's contest. All entries received on any contest day will be entered in that day's contest. Entries received on Saturdays and Sundays will automatically be entered in the contest for the following Monday. The final (30th) contest on March 3rd will include all entries received on that day and all entries postmarked not later than midnight of that day.

5 All entries will be judged for clearness, sincerity, and originality of thought. The decision of the judges will be final. Fancy entries will not count extra. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

6 Anyone may enter the contest except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies, and the families of these employees. These contests apply only to Continental United States, Canada, and Hawaii and are subject to all Federal, State, and local laws and regulations. You can enter each day's contest and enter as often each day as you choose, but be sure to enclose the top of any size OXYDOL package (or facsimile) with each entry.

7 The daily winners will be announced each day starting January 30th over OXYDOL'S "Ma Perkins" and "The Goldbergs" radio programs from coast to coast. Grand prize winners will be announced over the same programs one week after the close of the last daily contest in each week! Cash prizes will be mailed to winners on the day their names are announced.

LAST (30th) CONTEST CLOSES AT 12 MIDNIGHT, MARCH 3, 1939

Tune In **OXYDOL'S "Ma Perkins" or "The Goldbergs" for further details regarding the OXYDOL jingle "Jamboree." See your local newspaper for exact time of broadcasts**